This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

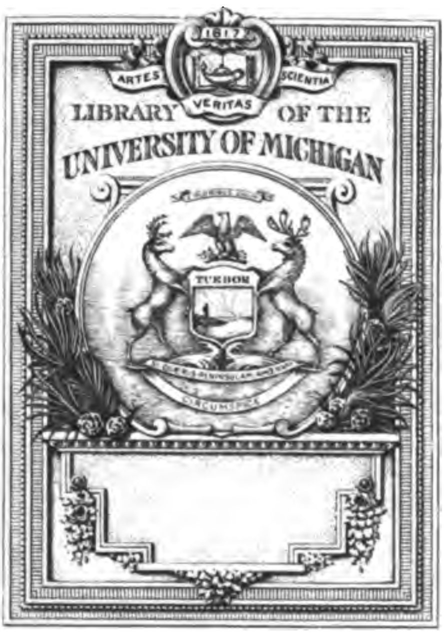
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Self-communication 354
2 Eyes but 1 Image 355
Annihilation not a punishment for sin 359
Redemption ... creation ... Creat... 12
... Love 379
Authors Watch 395
... abhorrence of Snake 397
... & Rose 407 ... Lust & Pain 412

NON CIRCULATING

828
K32096



Bp Hall gives us an instce of courge in an old plain man in ye country: Some thieves broke into his solitary dwellg, takg advantge of ye absce of his family, & findg him sittg alone by his fireside, ye fell violently upon him: wn one of ym fixg his daggr to ye old mans heart swore yt he wd presently kill him if he did not instantly delivr to ym ye money wch ye knew he had lately recd, ye old man, lookg boldly into ye face of ye villains, replied wth an undaunted courge: Nay, if I were killd by ye, I have livd long enough; but I tell ye, you, unless ye mend yr manners, you will never live to see half my days. Bp Hall quotd by mr Dodd - reflections on Death p. [illegible]

~~[illegible]~~

Body. Say pleasant [illegible] & desponding soul,
Why thus so loath on earth to stay?
Soul. In vain we strive 'gainst its control
Since Life's a pain, let's haste away.
Body. ah! wing not hence thy rapid flight,
Content thyself, nor fate deplore,
New scenes of joy & pure delight
Are still for thee may have in store
Soul. I then consent to stay awhile
Freedom once more in hopes to gain
The rest of life with ease beguile
& dread no more ye rattling chain.
[illegible]

(14) Thom. Ken of New Coll. a junior. He w[oul]d be sometimes among them [i.e. musical meetings] & sing his part.

Life of A. Wood 1772. p. 125.

[...] christen K[in]g yt on ye crosse tholed
Sadde paines & passyons to defend our soules;
Give us grace on ye ground the greatlye to serve,
For yt royalle bloode yt rann fro thy side.

Warton's Hist. of English Poetry, i. 312.

ὕμνω σε, Μακαρ,
και δια φωνας:
υμνω, σε, Μακαρ,
και δια σιγας.

ὅσα γαρ φωνας
τοσα και σιγας,
Αιες νοερας.
Πατερ αγνωστε,
Πατερ αρρητε.

Synes: Hymn: 4 ...

THE WORKS OF THE Right Reverend, Learned and Pious *Thomas Ken*, D.D.

Late Lord Biſhop of *Bath* and *Wells*.

VOL. III.

CONTAINING

Hymnotheo: or, *The Penitent*:

AND

Anodynes, or *Alleviations of Pain*.

LONDON:

Printed for JOHN WYAT, at the *Roſe* in St. *Paul*'s Church-yard, 1721.

THE WORKS

OF THE

Right Reverend, Learned and Pious

Thomas Ken, D.D.

Late Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells.

VOL. III.

CONTAINING

[illegible] or, The Pointers:

AND

[illegible] or Alleviations of Pain

LONDON.

Printed for [illegible] Wyatt, at the Rose in [illegible] Church-yard, [illegible]

English
Weber
11-22-40
40964

Hymnotheo:

OR, THE

PENITENT.

BOOK I.

Heb. ii. 12. Ἐν μέσῳ ἐκκλησίας ὑμνήσω σε
Teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms, and Hymns, and spiritual Songs, Col. iii. 16.
My Song shall be always of the loving Kindness of the Lord, Pf. lxxxix. 1.
Thy loving Kindness is ever before mine Eyes, Pf. xxvi. 3.

I (distress'd,
Sing the Soul, by hellish Pow'rs
By Jesus pity'd, sought, reduc'd
and bless'd.
O thou Arch-Shepherd, now
enthron'd on high,
Who for thy Flock wouldst
suffer Pain, and die;
Who with immortal Food thy Sheep dost feed,
Proportioning thy Aids to every Need:

B. 1.

Prone to retrieve them from the endleſs Woes,
To which Temptation daily doth expoſe;
And with a Conduct infinitely ſweet,
All the returning Wanderers to treat.
Help me to ſing thy Love, with Love enflam'd,
And the loſt Lover by thy Love reclaim'd.
There is a Gulf, which ſeems by Nature made
To challenge the Monopoly of Trade;
On whoſe capacious, hoſpitable Shore,
All *Europe* diſembogues her wealthy Store:
To which the Waves of the *Ægean* Main
Pay their Salutes, and then retreat again.
Whoſe fertile ſemicirculating Head,
With Temples and with Palaces is ſpread:
From whence the ſailing Caſtles Men ſurveigh,
See the Whales fight, and the kind Dolphins play;
Where to divert them ſcaly Shoals combine
In ſporting on the Theatre Marine;
Where the wild Fowl the finny Race outvie,
And wantonly by turns, or ſwim or fly;
Where Chriſtal *Moles* leaves her Virgin Bed,
And her ſweet Streams the briney Ocean wed;
There beauteous *Smyrna* ſtands, for Empire fram'd,
And over all the leſſer *Aſia* fam'd,
Aſſuming to her ſelf the high Renown,
To be the Prince of Poets native Town.
The *Smyrneots*, t' appropriate their proud Claim,
Erected a fair Temple to his Name:
There *Homer* in Effigie they enthron'd,
And for a tutelary Numen own'd.

They ſang his Verſe, they ſtamp'd him on their Coin,
Kept his Feaſt ſacred; paid him Rights Divine.
But *Smyrneots* a far greater Honour gain'd,
When they the lov'd Diſciple entertain'd.
There he oft times abode; a Church there form'd,
Which by malicious Hell was daily ſtorm'd:
And to withſtand each fierce infernal Shock,
Plac'd *Bucolo* for Paſtor of the Flock.
The moſt enlightned Convert *John* could chuſe,
Salvifick Truth o're *Smyrna* to diffuſe:
The Saint there fix'd a ſoft Paternal Eye
On a young Catechumen ſtanding by,
Whom he to *Bucolo*'s ſtrict Care reſign'd,
To rectifie and cultivate his Mind.
Great God! His Perſon ſeem'd to ſignalize,
By graceful Mein, ſhape lovely, ſpritely Eyes;
By piercing Wit, and Intellectuals clear,
And all Attractives which could Man endear,
And to decree a noble Soul to dwell
In ſuch a beauteous amiable Shell.
Bleſs'd *John* foreſaw, by his prophetick Sight,
He of the Church would prove a glorious Light.
He Poetry and Muſick nicely skill'd,
By them Affections various he inſtill'd.
With Song, and Voice, and Lyre, all Hearts he (charm'd,
Cheer'd Grief, fir'd Love, calm'd Fear, and Rage (diſarm'd.
The *Smyrneots* his loud Fame began to ſpread,
Boaſting they had a Second *Homer* bred.

Bucolo treated Fatherlike the Youth,
And fully taught him Evangelick Truth.
Out of his Sight would never him endure,
Till of his Vertue he was grown secure.
To read the Holy Book he took Delight,
And seem'd to gain Illuminations bright.
The Saint, like *Paul*, travell'd with him in Pain,
Till form'd for Baptism he was born again
And to devote to God his Genius fam'd
For Poetry, *Hymniothes* he was nam'd.
Soon as he was with the Bless'd Spirit grac'd,
He begg'd of the immortal Food to taste.
Bucolo, his Devotion to foment,
Explain'd the Mystery, and gave Consent.
Full of that Love he in the Action seem'd,
Enflaming Saints by Blood of God redeem'd.
He, while he at the Heav'nly Feast was Guest,
Saw the good Shepherd on the Cup impress'd:
Pleas'd with the Emblem, and with what he read
Of Saints in Holy Writ, who Flocks had fed,
Reflecting how himself from Heav'n had stray'd,
And was the Sheep on *JESUS* Shoulders laid;
He melted into Love, and humble Tear,
Wont from that Moment Shepherds to revere,
As *JESUS* Emblems, and frequent the Plain,
Discourse with Shepherds, there to entertain
Christ's Vot'ries; then sang Psalms in Shop or Field,
The Subject of their Hymns was Truth reveal'd;

And

And Providential Goodness him inclin'd
Tow'rds Shepherds Songs, which best could form
(his Mind.

INCURIO and DOCILIO.

Inc. JUst Dear *Docilio*, daily passing by,
Observe you on that Ant-Hill fix
(your Eye;
You are in Love, or Melancholick seem,
Or of some hidden Treasure fondly dream.

Doc. Nor Melancholy, Friend, or buried Gold,
Move me this Hill thus fix'dly to behold.

Inc. Why then 'tis Love; yet Love it cannot be,
For what of Love can you in Ants-Hills see;
Unless you the Intrigues can nicely skill
Of am'rous Ants, inhabiting the Hill?

Doc. 'Tis Love, *Incurio*, which here fix'd my
(Thought,
The more I look, the faster I am caught.

Inc. What strange Amusement has disturb'd
(your Mind,
Can you a Mistress in an Ant-Hill find?

Doc. My Passion you by your own Passion rate,
My Love is serious, constant, and sedate:

My Miſtreſs on this very Ant-Hill dwells,
She all the Beauties of the Plain excels.
Inc. You dote, *Docilio*, I perceive, for I
Nothing but Ants about this Hill deſcry.
Of Ants you have a whole Seraglio here;
Which of theſe little Creatures is your Dear?
Doc. You mock, *Incurio*, and my Love miſtake,
Theſe Inſects to my Love I Envoys make:
They for my Love purveigh when out they roam,
Return full freighted with Love Cargoes Home.
Inc. Who and where is this Beauty you admire,
Sure ſome Familiar kindles this ſtrange Fire;
Or Apparition has your Brain poſſeſs'd,
Or Fancy vain, Idea's vain impreſs'd;
Or am'rous Fairy haunts this verdant Green,
To every Eye but to your own unſeen.
Doc. My Love, with whom I ſweet Converſe (maintain,
True Beauty is, not Phantome of the Brain.
Inc. If ſhe is real, ſhew her to my View,
I then perhaps may love as much as you.
Doc. Love her and welcome, I'll not jealous be,
Inc. Not jealous! let me then the fair one ſee:
I never knew a Lover but was ſhy
To truſt his Miſtreſs to a Rival Eye.
Doc. I joy the more, the more my Rivals are,
I wiſh that all Mankind my Rivals were.
Inc. Of ſuch ſtrange Love no Lover ever heard,
Nothing in Love is more than Rivals fear'd:

But ſince in Love you covet Rival Flame,
Docilio, tell what is the fair one's Name.

Doc. 'Tis bright *Sophia*, who my Heart o're-rules,
She lov'd, ſhe courted is, by all but Fools:
No Fools her amiable Graces prize,
She teaches both to love and to be wiſe:
I of her here have Intellectual Sight,
And ſhe imparts Celeſtial Love and Light.

Inc. I have heard Swains in ſoft harmonious Lays,
The charming Graces of *Sophia* praiſe;
But I her Beauty never durſt behold,
I would not wiſer grow till I grow old:
By long Experience Wiſdom is beſt taught,
I'll ſtay till that has my Converſion wrought.

Doc. Is Folly ſo deſirable a Guide,
That in her Conduct you ſhould thus confide?
Or can you hope in Love for happy Days,
When fond Affection, and not Wiſdom, ſways?
Have you both Life and Reaſon in your Pow'r,
To make them wait at your appointed Hour?

Inc. I ſhall as happy as the reſt abide,
Few Shepherds have in Love a better Guide:
You greater Folly far than I commit,
To think *Sophia* on that Hill ſhould ſit;
Who is it tells ſuch Legendary Tales,
Who thus on your Credulity prevails?

Doc. It good *Melindo* was, a Swain well known,
All his Veracity and Wiſdom own.

Inc. His Exemplary Virtues I revere,
And what *Melindo* taught you, long to hear.

Doc.

Dec. With your Deſire, I gladly will comply,
You'll his Diſciple turn as much as I:
Before we pitch our Folds upon the Plain,
Your Ear I'll with *Melindo* entertain.

Juſt as the Sun, rob'd in Ætherial Gold,
Brake out, my Sheep I going to unfold,
Obſerv'd *Melindo* to a Buſh repair,
While I, conceal'd, beheld him at his Pray'r.
He of the Buſh a pleaſant Arbour made,
In Storms, a Shelter; in the Heat, a Shade;
It for his Oratory was deſign'd,
Where he to Heaven unladed his full Mind.
Like to the Buſh bright with unſcorching Flame,
In which an Angel once to *Moſes* came,
When *Jethro*'s Sheep he near to *Horeb* kept,
And from his Flock, to ſee the Wonder ſtept;
While from the flaming unburnt Buſh God ſpoke,
And ſent him to free *Iſrael* from their Yoke.
God to this Swain thus in his Buſh appear'd,
And with propitious Rays his Spirit cheer'd;
Sweet Honey-Suckles round the Branches twin'd,
Thick with their odrous Locks the Bow'r was (lin'd:
Soon as his Prayer was done, his Sheep he told,
Sent them a Grazing, and remov'd his Fold;
And that perform'd, he to the Buſh retires,
To ſing ſweet Hymns to his melodious Wires:
The Birds, who on the Buſh were wont to neſt,
Whom no rude Hand he ſuffered to moleſt,

Would

Would warble to his Voice, and harp their Part,
And ſtrive by Nature to outdo his Art.
The Hymn once clos'd, he to an Ant-Hill went,
And a whole Hour in Contemplation ſpent.
I thought him vainly idle at firſt Sight,
Till he thus mildly ſtrove to ſet me right.
The wiſeſt King whoever ſat enthron'd,
Theſe little Inſects for his Counſel own'd;
And took due Care all Mortals to adviſe,
To learn from their Examples to be wiſe.
I, who with Zeal his ſage Advice purſue,
Invite your Thought to their attentive View:
They have nor Guide nor Ruler in their Sphere,
But by divine Inſtinct their Motions ſteer;
They never idle, no one Hour miſpend,
But gladly on their daily Tasks attend:
See how they come and go in ſtraiteſt Lines,
As they begin or perfect their Deſigns;
In Multitudes they march, yet Order juſt,
No adverſe Files each other ſtop or thruſt:
They have Preſenſions of the Change in Air,
And never work Abroad but when 'tis fair:
They take Advantage of the Lunar Light,
And only at full Moons they work by Night.
Before the Sickle reaps the loaded Ears,
The Six-legg'd Nation in the Fields appears:
Of Wheat ſagaciouſly they chooſe the Prime,
And up the Stalk the ſprightly Inſects climb;
They nip the Grain, while they who watch below,
With the fall'n Carcaſes to their Caverns go;

They

They gage the Seeds, and to their different Weights,
Proportion the juſt Number of their Mates;
The various Loads they carry or protrude,
Till in their Barn the Harveſt they include.
Extremities they nibble, leſt it grow
When hous'd in their Repoſitory low.
When ſudden Show'rs ſurprize them by the Way,
At the Approach of a warm Sunny Day,
Leſt it ſhould muſt, they bring it out again,
In the Meridian Sun to dry the Grain:
Beyond their Annual Food, foreſeeing Dearth,
Biennial Stores they treaſure under Earth;
The Hill, which tow'rds the Bottom is cut round,
I'll open lay, to ſhew them under Ground.
Filth they abhor, their Dwellings all lie neat,
They, as they enter, ever clean their Feet:
That Baſtion at the Avenue prevents
The ſudden Inundation of their Tents:
View well with what inimitable Art
'Tis wall'd, and arch'd, and form'd in ev'ry Part:
Along the Middle runs a Street direct,
Which Ways tranſverſe, and equal interſect;
Within thoſe Walks the Buſie People meet,
Of their Affairs there amicably treat:
No Diſcords there, no Frauds were ever known,
No Int'reſt but the common Good they own.
View well the Regions which the Swarm divide,
With what Oeconomy themſelves they guide:
That Square they for their *Cemetery* keep,
Where with dead Parents their dead Children ſleep.

The

The teeming Females in this Space remain,
And there the Youth they up to Labour train.
Here live the Ants of Buſineſs and Intrigue,
Join'd in a ſtrict inviolable League:
The Granary is there, where, Day by Day,
The People their due Portions fetch away:
They all content with their alotted Store,
Their Competence well know, and ſeek no more.
Here Av'rice, Luſt, and Envy never haunt,
To ſowre the Life of the thrice happy Ant:
Here Truth and Wiſdom ſhine without Diſguiſe,
Learn of the Ants, *Docilio*, to be wiſe,
While you in this ſhort, wretched Life abide,
For Life and Bliſs ſupernal to provide.

This ſaid, the Hill the good *Melindo* clos'd,
And left my Soul for Wiſdom well diſpos'd:
Since that, I often on theſe Inſects muſe,
And they true Wiſdom quicken or infuſe:
View then the Ants, *Incurio*, every Day,
They all for your Inſtructions will purveigh;
They'll teach you to improve the preſent Time,
For Joys which are in an Eternal Prime.

Hymnotheo thank'd the Swains, and with a Load
Of ſerious Thought return'd to his Abode:
The Shepherds, as his heedful Ear they charm'd,
His Mind againſt Incogitancy arm'd;
He thought the little Way he walk'd too long,
Till he his Mind diſburthen'd in a Song.

In vain, proud *Athens*, lying Fame
For Learning celebrates your Name;

Read

Read your Philoſophers ſublime,
Of Ancient, or of Modern Time;
The *Stagyrite*'s capacious Brain,
And *Plato*'s Academy drein.
Let Stoicks, who, in their own Eyes,
Great *Jove* in Wiſdom equalize;
Let *Epicure*, to make the Odds,
Summon his intermundian Gods,
Who both Celeſtial Truth revil'd,
And Heav'n-taught *Paul* a Babbler ſtyl'd.
The Wiſdoms of all Sects unite,
Extract their quinteſſential Might;
Sail to the *Alexandrian* Shore,
To fill your Intellectual Store;
Till ſwell'd with Philoſophick Pride,
You all, but your wiſe ſelves, deride.
When you have all your Force combin'd,
You are the Babblers of Mankind;
In nothing you ſo much agree,
As endleſs Diſputacity:
What is true Bliſs you never knew,
Nor could what was unknown purſue.
Caſt on the Ant conſid'rate Eye,
Which oft regardleſs you paſs by;
Give that ſmall Inſect you contemn,
The Chair in Porch or Academ:
He'll Lectures of true Wiſdom read,
Which all your Authors ſhall exceed.
He keeps the End in heedful Mind,
For which his Maker him deſign'd;

No Vanities turn him aside
His Choice to flatter Fool-divide:
He to his ſole true Bliſs aſpires,
In that concenters his Deſires.
He proper Mediums ſtill employs,
Which never fail to gain his Joys:
He Dangers at a Diſtance eyes,
And guards himſelf againſt Surpriſe;
Provides in this for future Years,
By God's ſole Law his Conduct ſteers.
Shew me in all your Schools a Sage,
Who with ſuch Wiſdom ſpends his Age.
You Reaſon have, yet rarely think,
Below the Ants yee thoughtleſs ſink;
From the wiſe, ſteddy Ant, may I
My Intellectuals rectifie.
Lord! if than Inſect we deſpiſe,
Can thus inſtruct the wordly-wiſe:
Should we with Omnipreſent Thought
Search all the Wonders thou haſt wrought,
Treaſures of Wiſdom we ſhould heap,
And learn from each thy Law to keep.
If from each Creature thou haſt made,
Our Souls we may with Wiſdom lade;
We infinitely more ſhall gain,
From thy wiſe providential Reign.
Each of thy Attributes diſplays
Awful, and amiable Rays.
But when of *JESUS'* Loves we muſe,
They boundleſs Light and Love infuſe:

They teach us Wiſdom to attend,
Our ſole Example, Means, and End:
Example *JESUS* means our Love,
Our End, Eternal Bliſs above.
Whene're on theſe we fix our Thought,
Our Souls are up to Rapture wrought:
Our Meditation thence ſupplies,
A Source for Hymn which never dries:
May I of *JESUS* live poſſeſs'd,
And I from Hymns ſhall never ceaſe.

With Love of Hymn, *Hymnotheo*'s Genius fir'd,
He by all Saints grew valued and admir'd;
And, or in Town, or on *Smyrnean* Plains,
The faithful Pleaſure took to ſing his Strains:
The Aged Saint, mean while, by Death's Arreſt,
Up to his Manſion flew among the Bleſs'd.
And when the Youth, left from that Hour alone,
Was under no Inſpection but his own;
Saints by Degrees ſomething in him deſcry'd,
The Bane of Virtue, 'twas ſpiritual Pride:
For common Saints he had a low Eſteem,
Of Raptures talk'd, and viſionary Dream;
The Tempter never ceaſing to ſuggeſt
Self-Admiration to his liſt'ning Breaſt.

E're ſince the Youth was at the Font refin'd,
Phylaſter for his Guardian God aſſign'd;
And for his Soul alotted gracious Aid,
Which ſtill was re-enforc'd whene're he pray'd;
And whenſoe're the Angel from him flown,
At God's Command left him a while alone;

When

When call'd with Heav'nly Convoys to aſcend,
Who, arm'd through Air, departed Saints attend:
Or at a Guardian Muſter to appear,
Some Orders newly ſent from Heav'n to hear:
Or, call'd a ſick or dying Saint to aid,
Or one entrapp'd in Satan's Ambuſcade:
Or, with detach'd Battalions through the Sky,
On ſome great Saint's Deliverance to fly:
Or to ſupport a Martyr at the Stake:
Or ſweet Vacation in high Heav'n to take:
Or with the Angels Jubilee to keep,
At the Recov'ry of a ſtraying Sheep;
In ev'ry ſhort Receſs he him enjoy'n'd,
To live in Pray'r, with Heav'n-erected Mind.
The Youth gave to the Warning little Heed,
He ſelf-ſecure thought he ſhould neither need.
Satan, who had Permiſſion from on high,
Hymnotheo's Virtue to aſſault and try;
Who envied the inſtructive Hymns he ſung,
And to lewd Sonnets vow'd to form his Tongue;
Whene're he cold in his Devotion grew,
Or kept not God in reverential View,
Or ſuffer'd Heav'nly Love to grow remiſs,
Or moſt preſum'd himſelf decreed to bliſs,
He watch'd thoſe Opportunities of Ill,
Into his Soul Contagion to inſtil:
Great Saint, God's Darling, were the Terms he uſed,
By which he Peſtilential Pride infus'd:

Pride, the firſt Sin which our firſt Parents ban'd,
By which curs'd Satan his firſt Victory gain'd;
Which ever ſince he for his Engine choſe,
To God's juſt Hate their Offspring to expoſe:
Great Saint, ſaid he, I humbly you ſalute,
Among the Saints above of chief Repute;
When I diſcharg'd the Truſt which JESUS gave,
E're I ingulf'd in the Ætherial Wave,
I firſt to viſit your *Phylacter* flew,
I made him my Pretence to wait on you;
Phylacter is I find reſtown on high,
And I rejoyce that you have bleſs'd my Eye:
By God he is recall'd, and I preſume
You'll have ſome great Arch-Angel in his Room;
A common Angel is too mean for one,
Who is on Earth God's beſt-beloved Son.
You who of Sanctity have gain'd the Height,
To guard your ſelf have Arch-angelick Might;
And ſhould a high Arch-angel on you wait,
'Twill only argue you a Saint of State;
You skilk the Way full well to Heav'nly Bliſs,
And Arch-angelick Guardians may diſmiſs:
The very Seraphims your Hymns admire,
We daily ſing them in our Heav'nly Quire:
Permit my humble Wings to ſteer your Flight,
Where you ſhall gain a while the bliſsful Sight,
And in the Book of Life your Name ſhall read,
For Glory irreſpectively decreed.''
The great Arch-Lyer thus diſguis'd his Spite,
And on *Hymnotheo* fix'd his poiſ'nous Bite;

Ere

O're all his Soul strong Venom at diffus'd,
He was too proud to see he was abus'd.
Curs'd Satan Men successfully betrays,
When he for Snare Predestination lays:
Of destin'd Bliss he boldly them assures,
And to all Ills by that Perswasion lures;
Into the World Infernal Discord flings,
Makes Saints with a good Conscience murder Kings;
Raise curs'd Rebellions, ruin Church and State,
And by their Crimes their Sanctity to rate.

Phylacter, who for a short Time was flown,
On some high Errand sent him from the Throne,
Supposing him at Pray'r, at length reflew,
Hypocrates well his Guardian's Motion knew,
And bad him some fresh Vacancy supply,
Or up to his Celestial Stall retly;
Himself he boasts would his own Guardian be,
Thank'd him for his past Care, and set him free:
Phylacter, who the Youth with Horror ey'd,
Abominating his Infernal Pride,
In sacred Rage from Guardian-ship withdrew,
And back to Heav'n, by God's Permission, flew;
The Fiend exulting he had chac'd away
The Guardian, and should on his Pupil prey.

Up Air to Lucifer curs'd Satan soars,
And his Confed'rate Malice there implores;
Proud Lucifer abets the dire Design,
And all his Legions in the Mischief joyn:

Six Fiends, who o're the rest Precedence claim,
For Hatred of *JEHOVAH* most in Fame;
Each arm'd with Meteour, Sword and Spear, (and Shield,
The proper Arms which Ghosts aerial wield.
He sends with Charge some Angel to way-lay,
By Fraud his Flight in the Expance to stay;
That two of them should him in Parley hold,
And two in muddy Air should take his Mold;
The other two should Rainbow Colours fix,
On Cloudy Pallets, and together mix,
Till they the Shape and the Complexion took,
Both of his radiant Vehicle and Look;
And that with Feathers from some Bird of Prey,
Whose Wings to wing themselves they tore away:
Dip'd in those mingled Lights they should contest,
Who to the Life could paint the Angel best:
The Six fall'n Cherubs in short Time renew,
They made the Mold, and lively Figure drew;
Wise God permitting, they their Art unite,
To counterfeit an Angel of pure Light;
Thus vehicled, the Fourbe insulting flies,
With his Six Fiends, *Hymnotheo* to surprize.

As horn'd *Cerastes* wont to have Abode,
And watch for Mischief in a beaten Road;
One while keeps Ambuscadoe in the Rout,
And quick on Men approaching sallies out:
Or in the Sand close Sandy-colour'd lies,
Oft undistinguish'd by the transient Eyes;

While

While the ſoft ſpinal Griſtle of his Back,
He turns and winds, and plies to ev'ry Track,
And his invet'rate Malice to conceal,
Makes no Aſſault before, but bites the Heel;
And by his Bite, a Poiſonſtring inſpires,
Which kindles in the Veins outragious Fires:
Thus aping Angels of Celeſtial Light,
The Fiend flies down to cheat *Hymnotheo's* Sight;
Good Angels meeting Satan as he flew,
Were ready to ſalute him at firſt View;
But in his Shape Deformities they ſpy,
And with Abhorrence paſs the Traitor by:
By Satan's Orders the Six airy Ghoſts,
Whom he detach'd from the Apoſtate Hoſts,
Their Six round Shields into a Chariot clos'd,
One for the Roof plac'd on Four Spears diſpos'd,
One for the Bottom, Four for Wheels deſign'd,
Which to two Spears for Axle-trees were join'd;
And their Six Meteous Belts their Traces were,
By which they whirl'd the Chariot through
(the Air.
Satan *Hymnotheo* to the Chariot lures,
And of Celeſtial Proſpects him aſſures;
The thoughtleſs Youth, with Self-Complacence
(rides,
While Satan in expanſe the Engine guides,
At the ſame Mount to which he JESUS drew,
When he the World preſented to his View;
The Chariot ſtopping, the vain Youth alights,
And Satan fools him with enchanting Sights;

With all Inflammatives to kindle Luſt,
And thus inſtils Concupiſcential Guſt:
On all the Glories of this World reflect,
They all Created were for Souls Elect;
God's Children of this Earth are rightful Heirs,
They are moſt bleſs'd, who have the greateſt Shares,
Dominion and Propriety in Grace,
Are founded for God's ſole beloved Race;
What in the Wicked is rapacious Might,
In Saints is only ſeizing of their Right;
The *Jews* might juſtly on *Egyptians* prey,
Theſe rather muſt be ſtyl'd the Thieves than they;
The Reprobates are Dogs, and ſhould be fed
With refuſe Scraps, not with the Children's Bread.
Saints to both Lives who have Eternal Claim,
Should make the Sweets of both their conſtant Aim.
Terreſtrial Kings to Favourites diſpence,
Wealth, Honour, all Delights which pleaſe the Senſe:
But God unboundedly all Kings tranſcends,
In his Communications to his Friends;
Kings from their Favorites may themſelves eſtrange,
God's everlaſting Love can never change;
Firm are all God's Decrees, you cannot miſs
Of Heav'n, ſince God predeſtin'd you to Bliſs;
You ſhall be ſav'd, whether you will or no,
Take then your Fill of Pleaſures here below;

You'll

You'll learn by them your future Joys to rate,
When God to Heav'n his Darling ſhall tranſlate;
All Sins are venial the Elect commit,
Which God's Decrees Eternal pre-acquit:
Whene're Ideal Wiſdom you behold,
In her left Hand you'll Honour ſee and Gold;
You juſtly to high Honour may aſpire,
You juſtly may a boundleſs Wealth deſire,
Both are God's Bleſſings, and the wiſeſt Saints,
Would all God's Bleſſings have without Reſtraints:
To every Appetite its Due aſſign,
Court Beauty, eat high Dainties, drink rich Wine;
Your Hymns for Youth have a too ſolemn Air,
Sing rather of the Grape, and of the Fair;
Your Nature to its utmoſt Height ſublime,
Live at full Stretch of Pleaſure in your Prime:
The faſter you this mortal Life ſhall ſpend,
The ſooner you'll to deſtin'd Joys aſcend.

Satan and Youth the Chariot mount and fly,
O're vaſt and various Regions in the Sky;
Till they of *Syria* reach'd the Sovereign Town,
And there the Tempter ſet *Hymnotheo* down:
This City, ſaid the Fiend, you know by Fame,
'Tis *Antioch*, happy for the Chriſtian Name
There firſt impoſed. I take it in our Way,
Where for a while you'll with high Pleaſure ſtay:
In *Daphne*, that ſweet Grove your Entrance make,
You'll of the Joys of God's Elect partake;
I'll with the Chariot your Return await,
While all your youthful Appetites you ſate.

Soon as he entred the enchanting Place,
He loſt all Senſe of Evangelick Grace,
To gratifie all Luſts was his ſole Aim,
To ſilence Conſcience, and extinguiſh Shame;
The full Delight of ev'ry Vice he try'd,
Yet ſomething wanting in each Vice deſcry'd;
Often he ran the ſame polluting Round,
In Hope full Satisfaction might be found:
But ſenſual Joys defective are at Height,
They ſtarve the Soul, while they the Fleſh delight,
And that Delight is Surfeit more than Feaſt,
Degrading God-like Souls below the Beaſt:
Kind Heav'n from Luſts unnatural him reſtrain'd,
Leſt he ſhould irrecoverably be ban'd.

Satan, who ſaw *Hymnothea*'s Heav'nly Light
In *Daphne* damp'd with Eyes which ſparkled Spite,
Sank down with Speed to the Infernal Shade,
The Devils who lay idle to upbraid.

Is this a Time, ye Damn'd, ye Paſſive Drones,
Amidſt theſe Flames to vent unpitied Groans;
Hear ye not the Succeſs which *JESUS* gains,
How Man he ſaves, and greatens Devils Pains:
O're all the *Eaſt*, at *Salem*, *Rome*, and *Greece*,
Glad Tidings ſound to Man of Heav'nly Peace;
While we abandon'd are to Tortures dire,
And muſt deſpair to quench this raging Fire:
Rouſe, Rouſe for Shame, if Shame you ſtill retain,
And fall couragious, or victorious reign;
You Spirits, who on Earthly Empires wait,
Suite Plots to ev'ry Exigence of State;

You

You Spirits, who o're Nations domineer,
Muſt act like Devils in your proper Sphere.
Near to great *Antioch*, I a Grove have fram'd,
To Vice devoted, and 'tis *Daphne* nam'd;
'Tis ſpacious, and all Souls whom I enſlave,
May fit Retreats from Checks of Conſcience have:
There Woods of Laurel, and of Cypreſs grow,
There Fountains play, and Chryſtal Rivers flow:
There gaudy feather'd Birds in Conſorts lye,
Angels not more harmonious are on high.
There choiceſt Fruits bow down to ev'ry Hand,
The Air perfum'd, reſtorative and bland;
There ev'ry Senſe is baited with Delight,
On Beds of Roſes they repoſe at Night;
Which if with *Sharon*'s Roſes you compare,
You'll ſay that *Daphne*'s are more ſweet and fair.
The Turf is ſpread with od'rous, lovely Flow'rs,
There Lovers ſhelter in delicious Bow'rs,
Fed with Provocatives, with Garlands crown'd,
They who excel in Vice are moſt renown'd:
There wanton Poets am'rous Sonnets ſing,
Beneath the Trees, or by a warbling Spring;
There Tunes laſcivious vain Muſicians play,
There, in Feaſt, Dance, and Wine, they ſpend (the Day:
Beauties are common there, like Flow'rs or Fruit,
Men may their Dames appropriate or commute:
There is no Law to curb free Souls ordain'd,
There no one Senſe, no Paſſion is reſtrain'd:

Nothing

Nothing is there a Crime, or seems unjust,
But to set Bounds to an unbridled Lust:
There is a perfect Heav'n of sensual Joys,
Free from Consideration, Care, or Noise.
The Levite and the Tent-maker I heard
At *Antioch*, to work our Bane appear'd
By Miracles, though what they taught was grac'd,
'Twould by one Walk in *Daphne* be effac'd:
The Love divine in Saints will grow stark Cold,
Soon as they *Daphne*'s Paradise behold.
If *JESUS* here and there a Soul should glean,
Post at that Soul one of the Fiends unclean,
Out of the Dragon's Mouth but newly spew'd,
Best able to instil Suggestions lewd;
Spirits unclean, Man's native Lust allure,
And most oppose their *JESUS* fam'd for pure:
The lov'd Disciple's Saint I thither brought,
Who never more shall think one serious Thought:
O! with what Exultation I remind
How I *John*'s Vot'ry to my Will inclin'd;
He prophesied that Satan should be bound,
Yet I am free his Darling to confound;
His Hearers he assur'd, that by God's Son,
My Works should be destroyed, and I undone;
My Work was his own Vot'ry to beguile,
Judge whether him or me you'll Liar style:
There either Sex, to take their sensual Fills;
And out of Zeal to me to act all Ills;
Have free Access their Nature to pollute,
If they go Human in, they come out Brute;

Hymn

Hymn was of late *Hymnatheo*'s ſole Delight,
Now he can only filthy Songs endite.
Apollo's Temple, God of Wiſdom ſtyl'd,
There ſtands, that all the Mortals there defil'd
May deem their Actions, though unnatural, wiſe,
And Luſt an acceptable Sacrifice:
I ſcoff at *JESUS* Vot'ries vain Deſigns,
To think to fix the Croſs by *Daphne*'s Lines:
Whene're we Saints by Perſecution try'd,
We to our Sorrow found they multiply'd:
Error, which into Saints may Lies inſtil,
Ne're till enforc'd by Luſt abſorps the Will;
I, ſince our Fall, have by Experience found,
That we by Luſt gain moſt and ſureſt Ground,
Plant num'rous *Daphne*'s, and as *JESUS* Hell
Once diſpoſſeſs'd, we *JESUS* ſhall expel.
This ſaid, of Feinds unclean an odious Crowd,
Their utmoſt Malice to tempt Chriſtians vow'd;
And ever ſince, our holy Church has rue'd
The Devaſtations made by Spirits lewd.
But though Infernal Rebels hourly try,
For Conqueſt with Incarnate God to vye;
None conquer'd are till they themſelves betray,
'Tis ſelf Dedition renders them a Prey;
Bleſs'd *Paul* and *Barnabas* the Victory got
O're *Daphne*, Satan's moſt ſucceſsful Spot:
It ſoon was an Abomination grown,
And Chriſtian Purity poſſeſs'd the Throne.
O may that Grace in holy Church ſtill reign,
That Hell may open keep its Gates in vain.

The

The Youth mean while with ſenſual Pleaſures (cloy'd,
Perceiv'd his Purſe of what ſuſtain'd him void;
Pitied by none, he wander'd to and fro,
Tempted by violent Death to end his Woe;
But Satan for more Ill the Youth repriev'd,
Yet fearing ſerious Thought might be retriev'd,
Once more he to his Chariot him invites,
Aſſures him of Supplies, and freſh Delights;
And as they wander'd up and down in Air,
Satan watch'd where he might him beſt enſnare;
At laſt a Mountain he near *Smyrna* ſpy'd,
Where in a Cavern Thieves were wont to hide;
Thither he with *Hymnotheo* took his Way,
That he might ſhare with them in Guilt and Prey:
The Thieves receiv'd with Joy their youthful (Gueſt,
And having for Command had long Conteſt;
Impuls'd by Satan by the general Voice,
Of him they for their Captain made their Choice.
JESUS His lov'd Diſciple's Love to try,
Decreed he ſhould be martyr'd, and not die;
And *Rome's* proud Tyrant wont to take Delight,
On Flies to practiſe perſecuting Spite,
Permitted was to bring him bound to *Rome*,
To die in boiling Oil was there his Doom;
Satan, like Licenſe once for *Job* receiv'd,
Reſtrain'd from murdering, while the Saint he (griev'd;

The

The Lover in the Caldron humbly pray'd,
And *JESUS* Love the Raging Heat allay'd;
The Oil his chill'd Limbs ſuppl'd, thaw'd, and (cheer'd;
JESUS and *John* the more were co-endear'd:
The Tyrant foaming, dooms him to Exile
To *Patmos*, an uncomfortable Iſle;
There with high Raptures *JESUS* him adorns;
Raptures which needed no debaſing Thorns:
His Love exalted ſtill, more humble grew,
And from Love infinite its Diſtance knew;
And ever ſince proud Men eſſay in vain,
His humble lofty Viſions to explain;
Of whoſe Completion none can skill the Time,
But *John*-like Lovers humble and ſublime.

Soon as the Bloody Tyrant ſank below
The Populace of Hell to deeper Woe;
Mild *Nerva*, who was choſen to ſucceed,
The Saints from cruel Perſecution freed;
John then to his dear *Epheſus* retir'd,
And with freſh Ardours his Diſciples fir'd;
Jeremy-like, from Fountains in his Head,
He Rivers there of Tears Paternal ſhed;
Calling to Mind the bleſs'd *Timotheo*'s Fate,
Who there fell Victim to Infernal Hate;
Their impious ſoul Idolatries he blam'd,
Pagans by the Arch-murderer enflam'd,
The God-like Saint with pond'rous Clubs fell'd (down,
Damning themſelves to mount him to his Crown;

For

For Pagan Guilt the Saints who made their Moan;
Congratulate with Joy the Martyr's Throne.
On *Smyrna* next *John*'s Bowels softly yearn'd,
Whose Destitution from Vot'ries learn'd;
Thither he came his Converts to review,
And their primeval Fervours to renew;
There when arriv'd, he took a tender Care,
To raise a Lover to the Past'ral Chair;
'Twas *Polycarp*, a Saint whom all rever'd,
Next to lov'd *John*, to *JESUS* most endear'd;
Among the Faithful, whom he bless'd and kiss'd,
With solemn Kiss of Peace, one Soul he miss'd;
Now styl'd *Hymnotheo*, absent from his Eye,
Him he demands; none daring to reply,
Till *Polycarp*, whose bright Example shed
Rays influential, cries, The Youth is dead:
To Goodness dead, the Faithful he forsook,
And the broad Way to his Perdition took;
When *Bucolo*, with Past'ral Labours spent,
To endless Rest began his glad Ascent;
And in the Interval, while you detain'd
By Suff'rings, Pastorless the Flock remain'd;
Satan Advantage took to lay his Train,
To work your Sorrow, and your Convert's Bane;
He was the Darling of this ghostly Fold,
We thought him in the Book of Life enroll'd;
But his Apostacy from Pride took Rise,
He now has run through ev'ry Stage of Vice;
He's in Impiety obdurate grown,
And to the Mountain is from Justice flown;

Or

Of Villains there he leads a lawless Band,
Infesting with their Rapines all the Land.
Blest'd *John* withdrawing, to the Chappel goes,
Himself he prostrate on the Pavement throws;
With Sighs and Tears he to lov'd *JESUS* cry'd,
With ardent Zeal, which would not be deny'd,
That on *Hymnothëo* he would Pity take,
And not the Youth in his Revolt forsake;
As *Abraham*, when he fell upon his Face,
And the glad Promise heard to *Isaac*'s Race,
For his Son *Ishmael* Supplication made,
May my Son *Ishmael* live before thee, pray'd;
Great God the fervent Pray'r benignly heard,
And his Friend *Abraham* with that Blessing cheer'd:
Thus *JESUS* at his lov'd Disciple's Cry,
Cast on his Lover an accepting Eye;
All-Gracious God, who persecuting *Saul*
Chang'd to Apostle, by a Heav'nly Call,
That his so exemplary Pardon might
The Profligate to Penitence excite,
Had in *Hymnothëo*'s Change alike Intent,
To move the greatest Sinners to repent.
Rising from Pray'r, blest'd *John* was all on Flame,
The Fugitive to seek, and to reclaim;
He a whole Century ready to compleat,
Had feeble Knees, faint was his vital Heat;
He long had languish'd for the Joys Above,
Had nothing vig'rous in him but his Love;
Nor Age, nor Chill, nor Weakness him restrains,
Love warms his Blood to circle in his Veins;

All

All his Decays he feels by Love supply'd,
To *Polycarp* he calls for Horse and Guide:
And thus equipp'd, the Mountain he ascends,
His Course directly tow'rds the Villains bends;
Their Centries stop the aged Saints Career,
Wond'ring he durst within their Range appear;
The Saint for their Commander then enquires,
And Audience with an awful Look desires:
With that they brought him to their Captain's (View,
Who sate debauching with his Savage Crew;
At his Approach, their Cymiters they draw:
The Captain seiz'd with a confounding Awe,
Soon as the aged, naked Saint he spies,
With Fear and Trembling swiftly from him flies;
The Villains stood astonish'd at the Sight,
And wondred what their valiant Chief should (fright.

John rode full Speed the Wretch to overtake;
And mildly the Apostate thus bespake:
Return into my Arms, Return, my Son,
Ah! can you thus from your kind Father run?
Can you a feeble aged Father fear,
Who comes unarm'd, unless with tender Tears?
My Sighs, my Cries, shall with your Flight keep (pace,
My Love shall you in all Concealments trace;
Dear Son, I still retain that tender Name,
Though you have chang'd, your Father is the (same.

I

I come to save you from the Wrath divine,
And God to readopt you to incline;
My own Heart-Blood I should account well spent,
To move your Spirit timely to repent;
Repent, for yet, dear Child, 'tis not too late,
Your Soul may yet recover its loſt State;
With gracious God for you I'll interceed,
Bleſs'd *JESUS'* boundleſs Love for you I'll plead:
Return, dear Son, God's Call no more neglect,
Leſt he denies that Grace which you reject;
Regard my Age thus feeble, thus fatigu'd,
With this vile Herd, O live no longer leagu'd:
Return into my Arms, I'll lodge you there,
Till God gives wiſh'd for Anſwer to my Pray'r:
Return, dear Child, in vain from me you flie,
While over-look'd by God's all-ſeeing Eye.

Elijah, when beginning to complain
Of *Iſrael*, grown obdurately profane;
On *Horeb*, where he ſtood, great God deſcends,
Strong Wind ſtrait ruſhing out, the Mountain (rends;
Impriſon'd Vapours then Exploſions make,
The Earth's Foundations to the Center quake;
Down from high Heav'n devouring Fire appears,
The Univerſe a flaming Deluge fears;
Nor Wind, Fire, Earthquake, yet God's Will (diſplays,
Which in a ſtill, ſmall Voice, great God conveys;
Thus the flagitious Youth, whom all the Store
Of Heav'ns Artillery could not move before;

Melted by *John*'s ſoft Voice, began to mourn,
His rocky Heart was into Pieces torn:
The ſtubborn, inſolent, proud, lawleſs Thief,
Full of Confuſion, Horror, Shame and Grief,
For his paſt Sins, in humble Silence ſtands,
His Sword, Shield, Spear, drop from his trembling Hands;
He nor to Heav'n, nor *John*, dumb lift his Eyes,
O'rewhelm'd with inexpreſſible Surprize;
John tenderly repos'd him on his Breaſt,
And on his Lips a Kiſs of Peace impreſs'd;
Be of good Comfort, my dear Child, he cry'd,
Theſe Rivers will by JESUS Blood be dry'd:
And while he rebaptiz'd himſelf in Tears,
Mild *John* his breaking Heart with Cordials chears.

Soon as the Youth had giv'n his Paſſion vent,
And up to Heav'n ſtrong *miſerere*'s ſent;
To his Companions he himſelf addreſs'd,
And like Compaſſion for their Souls expreſs'd,
As the Apoſtle ſhow'd for him before,
Beſeeching them their Lewdneſs to deplore:
Bleſs'd *John*, all that *Hymnotheo* ſaid, enforc'd,
And of God's Wrath, which they provok'd, diſcours'd:
Some both the Saint and Youth deliſious ſtil'd,
Some ſtood confounded, others both revil'd;
Some would the Youth for Cowardiſe upbraid,
And *John* for uſing Diabolick Aid:
Some curſing both, God impiouſly blaſphem'd;
John, ſince they all incorrigible ſeem'd,

With

With his dear Charge withdrew, for Fear they might,
On the dear Youth wreak their revengeful Spite,
Who daily, for the future them bewail'd,
And ne're to pray for their Converſion fail'd.
As they withdrew, an Angel with ſpread Wings,
From *Epheſus*, a ſudden Meſſage brings,
That Hell and the Magicians brake Reſtraint,
Outragious grown in Abſence of the Saint;
Satan conceal'd impuls'd them, from his Guide
The Youth for his Perverſion to divide:
All in *Diana*'s Temple met, decreed
The Ruin of the Church, and both agreed;
Thoſe by Poſſeſſions, theſe by potent Charms,
To work the faithful Flock deſtructive Harms:
The Catechumens they with Eaſe ſurpriz'd,
But Entrance got in none who were baptiz'd;
Some with Suggeſtions foul they ſtrove to ſtain,
Others they ply'd with Doubts, and Thoughts profane,
Curs'd Infidelity to re-inſtil,
Unfix the Mind, and unconfine the Will:
The Church to Heav'n with Ardency had pray'd,
But wanted holy *John*'s prevailing Aid;
And now diſpatch'd their Angel to implore,
His pow'rful Pray'rs their Safety to reſtore:
Upon his Flock *John*'s tender Bowels yearn'd,
Soon as their Ghoſtly Danger he had learn'd,
Intending for *Hymnethea* to provide,
In whoſe new Change he durſt not yet confide.

There dwelt an aged Saint below the Hill,
Euſebio ſtyl'd, in a ſmall neighbouring Ville,
Thither the careful Saint his Convert brought,
To ſpend his Hours in penitential Thought;
His Penitent he ſtrictly there enjoyn'd,
To good *Euſebio*'s View to be confin'd,
To live in Perpetuity of Pray'r,
Left in his Abſence Hell ſhould him enſnare;
This ſaid, his Wings the Angel to him lends,
And ſwimming the Expanſe his Flight attends.

BOOK II.

SATAN with Looks, which extro-
(mitted Spite,
Exults in his projecting the Saint's
(Flight,
And various Ways his baneful Thoughts contrive,
The Saint of his dear Convert to deprive,
Concluding he with Eaſe might him invade,
Abandon'd by bleſs'd *John* and Guardian Aid;
On Wings rent from a Dragon through the Skies,
He with full Speed to *Taprobana* flies;
Where viewing all the Tortoiſes Marine,
He choſe the largeſt for his dire Deſign,
Turning it up upon the Sandy Shoar,
He from its Shell the trembling Creature tore;

'Twas

'Twas in Diameter a Fathom wide,
Mother of Pearl wall'd it on either Side;
With Trees of Coral pilla'r'd, and the Head
Was with their Branches intermix'd o'respread;
Two wing'd Sea-Monsters by his Charms dismay'd,
Swam with obsequious Tribute to his Aid;
Whip-Harness Reins he form'd of Ocean Weeds,
To govern or chastise his scaly Steeds;
The Seats of downy Moss compounded were,
And thus equip'd he drives it through the Air:
On the smooth waving Clouds it swifter glides,
Than on the Snow a Sledge *Lapландian* slides;
Himself he wrap'd Regal Robe attires, (Fires;
Scepter'd and Crown'd with glittering Meteour
Swiftly he mov'd, and all the Voyage flings
The humid Air upon the Monster's Wings;
Still frighted with the thought, that should they dry,
The Chariot would fall headlong from the Sky:
Soon as he entred where the Youth took Rest,
Himself at Midnight thus to him address'd:
Hymniothee, God high Honour you intends,
Who an Arch-Angel for your Convoy sends,
I lead a Legion in the Heav'nly Host,
Among Arch-Angels have the highest Post;
'Tis God's Command I should that Post forsake,
An Arch-Angelick Care of you to take;
God your Revolt and Satan's Force has weigh'd,
That pardon'd is, this shall be over-sway'd,
God from your Fall your Spirit has retriev'd,
For which you meritoriously have griev'd,

You now the full Aſſurance have regain'd,
Of Bliſs eternally for you ordain'd;
Bleſs'd *John*, whom my Vicegerent JESUS made,
Who will at *Epheſus* be long delay'd;
Lives in perpetual Languor for your Sight,
Begg'd I to you would take a ſpeedy Flight;
I, to make Speed, would not to Heav'n repair,
To chooſe out of God's Stores a Chariot there,
But to the Angel of the Waters ſent,
Who the adjoining Sea *Icarian* kept;
Who for quick Flight this Chariot to me gave,
Which ſwims as faſt on Air as on the Wave;
Riſe then, *Hymnotheo*, from your Stupor riſe,
And with your dear Arch-Angel paſs the Skies;
Before his early Lauds the Saint ſhall cloſe,
I'll waft you in his Boſom to repoſe.
Hymnotheo wak'd, and in a ſudden Fright,
Beheld the glitt'ring, but fallacious Light,
Full of Amuſement and of Doubt, he roſe,
The Fiend into his Mind ſtrong Poyſon throws,
Striving in various Forms to re-ſuggeſt
That Ghoſtly Bride, which *John* before ſuppreſs'd;
He ſuck'd it in, and weak Reſiſtance made,
Unwilling to ſuſpect, and faintly pray'd,
Till Satan him into the Chariot drew.
And, leſt he ſhould reflect, away it flew:
Euſebio riſing to his wonted Lauds,
Miſſing *Hymnotheo*, Diabolick Frauds
Inſtantly gueſs'd, fell on his Knees and wept,
And ſolemn Faſt for his Deliv'rance kept;

John

John Pray'r incessant for *Hymnethea* made,
That he might all the Tempter's Snares evade;
God heard, for Lovers never pray in vain,
Yet would not the Fiend hinder, but restrain,
Permitting the Success of Satan's Cheat,
To teach the Youth the Tempter to defeat.
Fair *Smyrna*'s Angel in his Flight descry'd,
Upon the smooth Expanse the Chariot glide,
And swiftly to *John*'s Guardian flies to tell,
The dire Attempt made on the Youth by Hell.
John, who the Angel heard from his Repose,
Into his hallow'd Oratory goes;
There prostrate on the Ground himself he laid,
With Sighs and Tears he for *Hymnethea* pray'd:
God heard, and bad *Phylacter* fly with Speed,
Unseen to his abandon'd Charge in need:
Satan, who left the Youth should Fraud detect,
And from his Pow'r to Penitence deflect,
Swore he would ruin him, and Heav'n outbrave,
And tow'rd curs'd *Corah*'s Gulf the Chariot drave,
Which by Explosion of pent Air he tore,
It gap'd as for the Murmurers heretofore;
There he design'd to throw him into Hell,
That kept in Chains he might no more rebel;
But he the Chariot drave he knew not where,
Infatuated by Providential Care,
His Intellect his Spirit quite forsook,
To *Dives* Gulf the ready Way he took;
The Fiend his Force to plunge him there applies,
When, sent by Heav'n, *Phylacter* to him flies;

And soon as he approach'd the Chariot Side,
The Fishes Wings were by his Ardours dry'd;
The Chariot overthrown, the Monsters fell
With Satan down the horrid Gulf to Hell,
Where the damn'd Populace against him rose,
And his Defeat chastis'd with trebled Woes:
Phylaster caught the Youth in soft Embrace,
And poits him in the vast unfathom'd Space;
There he remain'd, high Heav'n and Hell betwixt,
Unmoveable while in the Center fix'd:
There no Magnetick Force his Weight could draw,
There pois'd both Regions he of *Hades* saw:
In *Equilibrium* there he was detain'd,
Till *John*'s Devotion a full Conquest gain'd.
Uranio, who of *John* had Guardian Care,
His Eagle brought and Chariot through the Air,
Which *JESUS* sent the aged Saint to ease,
When wearied by long Praying on his Knees;
He *JESUS* prais'd for his supporting Grace,
And swiftly drave through the aerial Space;
Uranio flew just at the Chariot's Stern,
With watchful Eyes all Dangers to discern;
The pliant Bird flew swift along the Sphere,
Till to *Hymnotheo*'s Station drawing near;
John from his Angel's Wings the Youth receiv'd,
With deep Remorse for his Seduction griev'd;
John with a sweet Reproof his Soul endears,
Then seated by his Side allays his Fears;
And seeing the thick Mist which Satan threw
Before his Eyes, to darken Ghostly View,

Thus

Thus ſpake; As the blind Man reſtor'd to Sight,
Saw Men as Trees by his firſt glimmering Light;
Till *JESUS* touch'd his feeble Eyes again,
Then he diſcern'd minuteſt Objects plain;
Your Eyes thus dimly will Things heav'nly ſee,
Till they from ſenſual Cataracts are free;
'Tis *JESUS* only can your Sight retrieve,
I with this Balſam will your Eyes relieve;
Then from a Golden Box, which o're the vaſt
Perfume, refreſhing, odorif'rous Taſt,
Like humble *Mary*'s coſtly Spikenard ſweet,
Which ſhe diffus'd on our Redeemer's Feet,
He with Eye-Salve anointed either Eye,
That both might Objects in true Forms deſcry.
There is a Gulf 'twixt Heav'n and *Tophet* ſpread,
Dividing the two Regions of the dead;
The upper Manſions, where the Good repoſe;
The lower Dungeons, which the Bad incloſe;
Where God to their Allotments Souls confines,
And ne're permits to paſs the Barrier Lines;
Through which curs'd *Dives*, who bleſs'd *Lazarus*
In vain for one cool Drop of Water ſu'd; (view'd,
Good and bad Angels there fly to and fro,
To waft the Saints to Bliſs, the Damn'd to Woe:
John in the Center ſtopp'd his Eagle's Flight,
To give his Charge of both a moving Sight.
On the Infernal vaſt's ſuperiour Brim,
They Death diſcover, ghaſtly, tall, and grim,
The Skeleton was cloath'd with ragged Skin,
Through which his Bones might numbred be within,

On

On a pale Horſe, lean as himſelf, he rod,
Swift as a Whirlwind, with ſoft Feathers ſhod;
By which unheard and unperceiv'd he flies,
The careleſs in a Moment to ſurprize;
By God's Command he roves the World about,
And murders all in his determin'd Rout;
His Carcaſe with a winding Sheet he veils,
Three Furlongs it behind the Monſter trails;
Which with freſh Drops of humane Gore is fill'd,
One for each Mortal he has that Day kill'd;
An empty Quiver o're his Shoulder hung,
Whoſe Darts that Day at humane Race were ſtrung,
Each Morning it repleniſh'd is again
With Darts for all appointed to be ſlain;
With ſteddy Eye he aims at ev'ry Heart,
And ne're in vain trajects a ſingle Dart;
Ears he has none, inexorable flies,
Is mov'd by no Intenerating Cries;
A long wreath'd Tail he has, with deadly Sting,
Which through a guilty Conſcience he can fling,
Which with the Pangs of Guilt afflict it more,
Then all his other Terrors could before;
Both good and bad his Summons muſt obey,
Death keeps with Sin co-univerſal Sway,
Yet his invenom'd Sting can enter none,
Who God with penitential Tears attone.

Death's Meſſengers attend in num'rous Swarms,
Fate follows in ten thouſand various Forms,
Deliriums, Pains, Diſeaſes him ſurround,
And all the Engines which may Life confound;

Abaddon

Abaddon for his Second he deputes,
To ſeize curs'd Souls, at whom he Arrows ſhoots;
Abaddon, King of the Infernal Clan,
Who with their Stings, to Hell goad wicked Man,
His Fiends attend his Spite, detach'd from Hell,
Like Screech-Owles, they a Stink, cadav'rous Smell;
They haunt Sick-Beds, and when a Mortal ſpent,
Amidſt his dying Pangs the Wretch torment;
They curſe, revile, and with Impatience rave,
Till they aſunder tare him to his Grave;
At his laſt Gaſp their fierce Aſſaults revive,
They glory when they Souls to Torture drive.
The Saints when on their Beds they gaſping roll,
JESUS is wont their Death-pangs to condole,
And his propitious Angel *Gabriel* ſends, (mends;
To whoſe bright Squadrons he their Care com-
Their Od'rous Plumes encircle Saints about,
They ſweetly call their lingring Spirits out;
They to Eternal Bliſs their Souls invite,
Raiſe them from Dolours to immenſe Delight;
Till ſick of Life, they long to be diſſolv'd,
And in God's everlaſting Arms involv'd:
The Cherubs, when a Saint tow'rds Glory ſprings,
Lend him their ſupernumerary Wings;
As Birds, who have eſcap'd the Fowler's Snare,
With Pleaſure wander in the ſpacious Air;
Thus Souls from Matter free like Angels fly,
And far above the Sun their Vigour try;
Sin, Darkneſs, Error, vaniſh then away,
And Reaſon reaſſumes its native Sway;

The

The Soul in true Idea's Things conceives,
The lovely Image of Great God retrieves;
No Paſſion feels, but boundleſs Joy and Love,
And haſts to its Inheritance Above:
Bright *Gabriel* new-departed Souls collects,
And to ſupernal Bliſs their Flight directs;
Guided by *JESUS*, who their State reveals,
He Saints with the Triunal Signet ſeals;
And when *Abaddon* his Approaches makes,
His diſappointed Ray thoſe Souls forſakes:
But when no Seal he on the dying ſpies,
He on that Soul with Helliſh Fury flies:
In the unfathom'd Gulf, 'twixt Woe and Bliſs,
Where the Roads part their Way, Souls cannot (miſs.
Foul Guilt, pure Innocence themſelves will guide,
The Weights of Conſcience their juſt Lots decide.
But here a mournful Sight afflicts their Eye,
Their Ears were wounded with a dol'rous Cry,
The curſed Fiends came driving num'rous Shoals
Of new departed, miſerable Souls; (Groans
Strange Dread and Anguiſh in their Looks and
Deep pierce *Hymnotheo*, who their State bemoans:
Ah bleſs'd Apoſtle, who are they, he cry'd?
The Damn'd, ſaid he, who ſince the Morning dy'd.
Hymnotheo of a Soul his Voice could reach,
Beſought to be admitted to the Speech;
John gave Conſent, *Hymnotheo* calls a Soul
Out of the Drove, his Sorrows to condole;

Unhappy

"Unhappy Wretch, ſaid he, to me relate,
The ſad Occaſion of your dol'rous Fate:"
"No Words, reply'd the Spirit, can expreſs
The leaſt Ingredient of my dire Diſtreſs;
'Tis but ſeven Minutes ſince I breath'd my laſt,
And to the State of ſep'rate Spirits paſt:
My Soul was in Amazement at the Change,
All that I ſaw was terrible and ſtrange;
The Martyrs when alive by Tyrants flead,
Did not their Skins on their raw Muſcles need,
More than methought I my own Body miſs'd,
Wondring how I thus naked could exiſt:
One fatal Moment, Life, Fame, Wealth, and Joys,
And all my Hopes of endleſs Bliſs deſtroys;
Soon as in Separation I appear'd,
My Intellect was to my Sorrow clear'd;
My Unbelief was in that Moment cur'd,
Of Heav'n and Hell I fully was aſſur'd;
Of righteous God I had afflicting Awe,
Againſt my Will I then rever'd his Law;
Of Sin I had a juſt, but horrid View,
Deſpairing Anguiſh pierc'd me through and (through;
Ah! I of *JESUS* have a lively Senſe,
And Anguors for his outrag'd Love intenſe;
Death's dreadful Meſſengers my Life aſſail'd,
My Soul they rudely from my Body hal'd,
Till the dread Judgments Doom to undergo
Of lower *Hades*, the initial Woe:
Yet curs'd *Abaddon's* Diabolick Crew,
Death's Terrors unconceivably outdo;

They

They ſpitefully congratulate my Pain,
While I provoke their Malice with Diſdain;
They tauntingly my Loſs of Heav'n upbraid,
O! I am hurried to the diſmal Shade;
I ſink, I ſink, ah me! my Reſpite's ſpent,
O Youth take Warning, and in Time repent:
The Youth the Warning heard, and heedful weigh'd,
Which in his Spirit deep Impreſſions made.
Death to *Abaddon* leaves the new damn'd Ghoſts,
And to his horrid Habitation poſts;
Hymnothea humbly then the Saint deſir'd,
To ſhew him to what Region Death retir'd:
The tender Saint, Conviction to compleat,
From his high Chariot points out Death's Retreat;
A vaſt unmeaſurable Vale he ſhew'd,
With humane Bones and ſplintred Coffins ſtrew'd;
With Graves ten thouſand Stories high wall'd round,
Streaming Corruption on the noiſome Ground;
As Men, who tow'rds the Center dig, behold
The Layers all the Way of different Mold;
Thus of each Age ſince Death began its Reign,
The *Strata* there of Graves diſtinct remain;
There humane Aſhes mix'd together lie,
None can a Beggar's from a King's deſcry;
Both mortal view with equal Horrors ſtrike,
Both are devour'd, both rot and ſtink alike:
Un-numbred Shoals of Worms inſult the dead,
And die themſelves when to a Surfeit fed;

There

There nothing lives but what's design'd for ill,
And has just Life, and Light enough to kill:
'Tis darkned with a constant, dismal Shade,
Which the Sun's Rays could never yet invade:
That Pile of humane Bones and Skulls was rear'd
After the Flood, just as dry Land appear'd;
When all Mankind for impious Deeds lay drown'd,
And vail'd with stinking Carcases the Ground;
Of Skeletons Death then full Harvest reap'd,
And from their Limbs that frightful Building heap'd;
Innumerable Chambers fill the Square,
Where his Attendants various Deaths prepare;
Untimely Fates, Diseases, and strong Pains,
For ev'ry Nation which the World contains;
The Gates are Pieces of dead rotten Trees,
An Angel styl'd *Kleiduchus* keeps the Keys:
'Tis *JESUS* Will, that Angel to ordain,
The Tyrant to licentiate or restrain:
See Death returning to his dark Abode,
His empty Quiver with fresh Darts to load;
His daily March, when ended round the Globe,
In the dead Sea is wash'd his Bloody Robe;
Death like curs'd Sin unwearied takes no Rest,
They Day and Night laps'd humane Race infest;
Subdue curs'd Sin, and Death you may despise,
'Tis Sin which Death with Sting and Dart supplies.
The Youth near lower *Hades* sees a Gate,
At which a watchful Angel seem'd to wait;
What is that Gate, said he, of massy Gold,
Which glitt'ring in that Darkness I behold?

'Tis

'Tis *Mammon*'s Gate, beloved *John* replies,
Who in a gaudy Cave impriſon'd lies;
The Angel *Chryſtophil* the Entrance keeps,
And ſtrict Account of all his wealthy Heaps:
God's Name and Adoration he invades,
And earthly Minds to worſhip him perſwades;
Mountainous Offers he to Votʼrys makes,
Thoſe who moſt ſerve him, ſooneſt he forſakes:
His Gold flies to and fro on treach'rous Wings,
And only for their Bane to Miſers clings:
Vain Man, who cannot, or who will not ſee,
Of Gold 'tis God, not *Mammon*, keeps the Key;
Gold which wiſe God was pleas'd to bury deep,
At utmoſt Diſtance from high Heav'n to keep;
Gold which promiſcuouſly here ebbs and flows,
Which God for Trial more than Love beſtows;
Gold which God oft in Mercy takes away,
Leſt it ſhould on our ghoſtly Vitals prey;
Gold doom'd for its Malignity to dwell
In the dark Confines of near neighbouring Hell;
Gold which innocuous ſlep'd, till, to their Bane,
Men rais'd the Fiend, they ne're could lay again;
Gold only to the Charitable bleſs'd;
Gold which a Curſe entails on all the reſt.
Now raiſe, ſaid *John*, your View, an Hoſt (appears,
Which brightens and perfumes the upper Spheres;
All rob'd in Vehicles of Splendour bright,
A venerable, lovely, radiant Sight:

Who

B: II.

Who, gracious *John*, *Hymnotheo* ſaid, are they?
The faithful Souls, ſaid he, new ſtripp'd of Clay:
Each has his Guardian waiting by his Side,
With Wings obſequious to ſupport and guide;
Each comes from hov'ring o're his native Shell,
Till Reſurrection bidding it farewel;
High *Gabriel* and his Squadrons guard the March,
Till they aſcend the Empyreal Arch.
Ah! Father, ſaid the Youth, may mortal Sight
Trace to their Journey's End that glorious Flight?
Material Wings, the bleſſed *John* replies,
Can never to ſupernal Regions riſe;
Swift as their Pray'rs, they ſpeed to Glory make,
No ſix-wing'd Seraph them can overtake;
But I'll, by God's Permiſſion, to you ſhow,
All that of future Heav'n by Faith we know;
John then to his *Uranio* gave the Sign,
He took the Thought, flew from the Central Line,
Down to the dusky Air, to gather Cloud,
Which in its Globar Form ſhould them enſhroud;
Tow'rds Heav'n he made a hallow with his Spear,
No bigger than the Stars below appear;
And on the adverſe Side ſpread his white Veſt,
Of Lihen made, in which the Saints are dreſs'd;
The hollow He adjuſted to enfold,
A Convex Circle of tranſparent Gold;
It was the Radiant Cover which lay o're
The od'rous Box *John* opened juſt before;
Fetch'd from the ſame ſuper-celeſtial Mine,
From which God built *Jeruſalem* divine;

John tow'rds the Linen turn'd *Hymnotheo*'s Eyes,
Who gazing ſate with raviſhing Surprize;
For as bleſs'd *Hades* Gates were open laid,
While the aſcending Saints their Entrance made,
The Youth had on the Veil in Picture bright,
Of the Saint's previous Joys a rapt'rous Sight.
O Happineſs which cannot be expreſs'd,
In which, ſaid *John*, Saints from their Labours reſt;
Above all Sin and Sorrow they are plac'd,
And with the Sight of God incarnate grac'd;
In outward Courts at preſent they reſide,
And at a Diſtance from the Throne abide;
There longing for Re-union to their Duſt,
For the full Congregation of the Juſt,
To hear the Awful Trump to Judgment ſound,
To be eternally abſolv'd and crown'd;
With Bodies glorify'd to be array'd,
Inhabitants of the bright Temple made;
To a Seraphick Pitch their Souls to tune,
And for the glorious Sight of God Triune:
Their Morning Bliſs no Thought can comprehend,
Which their Meridian Beams ſhall far tranſcend.
Mean while *Phylacter* ſtood not idle by,
But from the Refuſe of the dusky Sky,
Uranio left a Tube of Cloud contriv'd,
By which the Sounds from *Hades* were deriv'd;
The Youth through that up turn'd with raviſh'd (Ears,
Melodious Airs, and Harps, and Voices hears;

With

With what sweet mutual Transports Saints con-
verse
And all God's Favours to their Souls rehearse;
What high ecstatick Hymns they there indite,
With Harmony, Devotion to excite.

Then tow'rds the World was turn'd the hollow
Cloud;
A Voice came through it dolorous and loud;
The Youth's Regard was by *John*'s Order lead,
Till fixing on a dying Man's sick Bed:
This World, said *John*, to Fools may tempting seem,
'Tis to the thoughtful a delusive Dream;
Eye that sick Man, and listen to his Groans,
How the poor Worldling his sad Fate bemoans;
Stripp'd of Disguise the World to him appears,
Now he recals his irreligious Years:
O my vain Hopes, he cries, my transient Joys,
Intemperance brutish, which my Soul destroys;
Desires fruitraneous, disappointed Aim,
Ambition once my Glory, now my Shame:
O Lusts impure, I blush to think of you,
I now too late your foul Enchantments rue;
My lewd Companions, bitter is your Mirth,
My Idol Wealth, you nail'd me to this Earth:
O my past Madness, Sins on Sins to heap,
Dull Stupour which my Conscience laid asleep:
O the Vexations, Follies, Dangers, Cheats,
Which in the World a heedless Sinner meets:
O sensual Pleasures, Satan's common Bait,
You in Fruition all evaporate;

To worldly Comforts, which me Captive led;
In my Diſtreſs, O whither are you fled?
If you approach me, 'tis not to condole,
But only to inſult my ſitting Soul:
You crowd into my Heart, pollute my Pray'r,
You tempt me to take Refuge in Deſpair:
Ah! if you would, ye cannot me relieve,
Or from invading Death my Soul reprieve;
You in my dol'rous Pangs can give no Eaſe,
But your Remembrance heightens my Diſeaſe;
Into Hell Flames when theſe pale Limbs are flung,
You cannot lave one Drop to cool my Tongue;
See how the Devils ſnatch me, O curs'd World,
Into dread Horrors you my Spirit hurl'd:
Such is the World, where're it rivals God,
Which under Feet the Saints triumphant trod;
Live then to ev'ry Vice perpetual Foe,
In Heav'n at Home, a Stranger here below;
In our probationary earthly State,
God to Mens Choice commits their future Fate;
Sinners, whoſe Option is eternal Pain, (plain.
When damn'd, ſhall of themſelves, not God, com-
God of both States indulges you the Sight,
Your Reſolution fix, and chooſe the right.

High Praiſe *Hymnotheo* to great God expreſs'd,
Who ſuch a Wretch had with ſuch Proſpects bleſs'd;
Religious Hope and Fear the Youth imbib'd,
While *John* both Regions to his Soul deſcrib'd;
Reſolv'd his Guilt with Horror to review,
His ſolemn Vow Baptiſmal to renew;

Into

Into curs'd wilful Sin no more to fall,
His lively Viſions daily to recal;
And earneſtly pray'd *John* his Courſe to ſteer,
Where he might beſt devote his Life to Tear:
John by endearing Truth reform'd his Mind,
And ſweetly to God's Law his Will inclin'd;
He from the Gulf then gave the Eagle Rein,
Who ſwiftly ſhot through the aerial Main,
Till he on *Liban* ſtopp'd, his Wings to eaſe,
Where the Youth walk'd beneath the ſhady Trees;
The Mount with Aromatick Plants is ſpread,
By Chryſtal Streams from pleaſant Fountains fed;
Warm Summer and cold Winter there unite,
Here 'tis a verdant Green, there ſnowy white;
There range wild Beaſts, and there black Lions (roar,
Who *John*'s Abode, aw'd by kind Heav'n, forbore;
There grovelling Thiſtles creep, yet ſwell'd with (Pride,
To the tall Cedars ſought to be ally'd,
Till a Beaſt trod the proud one to the Ground,
The Aims of the Ambitious to confound;
There od'rous Groves of lofty Cedars riſe, (Skies;
Pointing their Leaves and Fruits up tow'rds the
From Time, Storm, Worm, they no Corruption (fear,
Still more aſpiring tow'rds the happy Sphere;
Emblems of Saints, whoſe Graces heav'n-ward (grow,
Rais'd far above the ſhort-liv'd Joys below:

13. 11.

God's Spouse her Beams from *Liban* Cedars chose,
To roof her Chambers where she took Repose;
Wise *Solomon* from thence tall Cedars brought,
Which Artists for the stately Temple wrought:
There he his Foreſt-House of Pleasure plac'd,
With Cedar Walls, and Beams and Pillars grac'd;
John, who the Fervours of young Converts knew,
And how they oft fatigu'd and languid grew;
The Youth entirely from false Joys to wean,
To perfect his Conviction rais'd a Scene;
On *Liban* Palace standing on the Site,
By Virtue of his Apostolick Might,
He sent *Uranio* to and fro to fly,
Over its whole Circumference in the Sky;
And to collect all the *Effluviums* there
Of *Solomon*, still floating in the Air;
Which when dispos'd by his mirac'lous Aid,
All *Solomon*'s Magnificence display'd.
Hymnotheo on the beauteous Landskip gaz'd,
And felt himself transportingly amaz'd:
There all the Joys which fascinate Mankind,
For which they Heav'n forsake, he saw combin'd.
Next to the Scene, the Fiend for *JESUS* drew,
None of the World e're had a fuller View:
There Wealth and Honour at their utmost Height,
There all Things which could ev'ry Sense delight,
There humane Wisdom and Imperial Sway,
Delicious Gardens, and a Palace gay,
Health, Youth, unbridled Lust, continual Feast,
All the Perfumes, Gems, Dainties of the *East*;

There

There of the Globe all quinteſſential Sweets,
Vaſtly tranſcending *Daphne*'s mean Retreats;
In boundleſs Plenty the Youth pictur'd ſaw,
But leſt they ſhould his ſudden Liking draw,
John ſhew'd on each the Superſcription grav'd,
Which *Solomon* experienc'd, while deprav'd,
Vanity and Vexation there he read,
And from the Life himſelf in *Daphne* lead,
His own Experience with that King's compar'd,
And vow'd by Luſt ne're more to be enſnar'd.

John, while the Bird fed on balſamick Air,
Was rapp'd in Meditation, Praiſe and Pray'r;
Hymnotheo walk'd on the *Libanick* Plains,
John fearing nothing from the harmleſs Swains;
A lonely Shepherd, as he walk'd along
He ſaw, who tun'd his Harp to ſing this Song:
(Shade,

Thrice happy Man, lodg'd in ſweet private
Which nor Contempt nor Envy e're invade;
Who has great God his Father and his Friend,
Who Heav'n propoſes for his Journey's End;
Wont to his God his Troubles to diſcloſe,
And from his Promiſe to derive Repoſe;
Whoſe Pray'rs aſcend to Heav'n with vig'rous
(Flight,
Who keeps God always in his awful Sight;
Ejaculating Praiſe in ev'ry Place,
Who to his Work, as to his Meat, ſays Grace;
To whoſe Repentance God a Pardon ſeals,
Who the reviving Rays of Pardon feels;

Whoſe Zeal is for God's Glory ever warm,
Who would his Life, not ancient Faith, reform;
Who in all Dangers on his God depends,
Whoſe Safety an Angelick Hoſt defends;
Who perſecuted Duty ne're declines,
Whoſe Spirit, Trouble breaks not, but refines;
Who daily ſacred Writ devoutly reads,
And with freſh Subjects Meditation feeds;
Whoſe inoffenſive Conſcience, at full Reſt,
Creates habitual Joy within his Breaſt;
In ſimple Truth whoſe Wiſdom only lies,
And never feels Embroilments of Diſguiſe;
Who all Affronts with Patience entertains,
And Ground by Meekneſs, not Abjection, gains;
Who by Converſe his Neighbour ne're defiles,
Who none deſpiſes, injures, or reviles;
Whoſe Charity, like God, is unconfin'd,
And would be Benefactor to Mankind;
Whoſe little Flock by lib'ral Alms is bleſs'd,
Who oft makes *JESUS* in the Poor his Gueſt;
Whoſe Virtue's uniform, and Heart ſincere,
To others eaſie, to himſelf ſevere;
Who well-mean'd Error with Compaſſion treats,
Fir'd by no Party with Excentrick Heats;
Whoſe ſoft Reproofs have an obliging Force;
Who with a Reliſh can of Heav'n diſcourſe;
Who by Example more than Counſel ſways,
Who Ills with over-plus of Good repays;
Who others Wrongs, as God his Sins, forgives,
Of his own Heart in jealous Caution lives;

His

His ghoſtly Watch and Weapons daily plies,
Ne're thinks his Spirit ſafe from a Surprize;
His tendereſt Concerns with God can truſt,
And rather would be needy than unjuſt;
Who acquieſces in plain Truths reveal'd,
Pries into no Abſtruſities conceal'd;
Primeval Sainthip rev'rendly eſteems,
In his Religion owns no modern Schemes;
Whom no one faſhionable Vice can taint,
Who in a *Sodom* can continue Saint;
Who in the World, makes from the World
(Retreat,
Still ſtudies to be rather good than great;
In a mean pleaſant Cottage dwells ſecure,
Wondring how Men can Wealth and Pomp endure;
Reſolves Town Noiſe, Stink, *Philtres* to avoid,
Still on his Field, or on a Book employ'd;
Of Temper-even, of a conſtant Mind,
Whom no ſtrong Paſſion can enſlave or blind;
Whoſe Duty lies in a proportion'd Sphere,
Has Competence his Station to endear;
Would be himſelf, and nothing elſe requires,
No Diſappointment feels, ſince no Deſires;
Chooſes plain, wholſome, cleanly Food to eat,
Riſing refreſh'd, not glutted, from his Meat;
Free from the Anguiſh of a Life miſled,
And previous Horrors which the Impious dread;
Who from God's Bleſſings ſevers the Abuſe,
Has no Fruition of the World but Uſe;

Whoſe

13: 11.

Whose Care is for the present Minute spent,
Who with his daily Omer lives content;
Who takes in Revolutions the right Side,
And makes the Law, not Multitude, his Guide;
Who still remembers Death before he sleeps,
His last Accounts adjusted daily keeps;
Who publick Sins with secret Tears bewails,
And for Arrest of Judgment oft prevails;
Who when great God for Vengeance arm'd appears,
Has midst a Show'r of Thunderbolts no Fears;
No Bolts at his innocuous Head are aim'd,
Who all the Sins which drew them down disclaim'd;
Who is the mighty Thund'rer's constant Care,
And stops his ireful Hand by fervent Pray'r;
His Will to God strives wholly to resign,
Who has no Will himself, but the Divine;
Prepar'd to undergo a Martyr's Doom,
Yet dares not to seek Martyrdom presume;
Who daily grows of Bliss more humbly sure,
More like to *JESUS*, more for Heav'n mature;
Sings his own *Nunc Dimittis* when he dies,
And on his Angel's Wings to Glory flies.

O happy Life, *Hymnotheo* try'd, well spent,
Bless'd with what rarely great ones know, Content;
He feels more real Pleasure ev'ry Day,
Than I the two last Years I went astray;
Hymn, the Imployment of the happy Sphere,
He makes his daily Recreation here.

His

His laſt Accounts for Judgment are but few,
Death cannot fright him who keeps Heav'n in (View.

God's ſweet preventing Love, each Vot'ry's Guide,
Hymnothea drew by kind impulſe aſide;
Where he two Shepherds ſaw, an old and young,
And wondred that the old one only ſung;
And as with greedy Ears he drew them nigh,
He heard the one to th' other thus apply:

ANNOSO *and* NOVITIO.

No. FAther *Annoſo*, as I paſs'd along
I ſtopp'd, delighted with your (Strings and Song;
Methought the youngeſt Shepherd of the Plain,
Ne're play'd, ne're ſang a more harmonious Strain;
We with our Pipes prompt all the Ecchoes round,
The Inſtrument you touch has ſweeter Sound.

An. The Inſtrument, *Novitio*, you admire,
Was once the *Bethlemetick* Shepherd's Lyre;
The ſweeteſt Singer *Iſrael* ever bred,
Who from a Shepherd roſe to a crown'd Head;
While his Sheep graz'd in open Plain or Shade,
He to his Harp ſang the ſweet Pſalms he made.

No.

No. *David* you mean. *An.* *Novitio*, you guess right.

No. I oft have read his Story with Delight:
He ſlew, when young, a Lion and a Bear,
Which came with hungry Rage his Sheep to tare;
Out of his Sling he ſent a well-aim'd Stone,
Which made *Goliah* fetch his dying Groan;
He on the Ground the proud Blaſphemer laid,
Cut off his Head with his own pond'rous Blade;
He ſtruck the Pagan Hoſt with ghaſtly Fright,
And as victorious he return'd from Fight;
The Air with Song all *Iſrael*'s Daughters fill'd,
Saul, thouſands; *David*, his ten thouſands kill'd:
O wondrous Youth, who in his tender Age
Dar'd in ſuch dreadful Conflicts to engage.

An. Ah dear *Novitio*, little do you know,
That you muſt Fights more dang'rous undergo.

No. What are thoſe dang'rous Fights, good Father, ſay.

An. The ſame which you engage in ev'ry Day.

No. Sure you miſtake, the Sun begins to ſet,
And I this Day have no one Danger met.

An. You have, *Novitio*, but Youth takes no Heed,
Loves Danger, and deſires not to be freed.

No. Love Danger, Am I a Madman or Fool?
Would an old Swain a young one ridicule?

An. O no, I am in earneſt, and ſpeak Truth,
And what my ſelf experienc'd from my Youth.

No.

No. I know not how you ſpent your youthful (Heat,
Will you all Swains by your own Meaſure mete?
An. All more or leſs the like Encounters feel,
Againſt ſuch Risks I would your Spirit ſteel.
No. Tell what they are? *An.* Look into your (own Breaſt,
You'll feel the Foes which *Adam*'s Race infeſt;
The flatt'ring World, Temptations forg'd in Hell,
Foul Paſſions, which againſt the Mind rebel;
Theſe Furies Youth of either Sex aſſail,
And our falſe Hearts aſſiſt them to prevail:
Theſe to our Souls more formidable are,
Than a *Goliah*, Lion, or a Bear:
Theſe may a mortal Life deſtroy, but they
On vital Grace and Life immortal prey:
I, who their Force long felt, invok'd God's Aid,
And Strength receiv'd thoſe Dangers to evade:
Since that, I make it chiefeſt of my Cares,
To warn all Youth of thoſe tremendous Snares.
No. Although I am but young, confeſs I muſt
The Force of Hell, the World, and youthful Luſt;
Fain would I learn thoſe Dangers to avoid,
By which I ſee ſo many Youths deſtroy'd:
Proceed, good Father, I'll attentive hear,
Yet you my Heart more ſtrongly would endear,
If with your Words your Strings might Move- (ment keep,
They'd then ſink down indelible and deep.
An. If Muſick more affects you, your Deſire
I'll ſtrive to gratifie with Song and Lyre: *Eube-*

Eulabio, a good Swain as e'er e broke Bread,
Who had the Poor with daily Portions fed;
With whom *Fidelia* had co-equal Shares (Prayers;
In Love, Joys, Griefs, Alms, Labours, Hymns and
On a rich Plain had their sweet dwelling-Place,
True Children both of faithful Shepherds Race.
Heav'n with two Sons, the pious Parents bless'd,
The Cares, the Comforts of their tender Breast:
The elder was *Philotheo*, grave and mild,
The younger airy, was *Philedon* styl'd.
They both alike were train'd to sacred Law,
That learn'd by Inclination, this by Awe;
That from his Youth the World could never taint,
This daily grew impatient of Restraint:
That was of steddy, and well temper'd Mind,
This eager, and unstable as the Wind;
That was from ill by Industry secur'd,
This to Temptations Idleness allur'd;
That his dear Parents honour'd and obey'd,
This never their Paternal Counsels weigh'd;
That had of God a reverential Fear,
This neither God nor Conscience would revere;
That by base Servants would not be beguil'd,
This would be call'd young Master from a Child.
Philedon er'e his third Sabbatick Year
Was spent, thus importun'd his Father's Ear.

O Father, Since this Age I have attain'd,
And manly Knowledge of things worldly gain'd;
Your Blessing and my Portion I implore,
I'll in some foreign Land improve my Store;

At

At my Return, you ſhall your Son behold,
Full freighted with Experience and with Gold:
'Tis ling'ring Death to a free generous Mind,
To languiſh here at Home, and be confin'd.
Ah Son! with trickling Eyes, the Father ſaid,
Youth in the World with Dangers is way-laid;
You are in Safety while you ſtay at Home,
And Vice will ſeize you, when abroad you roame:
Say what you want, and it ſhall be ſupply'd;
No harmleſs Pleaſure here ſhall be deny'd.
The Mother's Tears kept with the Father's pace,
Both yearning held their Child in ſoft embrace.
O Parents, he rejoyn'd, thoſe Tears forbear,
I of my ſelf am able to take care;
To know my ſelf and World I have been bred,
A Man of Senſe will ſcorn to be miſled.
I what to follow skill, and what to ſhun,
And in the World reſolve my Courſe to run.
His Parents ſaw no Tears would melt his Heart,
Grant him with ſighs a younger Brother's part.
The proud Self-Confident all things provides,
Begs both their Bleſſings, and away he rides;
His Parents Signs of much more Sorrow gave,
Than if they had interr'd him in his Grave.
To the great Town the heedleſs Youth made haſte,
His Conſcience, Credit, Time, Purſe, Health to waſte;
Lewd Company there Vice familiarize,
By impious Talk his Spirit atheize:
He of a Beau much courted the Eſteem,
And thought it Wit and Breeding to blaſpheme.

Foul,

Foul, lep'rous Quanes, as Baſilisks, by View,
Their pois'nous Breath out in their Kiſſes threw;
Straight Troops of Fourbs and Bravoes him ſur-
(round,
Thoſe him with Cheats, with Menace theſe con-
(found;
He from lewd Songs ſucks Lewdneſs with Delight,
Soon learns himſelf lewd Sonnets to endite;
His Converſation wholly was impure,
And no chaſt Ear his Preſence could endure;
Fond of gay Cloaths and Feathers grew the Aſs,
Conſulted forty Times a Day his Glaſs;
The Dancing-Schools his Academies were,
Walking he mov'd with a *Couranto* Air;
Ambitious to feed high, and guzzle Wine,
And like a Plague, Reflection to decline;
Baſe Flatt'rers blew the Bubble up with Pride,
Whom when his Back was turn'd, they would
(deride;
The cunning Gameſters made the Fool their Prey,
Sent him with empty Pockets ſtill away;
Dice, Tavern, Stews, Balls, Evening Tour and Stage,
He thought the Buſineſs of the youthful Age;
For ev'ry Vice he learn'd a harmleſs Name,
His Conſcience to diſarm, and baffle Shame;
Pride, was a ſprightly Ardour to excel,
Debauchery, Mirth, Gluttony, eating well;
Revenge was only Reparation juſt;
Eaſe was for Sloth, Amour was put for Luſt;

And

And Atheiſm was but Liberty of Thought,
Thus to young Fops outragious Vice was taught;
All who approach'd him in his Bane combin'd,
While to his Cure the wilful Wretch was blind;
Reſolv'd Experiments in Vice to try,
And dearly a too late Repentance buy.
In a ſhort Time, ſoon as his Wealth was ſpent,
All his falſe Friends ſeem to afflict him bent;
His Cloaths he by Degrees had ſold for Meat,
Went helpleſs and half-naked through the Street:
The Sot all ſcorn'd, inſulted and decry'd,
Bread, Harbour, Rags, they in his Need deny'd;
He caſts up his Accounts, and ſighing ſees,
His Gains were Shame, Want, Horror, and Diſeaſe.
The Wretch with Hunger, who began to pine,
Flew to a Farmer, begg'd to keep his Swine;
And with the Swine he kept, he daily fed,
Had only a few Husks allow'd for Bread;
And of thoſe Husks his Fill he ne're attain'd,
Which ſadly he revolving thus complain'd:
Ah Wretch, into what Miſeries have I run,
What Haſt my Folly made to be undone;
My Parents Tears and Counſels I deſpis'd,
And for my Pride am juſtly now chaſtis'd;
My Father's Slaves have in Abundance Meat,
I the Swine's Husks am here deny'd to eat;
I'll riſe, and to my tender Father go,
He to my Tears and Wants may Pity ſhow;
He went. Far off his Father ſees his Child,
And with Compaſſion, ſoft, endearing, mild,

Runs tow'rds him, faſt in his Embraces keeps,
Falls on his Neck, kiſſes him, joys, and weeps;
Faſt as the Son's full Heart, the Father's bleeds,
While thus the Youth for Shelter interceeds:
Ah Father, I have outrag'd Heav'n and thee,
To be call'd Child I ne're can worthy be;
To be thy meaneſt Servant me admit,
The Name of Son I muſt in Juſtice quit:
His Sire ſent Slaves the richeſt Robe to bring,
Shoes for his Feet, and for his Hand a Ring;
Kill the fat Calf, he ſaid, we'll drink and eat,
We'll make a joyful, Euchariſtick Treat;
My loſt Son's found, my dead Son is alive,
At which *Fidelia*'s Heart and mine revive:
Thus is good God, when by our Tears appeas'd,
With the Succeſs of his own Mercy pleas'd.

The elder Son, in rural Toil imploy'd,
Returning, found how all within were joy'd;
He heard loud various Muſick, Song and Dance,
And all Things which might Jollity advance:
The unexpected Mirth at firſt he blam'd,
Till told 'twas for his Brother now reclaim'd;
Joy then was Duty, ſince kind Heav'n reſtor'd
Philedon ſafe, whoſe Death they had deplor'd.

Hymnotheo to the Song gave ſolemn Heed,
Saw Heav'n had for his Sake that Song decreed;
Annoſo to the Life his Picture drew,
Set his lewd Life in *Daphne* in his View;
The Prodigal he ſtill retain'd in Mind,
And from his Father his Reception kind:

That

That penitential Grief, Fear, Shame reviv'd,
From this, ſweet Hope of Pardon he deriv'd;
And prais'd God's Goodneſs, who throughout (our Lives,
All Things to center in our Good contrives,

BOOK III.

JOHN and *Hymnotheo* then for Flight (prepare,
The Wheels kiſs'd lightly the un- (furrow'd Air,
Till on a ſudden the Saint made a Stop,
Where both alighted on a Mountain's Top;
There *JESUS*'s Lover, with an Awe profound,
Fell proſtrate, pray'd, and wept, and kiſs'd the (Ground.

John, who a while in ſilent Rapt remain'd,
Brake out devoutly when he Speech regain'd;
O my Love crucify'd, I thee adore,
I love, O ſtretch my Pow'rs to love thee more:
Ah Son, ſaid he, when to this Place you came,
Felt you no rapturous, no heav'nly Flame?
Upon this Mount God-Man was crucify'd,
Here the Croſs ſtood, here *JESUS* for you dy'd:
O Love, which all God's other Loves exceed,
Offended God for the Offender bleeds;

B. III.

Great God aton'd for that dear Off'ring's Sake,
Was pleas'd ſoft Pity on your Soul to take:
O Guilt immenſe, never enough bemoan'd,
For which nought but the Blood of God aton'd:
Ah Son, of *JESUS* agonizing think,
The bitter Cup whoſe Dregs he was to drink;
His ardent Pray'rs, the dol'rous Tears he ſhed,
His Body with his bloody Sweat beſpread;
The Spittle, Scorn, and Mock'ry he ſuſtain'd,
How he betray'd, was drag'd, accus'd, arraign'd;
How to afflict him, Hell and *Jews* combin'd,
How to their Rage his Father him reſign'd;
How his Croſs on his tender Shoulders lay;
How ſpent, his Spirit fainted in the Way;
How ſcourg'd with Rods, bruis'd with inſulting Blows;
How crown'd with Thorns, to multiply his Woes;
How here he to the dol'rous Croſs was nail'd;
How with blaſphemous Taunts he was aſſail'd;
How Vinegar and Gall he thirſty took;
How Godhead in his Pangs his Soul forſook;
How he of Wrath divine the Wine-preſs trod,
God to appeaſe, offer'd for Victim God;
And on the Croſs breathing his painful laſt,
To his propitiated great Father paſs'd;
How midſt his Pangs, he turn'd a gracious Eye
Tow'rds the repenting Thief, and heard his Cry;
Then ſpake his *requiem* with Aſſurance ſweet,
That both that Day in Paradiſe ſhould meet:

Of

Of *JESUS'* Love think with Reflection deep,
And you will hope, repent, love much, and weep.
Could you offend that God would for you die?
Could you that God of Love re-crucifie?
Ah can you penitential Tears refrain,
For thus renewing *JESUS* dying Pain?
Can you to love that boundleſs Love forbear,
Whoſe Love would his Re-crucifyer ſpare?
Who lov'd your Soul, when you deſerv'd his Hate,
And deign'd for your Amendment long to wait;
Whoſe mighty Love, though outrag'd firſt, relents,
Whoſe ſweet Attraction all your Love prevents;
To Pardon and to gracious Aids invites,
To an eternal Confluence of Delights:
Ah Son, let not ſweet *JESUS* love in vain,
Immenſely thus firſt lov'd, O love again.
As *Saul*, when mad with perſecuting Ire,
Againſt the Saints breath'd Threats and Curſes dire;
And travelling the Faithful to confound,
By ſoft propitious Light was ſtruck to Ground;
Then heard a Voice, but could no Perſon ſee,
"Ah why this Perſecution aim'd at me?"
And when amus'd, a Second to him flew,
"I *JESUS* am, whom you with Rage purſue;"
His Heart was ſoftned at that gracious Name,
He chang'd his fierce, to penitential Flame;
And from that Moment he began to feel,
The Meltings of a Chriſt-enamour'd Zeal:
Thus the Youth's Heart, while *John* with him con-
Was with kind penitential Sorrow pierc'd; (vers'd,

He proſtrate fell at the Apoſtle's Feet,
While *JESUS* view'd him with an Aſpect ſweet,
Like that with which he guilty *Peter* ey'd,
When his dear ſuff'ring Maſter he deny'd:
A Confluence of Paſſions on him ſeiz'd,
Too ſtormy on a ſudden to be eas'd; (within,
His Heart broke, pray'd, ſigh'd, wept, groan'd, bled
Felt Shame, Hate, Horror, Dread, Diſdain for Sin;
The bleſſed Thief's Remembrance cheer'd his Mind,
And gave him Hope he might like Mercy find:
Long Time his Tongue was by his Paſſions ſtop'd,
Till this Ejaculation from him drop'd;
Sweet *JESUS* Mercy, Mercy on me ſhed,
For thy own boundleſs Love which for me bled;
Thou the repenting Thief didſt hear and bleſs,
Shew me like Pity in a like Diſtreſs:
When of the Croſs the Youth thus felt the Force
Of peniteptial Love, the native Source,
John from the Ground his mournful Convert rear'd,
And to compleat his Change the Chariot ſteer'd.

There is a Vale of Tears which Mountains bound,
And from terreſtrial Proſpect wall it round,
Where only Heav'n is open to the Sight, (Flight;
Where happy Souls to Bliſs commence their
There in a Land, to the looſe World unknown,
The awful Houſe of Mourning ſtands alone;
Phylthreno, Angel of Repentance ſtyl'd,
Of Aſpect gracious, and of Language mild,
Stands at the Gates, and with obliging Air,
Opens to all who to the Place repair;

Bleſs'd

Bleſs'd JESUS thither guides returning Strays,
And thither his new Convert *John* conveys:
Phylthreno, who the lov'd Diſciple ey'd,
And his *Hymnotheo* penſive by his Side,
Into a charitable Tranſport breaks,
His Welcome in a *Hallelujah* ſpeaks;
Down in his ſoft Embrace the Youth he takes,
Who ſtrait into the Houſe his Entrance makes,
While *John* to his *Epheſian* Flock reflies,
For all ſpiritual Needs to bring Supplies.
The Building was Quadrangular, and plain
And humble, like the Souls which there remain,
It ſolemn yet moſt uniform appear'd,
The Pile was all of blackeſt Marble rear'd,
Which ſhed inceſſant Tears at ev'ry Pore,
As if 'twould its Inhabitants deplore;
'Twas Cloiſter-wiſe contriv'd with Arches ſtrong,
Its *Area* a Sabbatick Journey long,
That all the Mourners might apart abide,
In little Cells, which the whole Pile divide;
A Bible, kneeling Desk, and Books of Pray'r,
The Furniture in each Apartment were;
Phylthreno firſt into the Storehouſe ſtept,
Which for the Mourner's Tears Receivers kept;
That for the Youth *Phylacter* one might chooſe,
Which when retir'd he in his Cell might uſe;
And a ſtrict Charge he to the Guardian gave,
That he in that *Hymnotheo*'s Tears ſhould ſave;
For Angels, who their Chryſtal Vials fill
With Tears, which from their Penitents diſtil,

To Heav'n with their dear Burthens joyful fly,
Grateful Peace-off'rings at the Throne on high:
Philthreno, *Salvian* paſſing by, deſcry'd,
A tender, wiſe, experienc'd, ghoſtly Guide,
Who of the Vale poſſeſs'd the Paſt'ral Chair,
Strait he reſigns *Hymnotheo* to his Care;
Salvian his Charge with Benedictions meets,
The Youth with lowly Rev'rence *Salvian* treats:
With that *Phylthreno* to the Gate withdrew,
While *Salvian* leads the Youth the Place to view;
He there conducts him to each vacant Cell,
To ſay in which he moſt deſir'd to dwell:
In this, ſaid he, King *David* was inclos'd,
And his ſeven penitential Pſalms compos'd;
Jeremy made his Lamentations here,
And wrote them down in overflowing Tear;
This *Peter* choſe his Lapſes to recal,
And wept at each Cock-crowing for his Fall;
Magdalen's Tears there from her Eyes diſtill'd,
And her Lachrymatory daily fill'd:
Theſe and all other vacant Cells he ſhews,
The Youth the Cell of mournful *David* choſe,
Where his ſweet Harp, to which his Pſalms he (ſung,
Which the harmonious Youth well skill'd, was (hung.

Each Mourner there lives ſilent and alone,
No Noiſe is heard but a deep Sigh or Groan;
Some on their Knees abide, ſome proſtrate lie,
Some various, painful, ſelf Revenges try;

One

One wrings his Hands, another ſmites his Breaſt,
Some their paſt Sins implacably deteſt;
Some Death and Hell contemplate, to raiſe Fear,
Others with Hopes of Heav'n their Spirits cheer;
Some at the Thoughts of the laſt Judgment quake,
Backſlidings make the Hearts of others ake;
Their troubled Spirits ſome by Weeping eaſe,
The Pangs of ghoſtly Birth on others ſeize;
This bluſhes when his Eyes he Heav'nward rears,
In that Shame and Confuſion domineers;
This Spirit's wounded, and that Heart is broke,
All with ſtrong Cries God's Tenderneſs invoke;
There evil Spirits at a Diſtance ſtand,
Kept from the Cells by God's propitious Hand;
Should they the Penitents Confeſſions hear,
Where all the Secrets of their Hearts appear,
Temptations they would form, Size, Suite, adulſe,
Too ſtrong for Man to conquer or repulſe.

A Garden in the Arches lay enclos'd,
Which at firſt View for ſerious Thought diſpos'd;
Sepulchral Cypreſs, Lawrel, Pine, and Bays,
Yew, and all Trees, whoſe Verdure ne're decays,
Are planted in long Rows, where Mourners walk,
And of their inward Griefs condoling Talk;
While others into Grotts obſcure retire,
And unobſerv'd, to Heav'n in Sighs aſpire:
Tall weeping Trees in ev'ry Quarter ſtand,
And water with continual Tears the Land;
Such as in torrid Iſlands Men deſery, (ſupply:
Whoſe dropping Boughs the Want of Show'rs

Arbours

Arbours are there of close and solemn Shade,
For Recollection and Retirement made;
There solitary Sparrows sit alone,
Complaining Pelicanes themselves bemoan;
Soft Doves vent their compassionating Note,
All Creatures there are heard which Grief promote;
No beauteous Flow'rs there spring, no pleasant (Fruits,
Rue, Carduus, Wormwood, various bitter Roots,
And ev'ry Herb unpalatable grows;
Wont the old Paschal Sallad to compose;
Their Vests are Hair or Sackcloth, Dust their Bed,
Wash'd with the overflowing Tears they shed;
Their Drink from ever-dropping Trees is rain'd,
Like *Marah*'s Streams, of which the Tribes com- (plain'd;
And as with bitter Draughts they quench their (Thirst,
Into the Cup their briny Torrents burst;
The coursest Meal for daily Bread they use,
Moistned with Tears their mournful Eyes *infuse*;
The heav'nly Sun there daily wont to rise,
Cheers with his healing Wings the Mourners Eyes,
From his propitious Throne each Moment sheds,
Endouraging mild Rays upon their Heads:
In *Adam*'s Sons the Son of God delights,
And mournful Sinners to his Arms invites;
His Love is wont immensely to rejoice,
Whene're an humble Convert hears his Voice;
His precious Blood for sinful Man he lost,
And loves the Purchase for the Price it cost.

Salvian

Salvian the Youth, then to the Wardrobe guides,
Where Hair and Sackcloth Veſts hung round the (Sides;
The Youth a Girdle choſe and Coat of Hair,
Such as great Penitents are wont to wear;
Having put on his penitential Weeds,
Salvian the Youth next to the Chappel leads.
There ſtands juſt in the Middle of the Square,
Circled with Cedar Trees, a Houſe of Pray'r;
Architects there ſtrove their beſt Skill to ſhew,
'Tis built of poliſh'd Marble, white as Snow;
Mourners, who in their Cells affect black Night,
Appear at Church as Candidates of Light:
It is a Pile magnificent and large,
Of which Collegiate Paſtors have the Charge;
Their Prelate *Salvian* over them preſides,
To Penitents they are ſagacious Guides;
Confeſſions private at their Chairs are made,
Which they to Souls command not, but perſwade,
In Scandals chiefly, or Diſtreſs of Mind,
But all are to confeſs to God enjoyn'd:
The Mourners, who the Penitent eſpy'd,
A univerſal *miſerere* cry'd;
And ſoon as he far off the Temple view'd,
His Self-Humiliations he renew'd;
His Feet unworthy he eſteem'd to tread,
The very Path which to God's Preſence led;
And at a Diſtance in the outward Court,
His humble Spirit ſpent its firſt Effort;

Jacob,

Jacob, who heard God ſpeak, and Angels ſaw,
Felt not at *Bethel* a more ſolemn Awe,
With down-caſt Looks aſham'd to be erect,
When on offended Heav'n his Thoughts reflect;
With Tears, and Sighs, and Groans, together mix'd,
Sent from a breaking Heart by Guilt tranſfix'd;
He ſmiting oft his ſelf-upbraiding Breaſt,
His Guilt he like the Publican confeſt;
All gracious God, for lovely *JESUS* Sake,
On vile *Hymnotheo* tendereſt Pity take:
The Pray'r was ſhort, but of eternal Force,
And took to Heav'n an inſtantaneous Courſe.

In the great *Portico* there Night and Day,
A Lazaret of wounded Spirits lay;
None daring to approach the ſacred Door,
While they the Pray'rs of entring Saints implore;
Kiſſing their Feet, bathing themſelves in Tears,
A breaking Heart through ev'ry Look appears;
Notorious and flagitious Sinners there,
With long ſharp Penances their Souls repair;
As the Sick Man lay to *Bethesda* nigh,
And on the Pool ſtill kept his longing Eye,
Wiſhing that ſome kind Hand would him befriend,
To move him when the Angel ſhould deſcend;
Thus they with Eyes fix'd on the Holy Gate,
Their ghoſtly Angel's Benediction wait;
Within the hallow Door on either Hand,
The Penitents advanc'd to Hearers ſtand,
Who after a due Penance are thought fit,
Their Duty to re-learn from ſacred Writ;

The

The Proſtrates near the Sacred Desk are plac'd,
By Self-Humiliations more debas'd;
They in Humility Proficients grow, (know;
Are rais'd the more, the more themſeles they
Conſiſtents, who by penitential Moan,
Are ripe for Prieſtly Abſolution grown:
Above the Proſtrate ſtand, and join in Pray'r,
With faithful Souls, who next the Altar are.
The Faithful, who retrieve baptiſmal Flame,
Re-ſeal'd for Bliſs with the Triunal Name;
They inward Joys of Abſolution feel,
And glory in their re-imprinted Seal:
They have ſubdu'd concupiſcential Strife;
They at the Altar eat the Bread of Life:
They Heav'n foretaſt, they God their Father call,
JESUS their Love, and fear no future Fall.

The Temple-Porch two arched Cloyſters (flank'd,
Where Croſſes of a different Size were rank'd,
The humble Youth one of like Size deſir'd,
With that on which the happy Thief expir'd.
The pond'rous Croſs he on his Shoulders bore,
Within his Cell to fix it in the Floor:
Salvian, when e're him ſinking he perceiv'd,
As the *Cyrenian*, *JESUS*, him reliev'd:
Reaching the Cell, in Duſt both take their Seats,
Where *Salvian* fully of Repentance treats;
From thence began his Scholar Night and Day,
To faſt, ſigh, weep, read, meditate, and pray.

Mean

Mean while bleſs'd *John* at *Epheſus* arriv'd;
Where for the Youth his tender Care reviv'd;
And ſent *Urane* to *Salvian*, to ſuggeſt
What might the Youth's Repentance further beſt;
Who ſhould his Story from the Font relate,
To his Admittance at the mournful Gate:
Salvian the Porch then to the Youth aſſign'd,
That he by juſt Degrees might be refin'd;
And in each Penitential Station train'd,
'Till he the Strength of Ghoſtly Manhood gain'd:
And ſtill as his Proficiency appear'd,
From Stage to Stage he was by *Salvian* rear'd.

Hymnotheo to the Portico confin'd,
To penitential Grief his Soul reſign'd,
Kiſs'd the Saints Feet, who trod the Temple-Stairs,
And weeping importun'd them for their Pray'rs.
One Day he for a ſecret Corner ſought,
And drain'd in Pray'r his overflowing Thought.

JESU, to thee I humbly make addreſs,
The only Hope of Sinners in Diſtreſs:
JESU, Eternally be thou ador'd,
Who to my ſelf haſt me again reſtor'd:
Glory to thee, who haſt me hither ſent,
To learn my Provocations to lament;
Thy boundleſs Love my Happineſs intends,
My treach'rous Heart to my own Bane propends;
This inbred Traitor ſoon will thee forſake,
Will all thy gracious Methods fruſtrate make,
If thou one Moment doſt from me depart;
O never truſt me more with my own Heart;

With

With my own Heart; let it no more be mine,
Into thy Hands I wholly it resign;
I gladly would a Life of Penance live,
So thou at last wouldst my Revolt forgive;
Back to the World how has my Spirit run,
I am unworthy to be call'd a Son;
As giddy Birds, who wander from their Nest,
Lose their Way Home, and never are at rest:
Thus from my Duty my false Heart recoyl'd,
And ev'ry Step my Spirit more embroyl'd:
The Heifer, unaccustom'd to the Yoke,
The wildest Ass by Rider yet unbroke,
Was never so untam'd as was my Soul,
Impatient of thy soft benign Controul:
I've liv'd strange Contradictions a long while,
Extreamly proud, tho' infinitely vile:
My treach'rous Heart I could in Pieces rend,
Which could a Goodness infinite offend.
The tender *JESUS* his sad Vot'ry heard,
His Soul with instantaneous Sweetness chear'd;
As he in silent Meditation kneels,
His Heart a sudden gentle op'ning feels;
It seem'd no more by Systole compress'd,
But in a fix'd Diastole at rest;
Such as bless'd *JESUS* once in *Lydia* wrought,
When she imbib'd what the Apostle taught;
Of his past Sins, and *JESUS'* Love immense,
He from that op'ning gain'd a livelier Sense.
The Youth of *David's* mournful Cell possess'd,
Allur'd a widow'd Dove with him to rest;

Like

Like *John*, who when his Mind he would unbend,
With a tame Partridge would few Minutes ſpend;
There he remain'd with his condoling Bird,
Phylacter his kind Guardian made the Third:
Good *Salvian* viſited each Day his Cell,
And ſweetly rais'd his Spirit when it fell.

Thrice happy Youth, in ſuch a Ghoſtly Guide,
Whom God was pleas'd benignly to provide;
A Guide, who skill'd all Tempers, and whoſe Care
Meaſur'd the juſt Proportions they could bear:
To all who to his Conduct took their Flights,
He Things preſented in their native Lights:
Their falſe Opinions, their Affections vile,
Impure Reſerves, which heedleſs Souls defile;
He ſhew'd deluded Man the ſacred Art,
T'unmask the Frauds of his own treacherous Heart:
A wounded Spirit he could gently cure,
And ſweetly Hearts averſe to God allure;
Rouſe the lethargick Sinners from their Sleep,
And Souls when once awaken'd watchful keep:
Patient and meek the Ignorant inſtruct,
The Doubtful to unwav'ring Truth conduct;
He Flatt'ry hated, Counſel well could time,
And never ſtudied Salvo's for a Crime;
He Satan's various Stratagems well knew,
And taught the Way Temptations to ſubdue:
Wiſdom of Serpent's, Meekneſs of the Dove,
Phyſicians skill a Father's tender Love;
A Mind diſintereſted and ſincere,
Obliging Zeal Correptions to endear;

A Freedom to the guided Conſcience juſt,
Doubling Attacks upon the Darling Luſt;
A faithful Friend, and a profound Divine,
The Youth perceiv'd in *Salvian* to combine.

The Oſtrich, when ſhe on *Arabian* Sands
Has laid her Eggs, at a due Diſtance ſtands;
There ſhe unwearied watches Night and Day,
To keep them in her Sight, forgets her Prey;
While ſhe her young one hatches with her Eye,
Which, ſhould ſhe look beſides them, ſoon would die:
Thus *Salvian* to the Youth confin'd his View,
Till Infant Grace up to full Vigour grew;
He fickle Nature skill'd and Satan's Spight,
And of his Charge would never loſe the Sight.

The Youth to practiſe what he learn'd inclin'd,
A Patient was to his Phyſician's Mind,
With open Heart his Sickneſs he diſclos'd,
And all its Symptoms for its Cure expos'd;
Severe Reproofs he gratefully imbib'd,
Obſerv'd all penitential Rules preſcrib'd;
With awful Love his ghoſtly Guide rever'd,
His own Infirmities he humbly fear'd;
His Conſtitution watch'd with jealous Eyes,
Where the moſt Danger of Relapſes lies:
As the *Indians*, who take Elephants alive,
Into long Trains the heedleſs Creatures drive,
Full of deep Pits, which ſpreading Boughs o'reſhade,
And falling into them are Captive made;
But if one chance his Bulk to diſengage,
He to the Wood returns with jealous Rage;

A tall young Tree up by the Root he tares,
And ſcrew'd in his Proboſcys daily wears;
He ſtill the Pit remembers, and before
He ſteps, will the ſuſpicious Ground explore:
The Youth thus having ſcap'd the cover'd Snare,
Hell labour'd for his Ruin to prepare;
On every Path would with Precaution look,
And ſearch'd the Danger every Step he took:
His conſtant Study was his Soul's Diſeaſe,
His ghoſtly Cure advancing by Degrees;
He with the flatt'ring World and Helliſh Spite,
Maintain'd a fierce and an afflictive Fight;
Curs'd Satan ſtrove Thoughts impious to ſuggeſt,
His Purity to ſtain, and Peace moleſt;
But *Salvian* ſtill ſupply'd defenſive Arms,
And made him Proof againſt Infernal Charms.

Temptations are, ſaid he, for Good deſign'd,
To try the native Freedom of the Mind;
They teach Man's Weakneſs and God's gracious Might,
And humble Magnanimity in Fight:
God all Temptations to our Weakneſs ſhapes,
And with our Dangers couples our Eſcapes;
Keeps Satan in inviſible ſtrong Chains,
And at our Pray'rs his Inſolence reſtrains;
Sin lies not in Temptation, but Conſent,
JESUS himſelf Temptation underwent;
They who ſpiritual Martyrdom endure,
When Conquerors, a Martyr's Crown ſecure;
Learn your defenſive, ghoſtly Arms to wield,
None conquer'd are but they who baſely yield:

Some-

Sometimes resist, sometimes make wise Retreats,
Firm Resolution all Hell Pow'rs defeats;
Ne're parly with the Foe, 'tis sly Address,
'Tis Fraud, not Force, by which he gains Success;
No Virtue is illustrious till 'tis try'd,
And has the Tempter at all Points defy'd;
These ghostly Wars, which here our Souls infest,
Encrease our Languors for eternal Rest:
God give you Grace, my Son, to watch and pray,
And you shall never fail to gain the Day.
The Youth still of his Frailties made Complaints,
The epidemick Ills of new-born Saints;
One while his Mind, one while his Eyes were dry,
Or Recollection from his Soul would fly;
His Passions often drave him to and fro,
His Zeal ran now too fast, then mov'd too slow;
His Pray'rs were wandring, Fervour soon was tyr'd,
His Pow'rs but languidly to Heav'n aspir'd;
These not Despair, but Trouble, would excite,
They not extinguish'd, but eclips'd the Light:
But skilful *Salvian* well his Patient knew,
And each Distemper nicely to pursue,
He taught him Sin from Frailty to discern,
How on weak Souls God's tender Bowels yearn;
How Hearts sincere, not perfect, he requires,
And where Endeavours fail, accepts Desires;
How the more ghostly Difficulties rise,
Our Duty is the nobler Sacrifice;
That a right Mind loose Pray'rs to Heav'n directs,
And what our Weakness scatters, God collects;

That God our Father is, our Friend, our Guide,
That *JESUS* on the Croſs for Sinners dy'd;
That the bleſs'd Spirit Souls aſſiſts and cheers,
And Lovers ſhould ſuppreſs all ſervile Fears:
Hymnotheo from that Day Proficient grew,
And with leſs Pain ill Habits could ſubdue;
Salvian, who ſaw him in the Porch improv'd,
Up to the Rank of Hearers him remov'd.
Salvian one Morn the ſacred Steps aſcends,
The Youth with open Heart his Lip attends;
And all the Mourners ſerious Minds prepare
For the Inſtructions of the Paſt'ral Chair.
Lord, on my Weakneſs caſt a gracious Eye,
And with a Word in Seaſon me ſupply;
Give to each Mourner an attentive Ear,
Celeſtial Truth to reliſh and revere;
Then from the Morning Goſpel read in Courſe,
He thus began the Judgment to enforce.
A Day there is by righteous God deſign'd,
For Judgment of laps'd Angels and Mankind;
The awful Hour God never yet reveal'd,
To keep Men always watchful, 'tis conceal'd:
A great Arch-Angel ſhall the Trumpet ſound,
And wake all *Adam*'s Race from Sleep profound;
The ſcatter'd Atoms of each humane Mold,
In God's Omniſcience ſev'rally enroll'd,
Shall at his Word be ſorted, and unite,
And re-aſſume in Men their priſtine Site;
The Saints exilient Duſt from Tombs uncas'd,
Shall into Limbs be mutually embrac'd;

Good

Good Souls ſhall into Bodies joyful fly,
Bad Souls with Horror ſhall renew their Tye;
God's Voice departed Souls ſhall re-inſtate,
And re-produce Men eaſier than create;
The Dead ſhall in a Moment all ariſe,
And view bleſs'd *JESUS* coming in the Skies;
Surrounded with his Arch-Angelick Hoſt,
And Death it ſelf ſhall then give up the Ghoſt.
The glorious Judge, upon a Throne as bright
As that above, in Majeſtatick Light,
Shall to the Clouds from higheſt Heav'n deſcend,
And all God's Chariots ſhall his March attend;
Earth's Pillars at his awful Sight ſhall ſhake,
And the whole Globe with ſtrong Convulſions quake;
Soon as his heav'nly Banner he diſplays,
Wrought with direct and with tranſverſed Rays,
Angelick Legions then to ev'ry Wind,
To gather the Elect ſhall be aſſign'd:
At his Tribunal ſtrait they ſhall appear,
With reverential Awe, not ſervile Fear;
They to God's Glory, and their humble Shame,
Shall their own Guilt and God's free-love proclaim;
Then their Repentance and their Pardon ſhew,
And the Redemption they to *JESUS* owe:
JESUS the Judge, who humane Weakneſs felt,
With ſoft Compaſſion will all over melt;
He, with endearing Look and gracious Air,
Their joyful Abſolution ſhall declare;
Even Diabolick Spite ſhall ſilent be,
And no one Tempter contradict their Plea.

Each Conſcience its Repentance ſhall atteſt;
Anticipating Heav'n within its Breaſt:
Each Guardian, when he at the Judgment Seat
Beholds his Saint, *Hoſannah* ſhall repeat;
And when the Judge ſhall Abſolution ſpeak,
Into a joyful *Hallelujah* break:
The Saints abſolv'd, and the Angelick Quire,
In ev'ry Jubilation ſhall conſpire;
And ſoon as *JESUS* ſhall the Saints acquit,
They ſhall on Thrones as his Aſſeſſors ſit.

Soon as the Saints their Abſolution hear,
The Wicked ſhall be ſummon'd to appear;
Damn'd Souls ſhall then their Bodies re-aſſume,
Both equally ſhall ſhare eternal Doom;
Some ſhall with hideous Moan ſhort Reſpite crave;
Some wiſh themſelves re-buried in the Grave;
Some ſhall court Rocks upon their Heads to fall;
Some will for pure Annihilation call;
Nor Cries, nor Rocks, nor Grave ſhall Shelter give,
The Damn'd for Torment muſt for ever live:
All Hearts ſhall be to Men and Angels ſhewn,
The heav'nly Regiſters wide open thrown;
Each guilty Conſcience, and each Sinner's Looks,
Shall teſtifie the Secrets in thoſe Books;
There ev'ry idle Word, and wicked Deed,
With all their Aggravations, Men ſhall read;
There even their Thoughts they ſhall recorded find,
And all Propenſions of each carnal Mind.
The Tempted ſhall by Tempters be accus'd,
Of all thoſe Ills which they themſelves infus'd;

By Law divine all Actions ſhall be weigh'd,
And for all Frailties due Abatements made:
The Wicked ſhall with Self-confounding Shame,
Themſelves each other, and their Tempters blame:
They then God's Truth and Juſtice ſhall revere,
The preſent ſhall paſt Diſtributions clear:
JESUS ſhall range the Saints on his right Hand,
The Wicked on his left ſhall quivering ſtand;
Then Sentence by the Judge ſhall be rehears'd,
Infallible, and ne're to be revers'd;
(Come bleſſed Saints, who Heav'n your Option make,
Of endleſs Bliſs entire Poſſeſſion take:
Go curſed Souls to the Infernal Shade,
For Sinners and Apoſtate Spirits made.)
The heav'nly Standard then ſhall wave in Air,
And the bright Hoſts for Re-aſcent prepare;
Angelick Myriads, by Command Divine,
Their Chariots gladly ſhall to Saints reſign;
They on their Wings ſhall on Meſſias wait,
Till he re-enters the Celeſtial State;
Others the Saints ſhall in their Chariots guide,
As they through heav'nly Orbs in Triumph ride:
As blackeſt Flints by Chymick Art calcin'd,
Into tranſparent Chryſtal are refin'd;
Thus ſhall the groſſer Bodies of the Saints
Be ſubtiliz'd, free from terreſtrial Taints;
Impaſſible, have more capacious Sphere;
Immortal, and as Veſts Angelick clear:
Their Robes ſhall woven be of brighteſt Beams,
Their Manſions built by the Life-giving Streams;

Victorious Palms they in their Hands ſhall hold,
And on their Heads reſplendent Crowns of Gold;
Benignity immenſe on all ſhall ſhine,
And fill the vaſt circumferential Line;
Saints ſhall in endleſs rapturous Delight,
Enjoy of God the Beatifick Sight;
A boundleſs Fill of Chriſt's enamour'd Love,
Irradiations of the gracious Dove:
The glorious Trine ſweet Ardours ſhall inſtil,
All their Capacities enlarge and fill;
Ineffably delightful Tranſports raiſe,
Devotion which ne're wearies, ne're decays,
Shall Saints to Godlike Purity exalt,
To live un-ſinning, clear from venial Fault;
Some Saints in Glory others may excel,
The greateſt to the Throne ſhall neareſt dwell;
All ſhall have boundleſs, everlaſting Shares
In Glory, with great filial God Coheirs;
Fruition only can the Faithful teach (reach.
Thoſe Joys, which humane Thought can never
Soon as the Curſed ſhall their Doom ſevere,
With unimaginable Horror hear!
The Devils ſhall the Damn'd to Torment drag,
And of Succeſs in their Damnation brag;
All their Capacities of Torture there,
Shall in God's Vengeance have their utmoſt Share;
Till then no Devils their full Torture have,
Againſt great God blaſpheming daily rave;
Heaping up Wrath againſt the dreadful Day,
Which ſhall their Malice with due Plagues repay;

Their

Their Pains, their Loſs, they'll fully then deplore,
And, totally ſubdu'd, blaſpheme no more:
A blacker Darkneſs, an acuter Senſe,
A Vengeance more enflam'd, Pains more intenſe,
Which never end, which never can abate,
Will of the Damn'd be the tremendous Fate.
A perfect State of War will then commenſe,
Each Miſchief will project, and Self-defence;
Damn'd Souls and Devils will controul Diſdain,
All jealous of each other, all will reign;
Will mutual Malice on each other vent,
And mutually each other co-torment;
Each with eternally alternate Spite,
A like Revenge alternate will excite,
And ſtriving to increaſe another's Moan,
They ſtill the more ſhall irritate their own:
Into the ſulphrous Lake, by flaming Ire,
Of juſt Almighty Vengeance ſet on Fire,
Impenitents and Devils ſhall be thrown,
And midſt intolerable Burnings groan;
Shall comprehenſive Tortures undergo,
And all Ingredients of conſummate Woe;
The hopeleſs Souls, and the fall'n Spirits there,
Shall Vehicles diſpos'd for Torment wear;
Hell greedy to devour them ſhall gape wide,
The burning Ocean ſwell to a Spring-Tide;
And when they are ingulf'd, to ſeal their Fates,
An Angel ſhall faſt lock the red-hot Gates;
A gnawing Anguiſh, an outragious Grief,
A ſelf-upbraiding Guilt paſt all Relief,

Show'rs

Show'rs of Heart-breaking and unpitied Tears,
A Confluence of ſtill increaſing Fears,
Self-Indignation for the Loſs of Bliſs,
Deſpair, the conſtant Rack of the Abyſs;
Teeth-gnaſhing Envy at the Saints Above,
And ſelf-abomination for ſelf-love,
Compound their Torture, and beſt meaſur'd are,
When with Celeſtial Joys we them compare;
Vengeance is there to Provocations fix'd,
Guilt the more complicate, the more chaſtis'd;
Appropriate Plagues are for each Vice decreed,
And you their Crimes may in their Torments read;
At ev'ry Senſe, which Entrance gave to Sin,
Shall Horrors undeclinable ruſh in;
They'll Terrors ſee, and fetid Brimſtone ſmell,
Feel dreadful Tortures, hear a hideous Yell;
Wine of God's bitter Fury they'll drink up,
Unmix'd with Mercy to allay the Cup; (breed,
While the fierce Worms, which in ill Conſcience
Shall on their Mothers Womb remorſeleſs feed:
But Heav'nly Glories you as ſoon may gueſs,
As thoſe dire Torments which the Damn'd diſtreſs.

Soon as the Saints at endleſs Bliſs arrive,
And Vengeance ſhall the Bad to Torment drive,
The World's great Conflagration ſhall begin,
To purge it from the loathſome Stains of Sin;
As ſuper-Empyreal Waves unfluc'd,
With Ocean mix'd, the gen'ral Flood produc'd;
Thus Treaſures of fierce Flames in Earth or Skie,
Which in their Magazines now hidden lie,

Shall

Shall in a burning Deluge all conſpire;
The Heavens and Earth ſhall molder in the Fire;
And from their Aſhes a new World aſcend,
Where happy Saints ſhall Day Eternal ſpend:
In Heav'n in Peace and mutual Love they dwell;
Revenge, Hate, Envy, Diſcord reign in Hell;
There they inhabit pure unſpotted Light,
Here blackeſt Darkneſs and eternal Night;
Joys there in full Fruition overflow,
Loſs irretrievable and Grief below.
There rapt'rous Hymns in Cords harmonious Sound;
Here dreadful Howlings, Shrieks and Groans abound;
Both endleſs are, in that alone agree,
Confirm'd by irreverſible Decree:
Conſider, and right Choice you cannot miſs,
'Twixt Woe Eternal and Eternal Bliſs.
Here during our Probationary State,
God to free Choice commits Mens future State;
Sinners, whoſe Option is eternal Pain, complain,
When damn'd, ſhall of themſelves, not God,
When Souls of Heav'n no Revelations plead,
By Nature's Law their Dooms ſhall be decreed:
God is moſt juſt, *JESUS* for all Men dy'd;
No Pitiable Plea ſhall be deny'd;
You of both States have intellectual Sight,
Adhere with Reſolution to the right:
Down to the Cone of the Youth's open Heart,
The pointed Truths which *Salvian* utter'd dart.
Haſte to his Cell he makes, deep pierc'd with Sin,
With Speed his Lamentations to begin.

Ah,

((Ah, is it true that the great Judgment-Day
Will, O my Soul, all Secrets open lay?
Thou nothing from Omniſcience canſt conceal;
From God's Tribunal never canſt appeal;
Think what Exceſs of Horror thoſe will ſeize,
Who took no Care God's Anger to appeaſe:
What would they give for one ſuch happy Hour,
To have once more Repentance in their Pow'r:
All Praiſe to God, who has indulg'd thee Time
To recollect, and weep for every Crime:
Aſſiſt me, Lord, while I my ſelf ſurveigh;
O guide my Thought by thy Heart-ſearching Ray;
And you my Heart, fallacious and impure,
Hide nothing from my Search, I you adjure.))

Thus pray'd *Hymnotheo*, and thro' ev'ry Stage,
He trac'd his Life from Infancy to Age,
With Care Diſtinct, Impartial and Exact,
Search'd to his utmoſt Pow'r, Thought, Word, and Fact.
His Paſſions and his Inclinations weigh'd,
Of his Backſlidings ſad Diſcov'rys made:
On all his ſinful Habits he reflects,
On his Omiſſions, Frailties, and Neglects;
On Luſts, which his immortal Soul defil'd;
On all Temptations, which his Will beguil'd;
On all Abuſes of God's boundleſs Grace;
On Sins, which God's bright Image moſt deface;
On all the Sins peculiar to his State,
On all which to his Neighbours might relate;
He his whole Heart with Care anatomiz'd,
And Aggravations of each Sin reviſ'd;

His

His Scrutiny moſt curious was and nice,
To ſift his Temper for his darling Vice;
The Vice delightful, intimate and dear,
Which o're all other Sins will domineer;
Which, when with other Sins we freely part,
Still Miſtreſs ſits, and Idol of the Heart:
All his known Sins, his Spirit thus recals,
And into mournful Pray'r devoutly falls.

Ah, Lord, into my Heart when e're I pry,
How feeble, how ſhort-ſighted is my Eye;
Of Thouſands, I, alas, few Sins can find,
They lie abſconded, and eſcape my Mind:
O Thou, who only doſt the Heart inſpect,
To my own Search, my treach'rous Heart detect,
'Till each Sin pierce me as a bearded Dart,
And I each Wound diſcover by the Smart.

Soon as *Hymnotheo* had with Fervour pray'd,
That to his View his Heart might be diſplay'd;
JESUS ſent *Salvian* to his Cell, who plac'd
A Mirror on his Desk in Velvet cas'd.
My Son, ſaid he, while I reſume my Book,
You your own Heart may in that Mirror look:
It was of the Celeſtial Chryſtal made,
Of Brightneſs which could never ſpot or fade,
Clear as the Spring which from God's Throne (proceeds,
And with freſh Streams the heav'nly River feeds;
Clear as the Gems which in new *Salem* ſhine,
And wrought by an Artificer divine;

Inſpir'd

Inſpir'd by God, whoſe Eyes the Heart inſpect,
That the Beholders Heart it might reflect;
The ſolitary Youth the Caſe unloos'd,
To view the Glaſs which Sinners diſabus'd;
Who inſtantly, with undiverted Eyes,
Sees his own Heart with a profound Surprize:
Affrighted at firſt Sight he gave a Start,
Would not believe that Form to be his Heart;
Again he try'd the Viſion to renew,
Again he from the horrid Sight withdrew:
"All-ſeeing God, ſaid he, to whom alone,
Minuteſt Secrets of the Heart are known,
Let no falſe Image on my Sight impoſe,
And to my Eyes my genuine Heart diſcloſe."
At the third View, the Youth his Picture own'd,
He ſaw his Heart, and thus the Sight bemoan'd;
"Is this the Heart which mighty Goodneſs fram'd,
And for his own peculiar Off'ring claim'd;
Made of Heav'n-kindled Intellect and Love,
To fill Angelick Solitudes Above;
The Image of the pure Eternal Mind,
By its congenial Weight to God inclin'd? (Breath?
Is this the Heart breath'd from *JEHOVAH*'s
Or did all gracious God breath Sin and Death?
Is this the Heart where Reaſon ſovereign reign'd,
And all Propenſions of the Will reſtrain'd;
Form'd ev'ry Senſe each Paſſion to controul,
And keep ſweet Peace in the harmonious Soul;
Whoſe Realm with this vaſt Globe ſhould co-ex-
And make all Creatures to its Empire bend? (tend,

When

When Heav'n inſpir'd *Eliſha* to preſage
To *Hazael* his inhumane future Rage,
The *Syrian* could not then imagine he
Such a mad Dog ſhould e're to *Iſrael* be:
Thus wretched I could ne're before believe
The Ills I now in my own Heart perceive.
Concupiſcence againſt my Mind rebels,
In my own Breaſt the deadly Fury dwells;
Confed'rates with my dire Infernal Foes,
My Bliſs with foul Propenſions to oppoſe;
In *Daphne* I experienc'd long her Force,
She'll me from God, ſhould ſhe prevail, divorce;
Againſt my Spirit ſhe'll fierce War maintain,
And ſtrive to lead my Reaſon bound in Chain;
With Salvo's ſhe'll all wilful Sins excuſe,
Her Poiſon over all my Pow'rs diffuſe;
A thouſand guileful Stratagems ſhe'll lay,
And, when ſhe cannot conquer me, betray;
On ſhameful Follies her full Strength exert,
From my true Centre God my Soul pervert;
She'll joy where I ſhould grieve, where grieve, (rejoice;
What I ſhould fly, ſhe'll make her greedy Choice:
A Lute put out of Tune, which grates the Ear,
Compar'd to me, harmonious would appear:
None but the all-creating Wiſdom knows, Eccl. 1. XI. 5.
How in the Womb the hidden *Embrio* grows:
Much more myſterious is my inbred Luſt,
In no one Thing I can the Sorc'reſs truſt;

The

The Growth is there all uniform and fix'd,
Here various Forms confuſedly are mix'd;
Wiles, Trech'ry, Lies, Guilt, Flattery, Deceit,
Like Atoms here fortuitouſly meet,
And form more Monſters Chriſtians to defile,
Than *Egypt* ever bred from muddy *Nile*: (know,
Bleſs'd *JESUS* taught, who beſt the Heart could
That from the Heart corrupt all Evils flow;
This Traitor will with God for Conqueſt vye,
Repentance or Concupiſcence muſt die.))

Hymnotheo inexpreſſibly was griev'd,
When he his Heart the Source of Ill perceiv'd;
David, when his old Heart was in his View,
Pray'd fervently to God to give a new;
Salvian, who ſaw him much improv'd in Tear,
Up to the Proſtrate judg'd him fit to rear,
In *David*'s Cell; *David* dwelt in his Mind,
Who when a Penitent to Song inclin'd,
And in a Pſalm, when proſtrate on the Duſt,
How he bewail'd his Murder and his Luſt:
He took down *David*'s Lyre, ſad Prelude play'd,
For *David*'s mournful hymning Spirit pray'd;
God having now the Grace of Hymn reſtor'd,
In *Daphne* loſt; a Loſs till now deplor'd;
In Chords, which humour'd his Repentance beſt,
Of a Heart broke, the Paſſion he expreſs'd;
And penitential Muſick to promote,
His Dove would joyn her ſympathetick Note.

Ah me, even from the Womb I came deprave,
To God averſe, to native Luſt a Slave;

Inſtable,

Inſtable, impotent, diſtorted, blind,
Congenial Miſeries of laps'd Mankind:
Lord, to thy dreadful Wrath, to endleſs Woes,
I ev'ry Moment my own Soul expoſe:
I am a Leper odious and impure,
How can thy pureſt Eyes this Wretch endure?
Thou art my Father, I the impious Son,
Who from thy tend'reſt Arms away have run:
Thou art my Saviour, and wouldſt die for me,
I am the Jew who nail'd thee to the Tree:
Thou art the boundleſs Source of Love and Joy,
And I to grieve thee all my Pow'rs employ;
My Sins are great, and in Continuance long,
And are by Cuſtom grown to Habits ſtrong.
All by Relapſes gain tyrannick Sway,
My Hairs are far leſs numberleſs than they;
My Sins forgotten are ten thouſand more,
And my Omiſſions much inflame the Score;
With Sins unpardonable I had been ban'd,
Had not thy Tenderneſs my Will reſtrain'd:
Ah infinitely ſhort is my Account,
Thy Mercies only can my Sins ſurmount.
I ſee my hated ſelf impure and vain,
I judge and witneſs, my falſe Heart arraign;
My odious Sins my trembling Soul confound,
O that I might in my own Tears be drown'd;
But woe is me, my flinty Eyes are dry,
My Tears away, when I moſt want them, fly;
My Sighs, my Tears, O whither are you flown,
Why to my Heart are you ſuch Strangers grown?

Return, return, and theſe two Ciſterns fil,
That in ne're ceaſing Streams they may diſtil:
O lend me Tears ye Mourners in this Vale,
Your Springs o'reflow while my two Fountains fail;
I'll ſit beneath an ever-weeping Tree,
To ſhame my Eyes when they that Weeping ſee;
Ah not my Eyes, it is my Heart of Stone,
Which I ſhould rather in this Drought bemoan;
Some *Moſes* ſtrike it with his pow'rful Rod,
Till Seas guſh out for my offending God:
Ah I can ne're enough this State deplore,
I ſtill can ſin, but I can weep no more.

This ſung, he gave full Scope to ſilent Grief,
Till God ſent *Salvian* to his Soul's Relief;
The Saint at Entrance ſad *Hymnotheo* found,
In bitter Woe, and proſtrate on the Ground;
As the *Samaritan*, who fix'd his View,
With ſoft Compaſſions, on the wounded *Jew*,
And with his Wine, and Oil, and tender Zeal,
Strove his deep Wounds to ſupple, cleanſe, and heal;
Thus *Salvian* his *Hymnotheo*'s Sorrow weigh'd,
And gave his Soul ſweet ſympathizing Aid;
Riſe Son, he ſaid, and your glad Cure attend,
Great God vouchſafes Reſtoratives to ſend;
Grief rational our God is wont to prize,
More than two *Jordan*'s guſhing from your Eyes;
Sin is your Hatred, Dread, Affliction, Shame,
They more than Tears your Penitence proclaim,

They

They only from a breaking Heart can grow,
Tears oft may from meer Conſtitution flow;
God for your Good your Weeping may reſtrain,
He who ſends Drought will ſend refreſhing Rain;
'Tis not our Tears, 'tis Love from which it ſtreams,
Which *JESUS* in his Votaries eſteems;
Should Heav'n propoſe the Choice, much rather I
Would have a melting Love, than dropping Eye;
On the lov'd *JESUS* as he bleeding dy'd,
Nail'd by your Sins, transfix'd, and crucify'd,
Contemplate deeply till you feel his Smart,
Nail and transfix, and cruciſie your Heart;
Your Tears will then in greater Torrents run,
Than thoſe of Parents for an only Son.
The Tears which in *Megiddo*'s Valley rain'd,
When *Judah*'s Eyes were for *Joſiah* drein'd;
Could never Sorrow raiſe to ſuch a Height,
As that ſoft wonderful heart-piercing Sight.
The Croſs of *JESUS* pierc'd *Hymnotheo* through,
The Force of that he, when on *Calv'ry*, knew;
From that his penitential Love firſt roſe,
And in a Song his Spirit thus o'reflows:
"Ah me, was ever Grief, was ever Pain,
Like that which *JESUS* would for me ſuſtain?
Was ever Love like that which on the Tree,
Felt Agonies unknown, and dy'd for me?
Could nothing but the Blood of God alone,
God's boundleſs Anger for my Sins atone?
And would great God incarnate for my Sake,
Such ſhameful bitter dying undertake?

Ah, could my Heart be to ſuch Love ingrate?
Ah, ſuch a Love could I repay with Hate?
O curſed Sin, ſpawn'd in the curſed Pit,
'Tis you who durſt thoſe Outrages commit;
O curſed Sin, I'll tare you from my Breaſt,
Remember how ſweet *JESUS* you diſtreſs'd;
I'll give no Slumber to my mournful Eye,
Till you in juſt Revenge I crucifie;
O that my Eyes with weeping Blood were wet,
Thick as the Drops of *JESUS* bloody Sweat:
But 'tis in vain, no Thought, Tears, Sighs, or Groan,
Can ever reach a wounded Spirit's Moan;
Ah who can think of grieving Love immenſe,
Without a Grief unſpeakably intenſe?
JESUS, my *JESUS*, in this ſad Retreat,
In each Ejaculation I'll repeat;
JESUS, the Name on which Saints love to dwell,
The Joy of Angels, and the Dread of Hell;
Deep on my Heart this Motto ſhall be grav'd,
Hymnotheo's *JESUS*, who *Hymnotheo* ſav'd:
Then to Diſdain, Grief, Hate, he tun'd his Lyre,
And ſang this Song to his obſequious Wire:
When I of Sin, which gor'd bleſs'd *JESUS*, ſing,
Fountains of Tears inſtead of Verſe ſhould ſpring;
A ſtrange Reluctance I to ſinging find,
I had much rather weep than ſing my Mind;
But while Tears fail, help me ſad Verſe to tell
The Riſe of Sin, which firſt occaſion'd Hell.

BOOK IV.

E'RE ſince the Serpent ſpotleſs Man (abus'd,
And his Infernal Peſtilence infus'd;
The dire Contagion in his Offspring reign'd,
And war with all God's Attributes maintain'd;
Curs'd wilful Sins, who can your Bane conceive?
You of his God Apoſtate Man bereave:
All odious Ills you in your Wombs include,
Contend in vain Omniſcience to elude;
From the beſt Friend and kindeſt Father fly,
Affront God's pureſt omnipreſent Eye;
Reſiſt Omnipotence, God's Patience tire,
Againſt his Honour with Hell-Pow'rs conſpire;
To his Beneficence Contempt return,
Break all his Laws, at boundleſs Mercy ſpurn;
Revile his Juſtice, Sovereignty reject,
Diſpute his Truth, his gracious Calls neglect;
His Threatnings diſregard, his Bleſſings ſlight,
Treat Love immenſe with Outrage and Deſpite;
Attempt his awful Godhead to debaſe,
On his dread Throne ſome Idol Luſt to place;
His all-ſufficience impiouſly forſake,
Heav'n disbelieve, ſcoff at the Brimſtone Lake;

The Author of our Life and Bliſs deſpiſe,
And the tremendous Judge, who Sinners tries;
Provoke his Vengeance, Hatred, Fury, Curſe,
By his benign long-ſuff'ring grow the worſe;
Afflict his Saints with Sorrow, and ſuch Hate,
Un-numbred Scandals to the weak create;
Heav'n-taught Religion ſink to Diſ-eſteem,
Give all God's Foes occaſion to blaſpheme;
Gratifie Hell, which of its Conqueſt boaſts,
In Spite of God and his ſupernal Hoſts;
Fill the good Angels with diſdainful Ire,
Make the kind Guardian from his Charge retire;
God's lovely Image in the Soul deface,
Right Reaſon, Shame, and Nature's Law eraſe;
Theſe and innumerable more are Ills
Produc'd by Sin, enthron'd in humane Wills.

But O what Heart the Outrage can repeat,
With which bold wilful Sinners JESUS treat?
Sweet JESUS on the Croſs for them would die,
They JESUS by their Sins recrucifie;
The gracious Dove would in his Temples dwell,
They the eternal Comforter repel;
They quench his Flame, reſiſt and grieve his Grace,
And from their Souls unbounded Goodneſs chaſe.

One while my God I on thy Law reflect,
Wondring how Sin the World ſhould thus infect;
Thy Law I find juſt, holy, and divine,
Contriv'd our Souls to perfect and refine;
It to our Frailty mildly condeſcends,
Proportion'd Aid on each Command attends:

A heav'nly Promiſe to each Duty's joy'n'd,
Which ſuits the Aim of an immortal Mind;
Obedience with Internal Joys is bleſs'd,
Ah how can ſuch a Law be e're tranſgreſs'd?
No Sinner at thy Bar Excuſe can plead,
Who hears his juſt Damnation there decreed.

But on the Sinner, when I fix my Eyes,
Much higher my Aſtoniſhments ariſe;
Ah what is Man, a Creature thine by right,
Frail Duſt and Aſhes, nothing in thy Sight;
That he ſhould with his Maker thus contend,
That ſuch a Worm thy Godhead ſhould offend.

Still, Lord, my Wonder heightens, when I muſe
On Sinner's Gains, who thy Commands refuſe:
What can they gain, who endleſs Bliſs forſake,
A Refuge in meer Vanities to take; (Pains,
Death, Shame, Plague, Famine, War, Diſeaſes,
And inward Horrors are the Sinner's Gains;
Againſt their Maker when Mankind rebel,
The very Brutes with Indignation ſwell;
With Teeth, Bills, Claws, Horns, Stings, and (furious Rage,
In their Creator's Quarrel they engage;
Even Swarms of Inſects Sinners oft annoy,
Even Plants with Poiſons ſinful Men deſtroy;
Sin tyrannizes, blinds, enſlaves, pollutes,
Sinks Intellectual Race below the Brutes;
Sins to all temporal Ills our Souls expoſe,
And plunge them in eternal hopeleſs Woes;

That ſuch a Wretch ſhould ſuch a God offend,
Break ſuch Laws in ſuch Manner, for ſuch End;
Deſpiſe ſuch Aids, ſuch Offers ſhould reject,
Should to his Bane thus wilfully deflect;
And at Infinity in Sin ſhould aim,
Who can juſt God for damning Sinners blame?

Curs'd Sin, the Worm, the Plague, the Spawn (of Hell,
You would great God out of the World expel;
No Words can your Malignity expreſs,
O Confluence of Evils in Exceſs;
O Sin exceeding ſinful, the ſole Name,
Horrid enough thy Nature to proclaim;
The Heart that knows thee muſt thy Reign de- (plore,
Can never wilfully endure thee more.

My God, while I on Sin thus fix'd my View,
Methought in Song I my own Picture drew;
Some Strokes my Life ſo truly repreſent,
In Error, Outrage, Vanity miſpent;
That I my ſelf diſdain, deteſt, bewail,
That ſuch ſoul Guilt ſhould o're my Soul prevail;
My Heart, which at the Font to thee I gave,
I ſtole away, ſold it to Sin a Slave;
But *JESUS* on my Soul benignly beam'd,
Sweetly the Thief reclaim'd, the Slave redeem'd.

Salvian, who ſaw the Youth's Repentance (wrought
A happy Change, him to the Temple brought;
His Progreſs he obſerv'd, and judg'd it Time
To raiſe him to a Station more ſublime;

With

With the Conſiſtents he *Hypnotheo* plac'd,
Who their Co-mourner tenderly embrac'd;
They ſweetly with his broken Heart condol'd,
And of God's Love their own Experience told;
They for a while his wounded Spirit eas'd,
But in his Cell his Sorrow him re-ſeiz'd;
His Heart he had ſo often treach'rous found,
That all their Comforts in his Fears were drown'd.
Thus griev'd, his Angel warn'd by God appear'd,
To diſſipate the Dangers which he fear'd;
The Body of curs'd Sin to help him ſpread
Upon the Croſs, erected o're his Head;
Hypnotheo's Spirit with *Phylacter* joyn'd,
And gladly to the Croſs his Fleſh reſign'd;
Hypnotheo on himſelf with Vigour flies,
The Penitent the Sinner to chaſtiſe;
Oft the old Man of Sin for Pity cry'd,
The zealous Youth Pity as oft deny'd; (Fear,
His Hands and Feet were nail'd with Shame and
His Side was pierc'd with Grief as with a Spear;
And for the Crown of Thorns which *JESUS* wore,
He ſelf-upbraidings felt his Spirit gore.
Malicious Fiends inſulting him beheld,
And at his Crucifixion ſcoffing yeld;
In vain upon the Croſs your *JESUS* dy'd,
If all his Vot'rys muſt be crucify'd;
Pity your ſelf, ſince he no Pity ſhews,
Kind Saviour, thus to multiply your Woes;
The World in all its Vanities array'd,
This Offer of its ſelf to tempt him made;

B: IV.

I am the World endear'd to God, who gave
His Son below'd, his World below'd to save:
I am the World, for whom your *JESUS* dy'd,
And from all Dross primeval purify'd:
I am the World, the Portion of the Juſt,
I of God's Treaſures only have the Truſt:
You now have bled enough, dear Youth, come down,
You of both Lives deſerve the Victor's Crown;
'Twould not be Love in *JESUS*, but meer Spite,
In his true Lover's Torture to delight;
I all my Glories to your Merit give,
Deſcend from this curs'd Tree, and happy live.
Luſt next complain'd, which felt the dol'rous Smart,
Muſt I thus loſe Poſſeſſion of your Heart?
God's Laws your Trouble, I your Joys excite,
Ah, do you thus my libral Love requite?
In vain you to torment your Nature ſtrive,
You cannot your Concupiſcence ſurvive;
Pity my Pains, O hear my ſad Complaint,
Be not inhumane to become a Saint;
If in my cruel Murder you delight,
My injur'd Ghoſt ſhall haunt you Day and Night;
To free your ſelf from your fierce Guardian try,
And live in Pleaſure, not in Torment die:
Hymnotheo keeping *JESUS* in his Eyes,
Prays for his gracious Aid, and thus replies:
Lord, my baptiſmal Grace to me reſtore,
I ne're will wilfully offend thee more:
With Grief and Shame thy Mercy I invoke,
For my baptiſmal Vow ſo often broke;

Infernal

Infernal Fiends, who once my Heart poſſeſs'd,
Your Force, your Wiles I know, and I deteſt;
On *JESUS* I relie, deſpiſe your Rage,
And War with you eternally will wage;
Deceitful World, you glorious Offers made,
And me with Diſappointments only paid;
I wholly you renounce, I you contemn,
And my own Heart, for liking you condemn:
You my Concupiſcence, my Boſom-Foe,
You I'll chaſtiſe, chief Author of my Woe;
O're all my Pow'rs your Poiſons you diffus'd,
And with deſtructive Flatt'ries me abus'd;
You on the Croſs ſhall hang 'till you expire,
And my Soul feels no more impure Deſire.
You my dear Guardian, ſince it is your part,
To tend the Crucifixion of my Heart;
My Head I charge you never to uncrown,
Nor, 'till my Luſt expires, to take me down:
I thirſt, I thirſt, give me the bitter Cup,
My Fleſh ſhall drink this loathſome Potion up;
Leſs bitter than my Sins infernal Gall,
Which with Abomination I recal:
Ah me! freſh Conflicts in my Soul I feel,
'Twixt ſenſual Joy, and penitential Zeal;
Death-Pangs ſurprize me, *JESU* ſend me Aid,
Hell-Pow'rs combine my Weakneſs to invade;
Phylacter with Celeſtial ſoft Support,
Suſtain'd his agonizing laſt Effort,
'Till inbred Luſt with Self-Denials gor'd,
Aid from the World and Hell in vain implor'd;

In

In all its Appetites, felt Hopeless Pain,
And could no Peace, no Truce, no Pity gain:
In all its Thoughts and Inclinations cross'd,
All Hopes of future Reviviscence lost;
Breath'd out its stinking Snuff of vital Flame,
And a dead Carcase on the Cross became.

There all the Vices in laps'd Nature sown,
To Perpetration, yet not fully grown;
There bold Presumption, Prejudices strong,
There *Salvoe's*, Scepticism, and filthy Song;
There Errors false, Idea's earthly Mind,
Profane Wit, Wisdom, to the World confin'd:
Sin in unclean Imagination wrought,
Instable, inconsiderate, impious Thought;
There a tenacious Memory of Ill,
Corrupted Temper, and distorted Will,
Impure Complaisance and Compliance vile,
All Bestial Passions which the Soul defile;
Love sensual, carnal Hope, destructive Joy,
Foul Pleasures, foul Desires, which Souls decoy;
There causeless Discontents, vain Fears, Distrusts,
Ill Habits, anxious Cares, tyrannick Lusts;
Aversion to the Cross, black hate, Disdain,
Fierce Anger, Envy, avaritious Gain;
Revenge, Detraction, Censure, Hell-born Pride,
Sloth, Negligence, and Proneness to back-slide;
The evil Eye, Ears itching, Hand unchast,
Luxurious Smelling, and intemperate Tast;
The sland'rous, lying, and ungodly Tongue,
With the whole Body of curs'd Sin were hung,

And

And hung till the Youth mortify'd each Vice,
And his Concupiſcence, which gave them Riſe:
His darling Sin could not the reſt ſurvive,
Reaſon and Grace began to be alive.

The Holy JESUS, who his Vot'ry ey'd,
And all along with gracious Aids ſupply'd,
The Conflict ſaw with Tenderneſs divine,
And deign'd in ſympathizing Rays to ſhine;
Into his Breaſt he a new Heart inſpir'd,
Which with a Love like to his own he fir'd;
A Heart ſoft, tender, ductile to his Will,
Fix'd and obdurate to encounter Ill;
Coeffluent God-Love on his Spirit ſhed,
The new Man roſe, juſt as the old was dead.

The Pondus of his Soul now upward weigh'd,
He with Contempt the World beneath ſurvey'd;
Soft Love compreſs'd the Gland in either Eye,
And Tears flow'd down from Fountains which were dry:
His Will was by enlight'ned Reaſon ſway'd,
All his internal Pow'rs great God obey'd:
His Heart and his Affections liv'd above,
God was his Fear, Hope, Joy, Deſire, and Love;
His Thought to Heav'n lay open, Earthward clos'd,
His Fancy purg'd Idea's juſt compos'd;
His Memory celeſtial Truths retain'd,
His Words were ſerious, and his Tongue reſtrain'd;
The World, when courting him, he ne're abus'd,
Without a Surfeit God's Indulgence us'd:
On ev'ry Senſe he kept ſtrict jealous Eyes,
Ready the leaſt Excurſion to chaſtiſe;

His

His Frailties were incentives to his Care,
They kept him humble, and in conſtant Pray'r;
In frequent Hymns his Spirit Heav'nward flew,
And Virtue his connat'ral Temper grew;
His Spirit by God's Word was daily fed,
And Meditation quickned all he read:
As *Babylon*'s proud King by Heav'n debas'd,
Becoming Beaſt, was from his Palace chas'd,
Graz'd with the Oxen, lodg'd on dewy Ground,
Till the Sun ran ſev'n annual Circles round;
His Hair like Eagles Plumes grew thick and ſtrong,
His Nails like Vultures Talons, ſharp and long;
Till humbl'd he God's Sov'reignty ador'd,
And felt his intellectual Pow'rs reſtor'd;
His Throne and his Dominions he regain'd,
Aſtoniſh'd at the Changes he ſuſtain'd:
Hymnotheo thus to brutiſh Joys inclin'd,
Had proſtituted his immortal Mind,
But ſtood, when he the ſinful Brute ſubdu'd,
Amaz'd to ſee his Heav'n-born Soul renew'd:
Then ſang his own Converſion to his Lyre,
With which he knew the Angels would conſpire.

I had one only Thing to do,
Yet would a Thouſand Things purſue;
God only could exhauſt my Mind,
In God alone I Reſt could find;
Yet o're the World wild Flights I took,
While I my ſelf and God forſook;

To

To all vain Things which charm'd my View,
I paid what was my Maker's due;
My Thought, Choice, Love, Deſire, Faith,
All centred in low ſenſual Guſt; (Truſt,
The tranſient World my Soul devour'd,
And Hell my Faculties o'repower'd;

My Thought Things periſhable fill'd,
My Soul what was my Poiſon will'd;
I fondly lov'd what I ſhould hate,
Deſir'd what Horror ſhould create:
I lying Vanities believ'd,
And truſted moſt, where moſt deceiv'd;

I languiſh'd for what wrought my Bane,
Joy'd in what tends to endleſs Pain;
In Song I my Deluſions prais'd,
Which Averſation ſhould have rais'd;
My Soul with noble Reaſon grac'd,
Its Glory to vile Luſts debas'd;

As ſoon might the Autumnal Sun,
To *Libra*, when its Courſe was run,
Revolve, till it to *Aries* reel'd,
And with new Spring bedeck'd the Field,
As I from Sin my Heart eſtrange,
And my entire Propenſion change;

God

B: IV.

God ſhining on me from his Throne,
Benignly brake this Heart of Stone;
All Love to God, whoſe gracious Stroke
Enflam'd my Heart, as well as broke:
Conſcience, whom I with Opiates ply'd,
Now wake, and be my watchful Guide;

Ah me, with what Neglects have I
Paſs'd, Lord, thy Calls and Waitings by?
Though thou art juſt, ſhouldſt thou refrain
From ſhewing me like Love again;
Yet ſtill upon my Spirit ſtream,
In ſweet enamourating Beam;

O Conſcience, watch the Moments dear,
When Symptoms penitent appear;
When God, in gracious Splendour ſhines,
And me to filial Love inclines.
I ne're ſhould fall, ſhould I combine
With yearnings of the Love divine;

This very *now* heart-melting Zeal
Illaps'd I on my Spirit feel;
Preventing Love my Soul invites,
My Spirit to re-love excites;
Lord, with thy offer'd Grace I cloſe,
This *now* for happy Change diſpoſe;

Let

On thee, my God, my Thought ſhall muſe,
Thee ſovereignly my Will ſhall chuſe;
My Love ſhall to thy Love aſpire,
The ſole deſirable Deſire;
Thou wilt have all my Heart or none,
The World I for thy Sake diſown.

My Soul ſhall long for bliſsful Sight,
Shall in the Source of Joy delight;
In Hymns I Day by Day will ſing,
The Favours of my Heav'nly King;
My Pow'rs from thee, my God, deſcend,
And ſhall to thy ſole Glory tend.

Lord, I ſelf-offer'd, am not mine,
Keep ſafe this Heart entirely thine;
Let not Hell-Pow'rs in Triumph ſay,
That what was thine they made their Prey;
Maim'd is the Off'ring, yet ſincere,
Heav'n will its Imperfections clear.

Good *Salvian* oft, to give his Mourner Eaſe,
Would lead him out amidſt the ſhady Trees;
There, as they walk, they various Mourners meet,
Who humbly *Salvian* and *Hymnotheo* greet:
The Saint, as they took Garden-Air one Day,
By Providential Call was drawn away;
And as the Youth walk'd on with penſive Thought,
Kind Heav'n to his Relief *Renato* brought;

He was an aged Mourner, grave and mild,
Paſs'd Penance, and to *JESUS* reconcil'd;
His Charity with Mourners ſympathiz'd,
And ſweetly thus *Hymnotheo* he adviſ'd:
Thrice happy Man, who in your youthful Years
Begin to ſhed true penitential Tears;
With Pity you, ſecure upon the Shore,
The Wrecks of aged Sinners may deplore;
In Storms of Sin my Life had long been toſs'd,
All the rich Cargo of my Time was loſt:
But God firſt condeſcended to relent,
My everlaſting Ruin to prevent;
O that I ever ſhould that God offend,
Who by me outrag'd would my Bliſs intend;
O that my miſpent Years I might re-live,
To gracious God I would each Minute give;
Ah, 'twas that gracious God me hither ſent,
That I might learn ſincerely to repent;
'Twas gracious God heard my heart-breaking Moan,
And ſhin'd upon me from his glorious Throne;
I am abſolv'd, and with the Faithful range,
Great God be prais'd for this tranſporting Change;
Ah, 'twas for *JESUS* Sake I hither came,
I, in my Pray'rs, ingeminate his Name;
From that dear Name my Pardon I deriv'd,
'Twas by his Croſs my Soul at laſt reviv'd:
At laſt, for long it was e're Tears would glide,
Oft when I made Reſolves I ſhould backſlide;
My ſtubborn Paſſions would no Curb endure,
And my Diſeaſe impatient was of Cure;

My

My Sins to ſtrong, invet'rate Habits ſwell'd,
And when I thought them conquer'd, they rebell'd;
When my Repentance firſt became my Care,
I oft was on the Borders of Deſpair;
It ſeem'd an eaſier Labour at firſt Sight,
T'unſpot Leopards, or waſh *Ethiops* white;
As when a Babe his Bands begins to tare,
And ſtrives to make his Paſſage into Air,
The ſad Alarm the tender Mother takes,
She trembles, and her Heart affrighted akes;
The painful Hour ſhe with ſad Sighs bemoans,
And fetches many pitiable Groans;
Diſtentions, Pangs, Convulſions, tort'ring Throws,
She, e're ſhe is deliver'd, undergoes;
But when the Babe breaks out into the Light,
Soon as her little ſelf is in her Sight,
That Moment Eaſe and Ecſtaſie begin,
She feels a Mother's Bowels yearn within;
Her preſent Joys ſo far tranſcend her Pains,
That no Remembrance of paſt Woe remains:
Thus when I thought with my old Sins to part,
And was in Labour of an Infant Heart,
Againſt my Mind I felt my Fleſh rebel, (Hell;
Death, the dread Judgment, Wrath divine, and
Grief, Horror, Shame, would oft my Soul invade,
All joining, a compounded Trouble made;
A thouſand Throws, a thouſand Pangs I felt,
E're my old Heart would ſoften, break, and melt;
But when I was deliver'd of a new,
Away my Pangs, away my Sorrows flew;

My Fears were calm'd, my Pains were all allay'd,
My Shame was damp'd, my Rebel Luſts obey'd;
Death me no more with ghaſtly Terrors ſcar'd,
For the laſt Judgment I had Pleas prepar'd;
The Dread of Hell no more my Conſcience ſeiz'd,
With my Repentance gracious God was pleas'd:
Strange Joys my Soul at Abſolution fill'd,
Which into Heav'n it ſelf new Joys inſtill'd;
I joy, and never ſhall my Joy give o're,
They may joy always who will ſin no more.
O dear young Man, ah may you never know
The Pangs which aged Sinners undergo;
But O for ever be ſweet *JESUS* bleſs'd,
Who my ſtrong inbred Legion diſpoſſeſs'd;
From this ſafe Houſe of Mourning to my Urn
I'll paſs, and never to the World return:
From me your Sins learn early to lament,
You'll joy the more the ſooner you repent:
The Youth with penitential Fervours glow'd,
And full of Thought return'd to his Abode.
God on *Hymnotheo*'s Guardian had impreſs'd,
That to his Charge he ſhould a Walk ſuggeſt;
Guided by Heav'n, he to a Thicket led,
With ever-Greens and downy Moſs beſpread;
And in an Arbour of Sepulchral Yew,
He a ſad Mourner ſaw the Turf bedew;
Who thus ſurpriz'd, gave a ſtrong ſudden Start,
But gracious God unſeen compos'd his Heart;
And as the Youth was making his Retreat,
He courts him in his Shade to take his Seat;

The

The Youth ſubmiſſively his Pardon pray'd,
For unpremeditated Entrance made;
Both then themſelves repoſing on the Ground,
The Youth crav'd Leave this Queſtion to propound:
How long, kind Sir, have you been here immur'd,
You mighty Sorrows ſeem to have endur'd;
Your flowing Eye, pale Look, and hollow Cheek,
Your Geſtures you a ſacred Mourner ſpeak?
O might my ſympathizing Heart obtain
This Bleſſing, to alleviate your Pain.
Ah, ſaid the Mourner, you Compaſſion ſhew
To the worſt Wretch, undamn'd to endleſs Woe;
Seven Weeks of Moons are paſt, ſince in this Vale
I firſt began my Vileneſs to bewail;
In penitential Exerciſes here,
And Bitterneſs of Soul, I ſpent a Year;
My Vial ev'ry Day with Tears ran o're,
Shed my paſt Follies ſadly to deplore;
A thouſand Reſolutions then I made, (Aid;
Back'd with firm Vows, and Pray'rs for heav'nly
My Angel joy'd the more, the more I griev'd,
In his glad Arms good *Salvian* me receiv'd;
For Abſolution he eſteem'd me fit,
And my paſt Sins was zealous to acquit:
Soon as my Abſolution I had gain'd,
Satan my Spirit with Preſumption ban'd;
My thought I Hell had trampled under Feet,
And to the World ſecurely might retreat;
Self-Love, ſelf-Confidence ſtill more increas'd,
From the ſad Vale I long'd to be releas'd;

Full of ſelf-Joy for all that me befel,
I bid the Mourners in the Vale farewel;
And ey'd them as my worldly Flight I took,
With a contemptuous Pity in my Look:
The more ſelf-Confidence my Heart poſſeſs'd,
The leſs for Aid divine I made Requeſt:
My Conſcience often check'd me, but in vain,
At ev'ry Senſe I drank Infernal Bane;
Bane which on all my ghoſtly Vitals prey'd,
Till I at length to Sin was Captive made:
Heifers, their Heat and Thirſt to quench, repair
To cool *Silurus* Streams, and rolling there,
Feel of *Lucanian* Flies the angry Bite,
Which wound them with a pertinacious Spite;
Till ſeiz'd with an intolerable Pain,
They ſhake off Yokes, and all controul diſdain;
With their loud, dol'rous Bellowings fill the Air,
Earth with their Hoofs in furious Madneſs tare;
Leave the fat Paſtures, and the quiet Stall,
Leap Rocks, and from high Precipices fall;
Till the mad Brute, flown from the careful Swain,
Is by a vile inſulting Inſect ſlain:
Thus Helliſh Inſects bit me through and through,
And madly I from Chriſt's ſoft Yoke withdrew;
At ſolemn Seaſons, the Parochial Prieſt
Invited me to the immortal Feaſt;
I then faint Offers at Repentance made,
And ſuperficially my Life ſurvey'd:
But as the Morning Dew ſtrait dries away,
And Clouds ſoon ſcatter'd are by radiant Day;

Thus

Thus I ſoon felt my flaſhy Goodneſs fade,
And Sin with greater Force me re-invade:
Religion oft would in my Heart revive,
With Senſuality for Conqueſt ſtrive;
I in my Breaſt would lodge a double Mind,
One to the World, and one to Heav'n inclin'd;
And by this Com-promiſe ſtrove to adiuſt
The Rights of Conſcience, and the Claims of Luſt;
But Luſt I felt prevail, and Grace decreaſe,
I war denounc'd, while I was making Peace;
I fell ſoon as to riſe I did begin,
Alternating Repentances and Sin:
As clean waſh'd Swine return into their Sty,
And in their ſtinking Mire re-wallowing lie;
As Dogs, the filthy Vomits they caſt up,
In a ſhort Space with Appetite re-ſup:
Thus to all Sins which I abjur'd I flew,
A filthier Ordure, a more loathſome Spew.
Long ſick I of a ghoſtly Ague lay,
Sometimes in Fever, then as chill as Clay;
Fanſie with Ills imaginary teem'd,
One while too difficult my Duty ſeem'd;
Then Perpetuity my Spirit tyr'd,
One while I greater Latitude deſir'd;
So God would my beloved Sin endure,
I was content all others to abjure;
That of my Paſſions the full Current drein'd,
God nought but Drops of the waſt Water gain'd;
Sin grown to Cuſtom loſt all baſhful Senſe,
Acts multiply'd to Habits grew intenſe:

As petrifying Fountains, by Degrees,
Into a ſolid Stone ſoft Willows freeze;
In ſenſual Pleaſures thus my Soul immers'd
Turn'd Marble, and my Checks were all diſpers'd;
All Thought of Heav'n was from my Spirit flown,
Devotion cold as Polar Ice was grown;
Say, dear young Man, ſay, have you ever ſeen,
A Wretch more vile, a Leper more unclean?
But *JESUS*, O that ſweeteſt, deareſt Name,
Unſought by me, to my Deliv'rance came:
O lovely *JESUS*, thou my *JESUS* art,
Thou haſt Poſſeſſion of my Tongue and Heart;
May I that Day groan in Infernal Pain,
When ſilent of my *JESUS* I remain:
As ſoon you might the ſeven mouth *Nile* conſtrain,
To diſembogue Antarctick to the Main,
And perpendicularly up to flow,
With num'rous lofty Cat'racts from below,
Till they the Lunar Mountains re-aſcend,
And where their Current took its Riſe, to end:
As I my old Propenſions could deny,
The Torrents ſo impetuous were and high,
The Miracle was yet by *JESUS* done,
And my down Torrents all now upwards run;
JESUS unclos'd my Heart, unſtopp'd my Ear,
Made me his Love perceive, his Calling hear;
I hearing, vow'd I would my Life amend,
And my reſiduous Days in Penance ſpend;
To Mourners freely I my Shame expoſe,
That they may never feel Backſliders Woes:

Praiſe,

Praiſe, ſaid the Youth, to God, and Thanks to you,
Who my own Fall thus mind me to review;
Proceed, kind tender Father, and your Son
Inſtruct, Backſliders dang'rous Guilt to ſhun:
The Mourner ſteddily *Hypnotheo* ey'd,
True penitential Air in him deſcry'd;
And charm'd with the Compunction of his Youth,
Thus arm'd him with experimental Truth:
When I reviſited my mournful Cell,
Salvian, who knew my Fall and Temper well,
How Pride, Preſumption, and unguarded Thought,
Had my deplorable Backſliding wrought,
Me to a Chamber leads, in which I find
Two even Scales to a nice Balance joyn'd,
Bidding me take my Choice; my Scale I choſe,
And ſtraight my full Scale fell, the empty roſe;
A Bubble in the empty Scale he lay'd,
The Bubble my vain Spirit over-weigh'd;
Teaching me thus my Impotence to rate,
Self-Confidence to humble and abate:
Since that, when proud Preſumptions me aſſail,
I to Remembrance call the riſing Scale;
Learn of your Weakneſs Eſtimation juſt,
In gracious God confide, your ſelf diſtruſt;
Think not your Perſeverance a hard Task,
We gain Almighty Aids if we but ask.
Men no Fatigue for Things which periſh grudge,
Some all their Age for fading Riches drudge;
This for his Luſt inſatiably purveys,
That toils for his Ambition all his Days:

Men

Men eaſier would in Good than Ill perſiſt,
Did they the Difference weigh of the acquiſt.
You happy Youth, an early Change commence,
O keep your Heart ſtill fix'd on your Defence:
As when a ſharp Diſeaſe, by Pain and Length,
Depauperates the Blood, and waſts the Strength;
Soon as the Fever cools to mod'rate Heat,
And all the Pulſes regularly beat;
If of himſelf the Patient takes no Care,
But runs into the Predatory Air,
The unadviſable Attempt he rues,
And his Diſtemper with freſh Force renews:
Thus Souls reſtor'd by penitential Tears,
If they remit or damp their filial Fears,
Their Infant Reſolutions ſoon decay,
They their own Souls to a Relapſe betray;
The new-born Hearts of all the tendreſt are,
Curs'd Satan ſtrives the weakeſt to enſnare;
Live watchful his Temptations to avoid,
None but the Careleſs ever are deſtroy'd:
When you by Frailty fall, next Moment riſe,
Move God's paternal Love with filial Cries;
Your Pray'rs can never of due Succours fail,
God and his Hoſts will help you to prevail:
This ſaid, the Mourner begg'd *Hymnotheo*'s Pray'rs,
Who, taking Leave, ſtrait to his Cell repairs;
There he the Mourner's Story recollects,
And in his Fall upon his own reflects:
Then taking down his Harp, he in a Strain,
Which ſhould accord Contrition with Diſdain,

To

To give his Paſſion vent, ſings of curs'd Pride,
The odious Sin which mov'd him to backſlide.
O curſed Pride, the firſt begotten Ill,
Which firſt ſtain'd Innocence, firſt warp'd the Will,
Firſt 'gainſt great God mov'd Creatures to rebel,
Firſt mov'd juſt Vengeance to create a Hell;
Firſt down from Bliſs Apoſtate Angels threw,
Firſt Co-Apoſtate Man from God withdrew;
Firſt Heav'n embroil'd, ſtill fills the World with (Wars,
By climbing Heights, which God or Nature bars;
Which all Submiſſion Penitent diſdains,
And eternizes Diabolick Pains.
With reſtleſs Malice Satan Pride trajects,
And with that Peſtilence laps'd Man infects,
'Till he with fond Imagination ſwells,
And God's Command inſultingly repels;
Begins at laſt himſelf to Idolize,
And offers to himſelf his Sacrifice:
Proud Man by pompous Actions Flatterers draws,
Fond of precarious venal vile Applauſe;
Thinks it beneath a Man of Honour's State,
To caſt an Eye on *Laz'rus* at his Gate:
Minutely can the Spots of others find,
But to his own Deformities is blind;
His Neighbour cenſures, or reviles, or hates,
On his own Deeds ſets overvaluing Rates:
Unthankful for the Bleſſings he receives,
With Envy at the Good of others grieves;

Will

Will now and then a Neighbour's Actions praiſe,
That all may ſee how much he overweighs;
Of light Defects he now and then complains,
But is affronted if he Credit gains;
Giving Occaſion, by a trivial Blame,
For his Reteiners to exalt his Name;
The higheſt Seats he ſtudiouſly affects,
Exacts from all Punctilio's of Reſpects;
O're his Inferiours he the Tyrant plays,
Loads inſupportable on others lays;
Sticks at no Fraud, Impiety, or Spite,
To reach or keep an Arbitrary Height.
Proud Man, who blaſts all Graces in their Bloom,
Weeds of Self-Love ſtill planting in their Room:
Who ſets no Bounds to inſolent Deſires,
Impatient in his Station ſtill aſpires;
Can no good Counſel, no Reproof endure,
Feeds his Diſeaſe 'till it admits no Cure:
With haughty Looks, and ſtarch'd Geſture walks,
And of his own Atchievements only talks;
Who would be thought all that he ſtrives to ſeem,
And arrogates of Saint the high Eſteem:
The *Phariſee* an humble Virtue ſcorns,
With his own Eulogies himſelf adorns;
Of ſacred Zeal makes hypocritick Shows,
And ſoon believes the Lies he would impoſe;
He diſcontented and repining lives,
That God too little to his Merit gives;
Boaſts his Devotion other Saints tranſcends,
To Viſions and to Extaſies pretends:

Proud

Proud Man, who brags of Heights he ne're attain'd,
Brags they were all by his own Virtue gain'd;
All that he truly may be thought to have,
His baſe ſelf-terminating Ends deprave;
Oft in his Spirit myſtick Notions float,
Of heav'nly Things he only talks by Roat;
To Self-Denial he averſion bears,
And fix'd Abhorrence of the Croſs declares;
In Solitude he never is at reſt,
Leſt Conſcience ſhould an humbling Thought ſuggeſt;
Where he impunely may, rejects all Rules,
And grave Superiours Counſels ridicules;
Each caſual Slight wounds like a bearded Dart;
Give his true Character, you break his Heart;
High as he looks, he is abjectly baſe,
To court a Rabble, or Grandee in Place;
Of his Repute he lives in jealous Dread,
Fills with Romances of himſelf his Head;
Soon as Men ſpy him out, the Bubble ſinks,
The more he was perfum'd, the worſe he ſtinks.

Had I all *Solomon's* Renown and Wealth;
Had I Youth, Beauty, and a vigorous Health;
Had I a Confluence of all Delights,
Of every Science could I reach the Heights;
Had I a vaſt and comprehenſive Mind,
Able to govern, and outwit Mankind;
Should all the Virtues in my Spirit joyn,
And make in feeble Eyes a Glare divine;
I yet had nothing I my own could call,
'Twas God firſt gave, and may remand them all;

I have not their Dominion, but their Uſe,
Reſponſible to God for their Abuſe;
Pride turns them all to my eternal Bane,
They only ſerve to heighten endleſs Pain.
Curs'd Pride its Sting into our Spirit winds,
Envenoms, e're we are aware, our Minds,
And with inſinuating various Wiles,
Too oft a Saint, when mortify'd, beguiles.
O Curſed Sin, of *Adam*'s Offspring, none
Would ever that Abomination own;
Men that they Sinners are confeſs aloud,
But who would e're confeſs that he is proud?
Fond Fool at Death, who his ſtoll'n Feathers Molts,
And of his Folly feels the dire Rejolts;
A forc'd Conviction ſeizes him too late,
And Reprobation is his endleſs Fate.
Pride to God's Law is Enemy profeſs'd,
God's Eyes, above all Sins, that Sin deteſt;
On Earth, God Pride with jealous Vengeance quells,
In Torment that all other damn'd excels;
To humble *JESUS*, who for Sinners dy'd,
None more Antipathetick is than Pride;
Yet wo is me, I to that Sin was prone,
Prime Luciferian Rebel to God's Throne;
But *JESUS*, by immenſe, preventing Grace,
Was pleas'd my Pride audacious to debaſe;
With humble *JESUS* I now ſympathize,
Love his Submiſſions, and my ſelf deſpiſe;
This ſung, his Thought to *JESUS* he confin'd,
Perfect Idea of an humble Mind.

It chanc'd one Day, for Men miſcal that Chance,
When God is pleas'd Occaſions to advance;
As o're the Walks alone *Hymnotheo* ſtray'd,
And on his Hand his Dove contented ſtay'd;
He ſitting down, his mournful Spirit eas'd,
His Bird and he ſeem'd mutually pleas'd;
A Youth but little paſt bleſs'd *JESUS'* Age,
When he appear'd with Doctors to engage,
As he walk'd by, beheld the pretty Sight,
Which made him there Co-Partner in Delight;
With *Lucio* his Director he drew near,
Strange Joy ſeem'd in his Viſage to appear;
For a ſhort Time, to gratifie his Mind,
Hymnotheo to his Hands the Dove reſign'd;
Then ask'd his Guide who was that goodly Child,
'Tis one, ſaid he, who *Theophile* is ſtyl'd;
His Parents were a chaſt religious Pair,
And of his Education took due Care;
From Follies learn'd in Nurs'ries he was freed,
To flatt'ring Servants warn'd to give no Heed;
Taught to keep Conſcience tender and ſincere,
Meekneſs, Humility, God's filial Fear.
An Averſation to all youthful Luſt,
God's Aid to pray for, and himſelf diſtruſt;
Like the Child *JESUS*, to the Will divine,
Himſelf entirely always to reſign;
To pity and relieve all Souls in Woe,
In Wiſdom as in Stature ſtill to grow;
Like *Timothy*, he from a Child was train'd
In Scripture, which in Mem'ry he retain'd;

He

He ſoon grew ripe for Heav'n, his youthful Breaſt,
By his Redeemer's Love, was prepoſſeſs'd;
Few Years will waſh away unwilful Taints,
Religious Children ſoon grow aged Saints;
He, e're the World defil'd him, it forſook,
You may ſee Heav'n in his tranſported Look;
Bleſs'd *JESUS* his firſt Love unſully'd gain'd,
And in his Heart with gracious Empire reign'd;
Hymnotheo to the Child Approaches made,
As with his Dove he ſported, and thus ſaid:
Sweet Child, why entred you this weeping Vale,
Who ſeem to have no Trouble to bewail?
This cheerful Air, which in your Look I ſee,
How can it with this mournful Houſe agree?
O, ſaid the Child, my Comforts never ceaſe,
When I attempt to weep, my Joys increaſe;
My Heart is melting, yet no Sorrow knows,
Diffuſive Sweetneſs all its Banks o'reflows;
My Heart in *JESUS* is at perfect Reſt,
No Rival Luſt ſhall with his Love conteſt;
Sweet *JESUS*, from curs'd Satan's fierce Attack,
As the good Angel *Lot*, ſtill drew me back;
But the infectious World, the more I knew,
Of my own Heart, I the more jealous grew;
I here come Childiſh Follies to lament,
And my Perverſion timely to prevent;
I fear'd my Weakneſs might my Soul betray,
I grieve that my Thoughts wander'd when I pray;
Error I fear'd might cheat me when diſguis'd,
And Reaſon blinded, Will might be ſurpriz'd;

Hither

Hither I come, by penitential Tears,
My Failings to bewail, and calm my Fears;
When my dear *JESUS* lodg'd me in his Arms,
Careſs'd me with unutterable Charms,
My Eyes drop Loves, and they as ſweetly glide,
As Myrrh dropp'd from the Hands of *JESUS* Bride;
The lov'd Diſciple ſweeter Tears ne're ſhed,
When next his Maſter's Heart he laid his Head:
O I will *JESUS* Love, of *JESUS* ſing,
Of Love and Joy the ever-guſhing Spring;
O Bliſs, next to unſinning Saints Above,
To offer *JESUS* early Virgin Love;
With that the Bird back to *Hymnotheo* flew,
(Love *JESUS*,) ſaid the Child, and bad Adieu:
Hymnotheo ſilent wondred at the Height,
In one ſo young, of heav'nly Love and Light,
And taking from his wondrous Ardour Fire,
Return'd Seraphick Lover in Deſire;
But oft his Cell he with ſad Tears bedew'd,
When he himſelf and *Theophile* review'd:
Grief, Shame, and Self-Abomination, ſeiz'd
His Soul, to think how he had God diſpleas'd.
As the poor Wretch, whoſe Body ſhook all o're,
While his remording Conſcience trembled more,
To *JESUS* brought, *JESUS* his Soul to cheer,
Said, Son, thy Sins are pardon'd, do not fear:
At that glad Word he felt tranſporting Eaſe,
Which cur'd at once his Guilt and his Diſeaſe:
Thus ſad *Hymnotheo*, in his mournful Cell, (fell;
O'rewhelm'd with Grief and Shame, a trembling

B: IV.

His Tears were too restrain'd, that rais'd his Dread,
And then afresh his wounded Spirit bled:
When in his Soul Joy indelib'rate rose,
Which in an Instant set him at Repose;
A Gleam of boundless Mercy through him shin'd,
Sweet *JESUS* spake to his afflicted Mind;
Grieve not, my Friend, thy Sins forgiven are,
My Blood has cleans'd thee, I have heard thy (Pray'r:
The Name of Friend upon his Spirit dwelt,
At that enam'ring Word he Transports felt;
Sweet penitential Tears came rushing in,
The happy Symptoms of remitted Sin. (shew'd,

The Saint, to whom God these Vouchsafements
Entring the Cell, *Hymnotheo* thus o'reflow'd;
JESUS my Love is come, my Life, my Aid,
My Joy, my God has me a Visit made;
Much I have sinn'd, but *JESUS* Pity took,
His Love not me, but I his Love forsook;
But *JESUS* now with Love, my Love has charm'd,
His Love has all my ghostly Foes disarm'd;
Upon the Cross they were of Life bereft,
Love only in my Soul alive is left:
O *Salvian*, you have studied my false Heart,
Ah, what you know of me to me impart,
Know you one Sin not water'd by my Tears,
Which unobserv'd by me to you appears;
Tell me, I charge you, that absconded Sin,
That I Repentance may again begin;

If

If you know none, one more Request I have,
My Penance past, I Absolution crave;
JESUS to you the ghostly Keys commits,
And those you here absolve, in Heav'n acquits.

The Saint his Angel for *Phylthreno* sent,
And spake with Tears of Joy to this Intent,
Hymnotheo weeps, hymns, loves, the happy News
O're Church and Valley instantly diffuse;
Both Worlds in Joy shall at one Instant joyn,
My Hands upon his Head shall be the Sign;
The Saint, *Phylacter* then bespeaks, Go share
In those high Joys they now in Heav'n prepare;
I'll with your Charge and mine here watchful stay,
I'll under Heav'n sole Guardian be to Day;
I'll for *Hymnotheo* give God Praises due,
I'll strive to sing and joy as much as you.

To Church then *Sylvian* with *Hymnotheo* went,
His Charge to all the Faithful to present;
The Mourners wont his Soul to co-bewail,
Prepare for Joy o're all the pensive Vale;
The aged Saint ascends the Pastoral Throne,
The Youth renews his penitential Moan;
The Penitentiaries stood all around,
And ev'ry Rank of Mourners kept their Ground;
Hymnotheo weeping, stood in open View,
Tears from all Eyes that tender Object drew;
Behold this Wretch, he cry'd, Co-Mourners all,
With supplemental Tears lament my Fall;
I to God's Glory, and my open Shame,
All my past Scandals publickly proclaim;

Of God, the World, of holy Church, and you,
I now for Pardon and Indulgence sue;
Soon as 'tis in my Pow'r, for Wrongs I vow,
An ample Satisfaction to allow;
On *JESUS* boundless Mercy I rely,
Who that I might not perish, deign'd to die;
For his dear Sake to pity me incline, (mine;
Kind Priests, kind Faithful, add your Pray'rs to
Kind Father, *JESUS* chief Vice-gerent here,
All my past Guilt by Absolution clear:))
All on their Knees contribute Pray'rs devout,
And Tears rain down the Temple all about,
While gracious *Salvian*'s Eye-lids overflow,
And drop upon the Penitent below;
Imposing then his Hands upon his Head,
He with loud Voice the Absolution read;
Soon as the Words came melting from his Tongue,
All the whole Valley *Hallelujah* sung;
Hymnotheo's happy Change made all rejoice,
Throughout the Vale was heard no mournful Voice;
The Penitents, who in the Porch had wept,
From Tears that Day entire Vacation kept;
Lov'd *JESUS*, who had found the Sheep which
In brightest Beams Complacency betray'd; (stray'd,
The blessed Spirit, by *Hymnotheo* griev'd,
Joy infinite at his Return conceiv'd;
The Father in his Mercy took Delight,
The Angels, who, by Beatifick Sight
Beheld new Joy in God, new Joy began,
Through all their Orders Jubilations ran:

To

To aid *Hymnotheo*, all who were employ'd,
Above the reſt at his Repentance joy'd;
While Saints below invited were to meet,
For his glad Change, *Te Deum* to repeat:
While for *Hymnotheo* both the Worlds were glad,
The Penitent himſelf could not be ſad;
O no, but largeſt Words too bounded are;
A pardon'd Sinner's Rapture to declare;
His Soul came ruſhing out at ev'ry vent
In Tears, Love, Joy, Praiſe, ſelf-oblation ſpent.
Hymnotheo then was to the Altar led,
Where on Immortal Food his Spirit fed;
The Faithful in a Hymn his Welcome ſpake,
Courted him in their Joys his Share to take;
Gave him the Kiſs of Peace, his Hair-Cloth tore,
And a white Robe he from that Moment wore:
Phylaſter flown to Heav'n, foreſaw full well
This joyful Change, and in the thoughtful Cell,
While the Youth made his penitential Moan,
Had taught the Dove to ſing in pleaſing Tone;
Reſolving when the happy Hour was come,
His very Dove ſhould not continue dumb:
And being come, the Turtle chang'd her Voice,
Though born to mourn, yet now ſhe could rejoice;
And as the Angel taught her all Day long,
Nothing but *Hallelujah* was her Song.

BOOK V.

Hylaster, who his Course to Heav'n had steer'd,
Thus told his Story, when he re-appear'd.

I overtook, in my ascent this Day,
Flights of *Smyrnean* Guard'ans on the Way;
Bright *Smyrnaphyl* with one Consent they chose,
Who should the Anthem for that Day compose;
I *Smyrna*'s Saints and Angels saw contend,
All Heav'n besides in Hymning to transcend;
Triunal God had Robes benignly bright,
The Bless'd felt super-effluent Delight:
O I in Bliss eternally had stay'd,
But that God me *Hymnotheo*'s Guardian made:
Hymnotheo then return'd to his Retreat,
Full of devout, and Heav'n-enkindled Heat;
On *Calvary* his Love at first was rais'd,
Now it arose to a bright Flame, and blaz'd;
His Harp he took, his Rapture was too strong
To be express'd in any thing but Song.

Bid the sick Wretch, who groans in dying Pains;
Bid the starv'd bastinaded Slave in Chains;
Bid Sailers frighted by Shipwrecking Wind;
Bid Malefactors to the Rope consign'd;

Say

Say if they can, what Joys their Souls conceive,
At a Recovery, Ranſom, calm Reprieve;
Bid the triumphant Conqueror, who boaſts
Of vanquiſhing fierce numerous mighty Hoſts,
Say if he can, as he the Fight relates,
What are the Joys which Victory creates;
Joy penitential far tranſcends them all,
Short of my Joy they infinitely Fall;
Souls greater Pains, a greater Slavery bear,
A fiercer Storm, a Judgment more ſevere:
They fight with a more formidable Foe,
They Griefs, they Dangers greater undergo;
And greater Joys at Abſolution feel,
Too great for pardon'd Sinners to reveal.
Lend me your Tongues, bright Angels, that I may
A pardon'd Sinner's Extaſy diſplay;
But ev'n your Tongues the Subject cannot reach,
You never ſick, Recov'ry cannot teach;
I want a nobler Tongue, Thought more refin'd,
To vent the Exultations of my Mind.
Bleſs'd Spirit, who in cloven Tongues of Fire,
Into the Saints didſt heav'nly Heights inſpire;
One of thoſe Fiery Tongues to me impart,
To ſing the Bliſs of a regenerate Heart;
You Angels joy, when we our Sins confeſs,
We from Experience joy, but you from gueſs;
We joy below, as well as you on high,
In Region, not in Truth, you us outvye;
I joy in God's dear Pardon, Love, and Care,
In his propitious Anſwer to my Pray'r;

I joy in God's Almighty gracious Aid,
That my few Tears ſhall be with Heav'n repaid;
I joy that for my Sins God-Man would bleed,
Arch-Angels if you can, that Joy exceed;
The Wings of the eternal Dove outſpread,
Brood heav'nly Conſolations on my Head;
Under his Wings I feel tranſporting Reſt,
No Angels more agreeably are bleſs'd.

Hymnotheo from that Moment to his Lyre
Sang *JESUS*, who poſſeſs'd his Heart entire;
He Man of Sorrows, when his Sin bewail'd,
Like *JESUS*, when he to the Croſs was nail'd;
Man of Deſires, like the lov'd *Daniel* grew,
When *JESUS*'s Love he by Experience knew;
Much he both wept and lov'd, 'till *JESUS* heard,
And with a pardoning Ray his Spirit cheer'd;
From thence he in devotional Retreats,
Began of *JESUS* Love to taſt the Sweets;
Each Taſt put his Deſire upon the Wing,
He long'd to fly to the eternal Spring;
He in his Heart engrav'd, kept *JESUS*' Name,
To copy *JESUS*, was his Sovereign Aim;
He Pleaſure took ſweet *JESUS* to repeat,
To ſpend on *JESUS* his Poetick Heat;
To imitate the Hymns of Saints in Light,
And his Deſires to *JESUS* thus took flight.

JESU, in Hymning thy ſalvifick Love,
Their whole Duration Saints employ above;
New Hymns they to Eternity endite,
Sing of thy Love, the Length, Breadth, Depth and Height;

Their

Their Fervours by each Hymn grow more intenſe,
But Length, Breadth, Depth, and Height are all
(immenſe;
And Saints to *JESUS* Love who firmly cleave,
Love it the more, the leſs they it conceive;
As Saints ſing *JESUS* in the heav'nly Sphere,
May I inceſſant ſing my *JESUS* here;
JESU aſſiſt my Songs, that like the Bleſs'd,
From hymning thee I may no Minute reſt;
JESU, Love makes me bold, 'tis my Deſire,
All faithful Souls with thy dear Love to fire;
Thou loving firſt, doſt Souls to Love incline,
Of our Love fir'd, the Glory all is thine.
Love afreſh fir'd he feels as thus he ſings,
And vents his Inſpiration to his Strings:

I oft recal the Moments dear,
Enjoy'd in Penitential Tear,
A Beam of Pardon through me ſhin'd,
Diffuſing Sweetneſs o're my Mind;
Upon my Knees, while that I felt,
I could eternally have dwelt.

If Tears can ſuch a Joy create,
Who can the Joy ſupernal rate;
When boundleſs beatifick Ray,
With Kiſs of Peace wipes Tears away,
When Love at full Ecſtatick Height,
Shall in the Love Triune delight.

My

My God, what is this Vale of Woes,
Thy heav'nly Favour me o'reflows;
I feel a pleas'd Amazement rise
At the enamouring Surprise;
Ah what am I, great God should be
Thus wondrously benign to me?

God is of Love the Object due,
What Good in me can Godhead view?
But I by glad Experience find,
Since JESUS died to save Mankind,
His Love a Sinner's Love prevents,
To melt his Heart till it relents.

Lord, since by Taſt I underſtood,
That thou art my connat'ral Good;
That thou didſt form unbounded Will,
On Purpoſe for thy ſelf to fill;
With Shame and Anguiſh I deplore,
I ſhould forbear to love before.

O I muſt ever hymn thy Name,
That thou at laſt doſt me inflame;
Thou down the ſenſual Dam doſt throw,
Which made me ſtagnate here below,
And Love when unobſtructed grown,
Guſh'd in full Stream on thee alone.

My

My God, to what endearing Ways
Doſt thou deſcend my Love to raiſe,
The Wings of the All-gracious Dove
Shed ſoft, ſweet, penitential Love;
Thought humble and devout traject,
And make me on my ſelf reflect.

Lord, when the Bleſſings of both Lives,
To recollect my Spirit ſtrives;
Their Number and their Greatneſs ſwell,
To Heights which lowly Verſe excel;
Yet viewing my vile ſelf, I more
Thy Goodneſs undeſerv'd adore.

But when dear JESUS Love I weigh,
Great God aſſuming mortal Clay,
For Sinners on the Croſs to die,
To gain for them the Joys on high;
I call for Aid the heav'nly Quire,
Who the Lamb ſlain in Hymns admire.

Lord, ſince my Pow'rs to thee re-ſtream,
And nothing but thy Love eſteem;
Let thy Attractives ſtill increaſe,
Thy ſweet Diffuſives never ceaſe;
Till I become entirely thine,
And nothing may our Loves diſjoyn.

My

My Soul, when Joys of Love I feel,
Is ſeiz'd with a ſelf-jealous Zeal;
Leſt while I live from Heav'n exil'd,
I by the World ſhould be defil'd;
But I on Love immenſe depend,
My Love from Rivals to defend.

Drawn from my ſelf in thee I'll live,
Thou, Lord, thy ſelf to me wilt give;
O I of *JESUS* Love poſſeſs'd,
Shall keep him templing in my Breaſt;
With Love and Meditation ſweet,
I'll daily my lov'd *JESUS* treat.

My ghoſtly, my tranſported Sight,
Shall view his Love in ev'ry Light;
And of my *JESUS* ev'ry Glance
Shall in a Hymn my Love entrance;
And ev'ry Hymn ſhall make me more
His Lover than I was before.

In Languor I ſhall ſpend my Days,
Lord, in thy Abſence or Delays;
Embrace each Pledge thy Loves impart,
With pliant, ſoft, and humble Heart;
And ſince thy Love I ne're can drein,
In Liquefaction ſtill remain.

Thou

Thou in ſelf-love hadſt full Delight,
E're forth thy Love ſhed gracious Might,
And what thou art, we ſhould adore,
Might we no Grace from thee implore;
Love only can, when it outflows,
To Love reciprocal diſpoſe.

Let Myſticks then to Love aſpire,
Which of Reward has no Deſire;
Bleſs'd *JESUS* fix'd on Joys his Eyes,
Which made him Shame and Croſs deſpiſe;
And we at promis'd Joys ſhould aim,
Which God would have his Lovers claim.

Thy ſelf, O amiable Lord,
Thou haſt propos'd for our Reward;
And thy Benignities ſo clear,
So beatifical appear,
That 'tis impoſſible to love,
And not deſire thy Sight above.

I thirſt for thee while here I ſtay,
Thou only canſt my Thirſt allay;
'Tis Indigence that Thirſt excites,
Yet in that Thirſt my Love delights;
In ſweet Efforts my Love I ſpend
To God belov'd, while I propend.

Lord,

Lord, while in View thy Love I keep,
The Fruits of Love I daily reap;
Heart-easing Tears where're I ſhide,
Some Lovelineſs, undeſcry'd;
Or Zeal all frozen Hearts to fire,
Till they to love thee ſhall conſpire.

Some freſh inflammatory Beam
Of Bliſs celeſtial, a bright Gleam;
Grief with freſh Conſolations cheer'd,
Hope nearer tow'rds Aſſurance rear'd;
Of God belov'd, more Likeneſs gain'd,
Or Frailty with freſh Aids ſuſtain'd.

To Pray'r ſome gracious Anſwers ſent,
Some Meditations more intent;
Or ſudden Fervency devout,
Or heav'nly Guidance when in doubt;
Or freſh Averſions to falſe Joy,
Or ſome new Hymns which Love employ.

The nobleſt Part is ſtill behind,
JESU like thee with Will reſign'd;
A Martyr for pure Love to die,
Tranſcending Pain and Infamy;
'Tis, Lord, thy due, and at thy Call,
To Love, a Sacrifice I'll fall.

Be boundless Love Triune ador'd,
Who on his faithful Lovers pour'd,
All Blessings with a plenteous Hand,
Of which in any need they stand;
I but for one, Lord, humbly plead,
O give me all the Love I need.

Blest *John*, who still at *Ephesus* abode,
By Angels flying that aerial Road,
Had to his Soul Intelligence convey'd
Of his *Hymnotheo*'s Change, for which he pray'd;
And in the Vale his longer Stay design'd,
That he consummately might be refin'd;
While God, who with his Lovers Pray'rs comply'd,
Mov'd faithful Souls, whom he benignly ey'd,
In Song to mix Instruction with Delight,
And heav'nly Graces in his Soul excite;
Thus mov'd by God, they on *Hymnotheo* wait,
His heav'nly Favours to congratulate:
Hymnotheo of his Song scarce made an End,
When tow'rds his Cell he saw the Faithful tend;
His Harp he then re-hung in its due Place,
Saluting ev'ry Saint with humble Grace;
Each to him gave the charitable Kiss,
With glad Ejaculations for his Bliss;
All court him to take down his Harp again,
With Airs *Davidick* them to entertain:
Out then the Faithful with *Hymnotheo* went,
To Shades, which 'twas their Custom to frequent;

All

B: V.

All ſitting down a Song of him deſir'd,
In Imitation of the King inſpir'd,
Who was to Saints the Bleſſings wont to ſing,
Which he deriv'd from the eternal Spring.
The Youth, to move them with his Heart to joyn,
In co-harmonious Praiſe of Love divine,
And that his Chords might with his Song agree,
Thus ſang in *David*'s Euchariſtick Key.

The Moments on my Knees my Spirit ſpends,
My Angel me with faithful Care attends;
He wards the Strokes of my Infernal Foe,
Who impious Thoughts into my Mind would throw;
Into my Heart Devotion he trajects,
My Meditation he tow'rds God directs;
He, while to God my Supplications fly,
Stands as a kind Supporter ſilent by:
But when I God's unbounded Goodneſs praiſe,
He takes his Harp, and to my Anthem plays:
Bright Friend, ſaid I, what makes you more incline,
With my Thankſgivings, then my Pray'rs to joyn;
With that he up his Harp celeſtial caught,
And thus of Pray'r and Praiſe the Diff'rence taught.

Pray'r in the State of War obtains Recruits,
Praiſe with the State of Saints triumphant ſuites:
Pray'r from the Fall originally came,
When Sinners to God's Bleſſing loſt their Claim;
Pray'r with pure Reaſon coetaneous roſe,
The native Thoughts of God to Hymn diſpoſe:
Beneficence and Glory unconfin'd,
To ſacred Rapture elevate the Mind:

Proſe

Proſe much too low for Mind exalted ſeem'd,
And Verſe from Rapture naturally ſtream'd;
Pray'rs abſent from celeſtial Bliſs ſuppoſe,
Angelick Praiſe from ſweet Fruition flows;
Pray'rs are to Pilgrims proper, and expire
In Heav'n, where Saints have nothing to deſire;
Praiſe ſhall in Saints and Angels never ceaſe,
But with freſh Zeal eternally increaſe;
Pray'r often waits, and meets with juſt Delay,
God many Times denies Men when they pray;
Praiſe takes to Heav'n an inſtantaneous Flight,
In Hymns eternally God takes Delight;
Pray'rs, Tinctures of ſelf-love too oft retain,
When Men Peculiars for themſelves would gain;
Praiſe with an irreflex and ſteddy View
Strives only to give God his Glory due;
Pray'r moves within the Limits of Man's Needs,
And ne're their ſhort Capacities exceeds;
Praiſe Compaſs and Reſtriction all Diſdains,
God Pray'r confines, but never Praiſe reſtrains;
Pray'r with Uncertainties may Souls amuſe,
In Ignorance, or what, or when to chooſe;
Praiſe moves with full Aſſurance, not by Gueſs,
Regards not what they want, but what poſſeſs;
Pray'r often errs; Praiſe is that Grace alone,
Which true Infallibility may own;
In Praiſe Men cannot from their Duty ſtray, (pay;
When they juſt Thanks for God's vouchſafements
Pray'r is the Language of afflicted Hearts,
Which may remove or eaſe internal Smarts;

Praiſe is the joyful Language of the Bleſs'd,
And Antedates below ſupernal Reſt;
Pray'rs to the Votary, and the Throne divine,
Their Portions like Peace-offerings aſſign;
Praiſe like the Holocauſt, the whole devotes,
God's Glory with pure Aim entire promotes;
Pray'r was the Style of the Moſaick Law,
Which ſtrove Meſſias from high Heav'n to draw;
Praiſe is the Style of Evangelick Days,
When great God-man Meridian Beams diſplays;
Pray'r-Penitents with humble Senſe begin,
Reviving the ſad Memory of Sin;
Praiſe God's Benignity with Joy reminds,
No ſad Reflection there Admittance finds;
Pray'r, of God's Anger may the Cloud diſperſe,
And Pardon gain by penitential Verſe;
Praiſe, when God's Favour on the Sinner ſtreams,
Returns to God his own reflected Beams;
Pray'r its Perfection from high Praiſe aſſumes,
This to the Incenſe gives it odorous Fumes;
Pray'r is like *Babel*, where audacious Pride
Mov'd God the one firſt Language to divide;
Men when for Bleſſings they great God beſeech,
Differ as much in Pray'r, as in their Speech;
All ſtrive what they moſt covet to obtain,
One prays for that which is another's Bane;
Praiſe has one unconfin'd and common Tongue,
Which by the whole created Race is ſung;
Saints here on Earth with the Celeſtial Quire,
In the ſame *Hallelujah*'s ſtill conſpire;

Pray'r

Pray'r looks on God's Perfections in half light,
His Power, Truth, Goodneſs chiefly keeps in Sight;
Praiſe ſtrives to all the Godhead to extend,
Incomprehenſible to comprehend;
In an immenſe Horizon God ſurveys,
To Godhead to proportionate its lays,
And ſtill the more of God it can deſcry,
In loftier Numbers hymns the Deity.

When you have Praiſes ſung with utmoſt Might,
You to great God can ſuperadd no Height;
God's Glory is full boundleſs and the ſame,
Praiſe is the natural Tribute to his Name;
And ev'ry Saint as he his Tribute pays,
God's Likeneſs copies, which he ſtrives to praiſe;
We Angels, like you Mortals here below,
To hymn great God our ſelves too ſcanty know;
Though in choice Chords, rais'd Voice, full Quire
We infinitely fail in Praiſe divine; (we joyn,
Each Time we fail, to nobler Heights we climb,
Our Failings make our Praiſes more ſublime;
Fix'd Meditation, and a grateful Senſe,
An ard'rous Love, and Joy in Love immenſe,
High Emulation of Angelick Heat,
And heav'nly Zeal, muſt in your Praiſes meet;
When you this ſing, I ſhall my Harp prepare,
And to your Hymn ſute a celeſtial Air.

My Guardian ceaſing, ſet me all on Fire,
Fir'd I thus ſung, and he reſum'd his Lyre:

If God's high Praiſe excels all Seraphs Might,
Who raviſh'd with the Beatifick Sight,

Their dazzled Eyes within their Wings enfold,
Unable boundleſs Glory to behold;
With radiant Bluſh, that they can ſing no Air,
Which can to God the leaſt Proportion bear;
How ſhall weak Man, of a terreſtrial Frame,
Debas'd by Sin, at that high Duty aim?
Yet aim I muſt, 'tis God's due, 'tis God's Will,
He his own Praiſe ſhall into me inſtil;
He the Propenſion values as the Deed,
When full Performances our Strength exceed:
I'll Praiſes chant, then ſilently admire,
Then to new Heights at ev'ry Pauſe aſpire;
My Soul ſhall range with an unbounded Wing,
To view the Bleſſings which my Verſe ſhall ſing.
God's providential Care Petitions heard,
Affliction by paternal Love endear'd;
Wealth, Honour, and Proſperity refus'd,
Which God foreſees to Ill would be abus'd;
His Works, his Attributes, his Nature mild,
By Blood of God incarnate reconcil'd;
His Judgments, which aſſert his glorious Name,
Chaſtiſe ungrateful, ſinful Souls reclaim;
His Bleſſings ſuitable, preventing, great,
Which his ſoft Bowels ev'ry Day repeat,
Beyond Expreſſion, Number, Bound, or Thought,
All in the moſt obliging Manner wrought;
And wrought for Sinners, of all Creatures worſt,
Who with fall'n Angels merit to be curs'd;
God's native Lovelineſs, which Saints adore,
God's influential Love, which Saints implore,

His

His Benedictions heap'd on all Mankind,
In Heav'n a Confluence endleſs unconfin'd;
The conſtant Themes are of a grateful Heart,
In which with Saints good Angels bear a Part.

Lord, when thy Bleſſings, which all Vot'rys ſhare,
With my peculiar Bleſſings I compare,
I ſtand amaz'd at their unbounded Store,
I ſilently thy lib'ral Love adore;
But Love can ne're continue ſilent long,
And beſt can tell its Story in a Song.

E're ſince I hung upon my Mother's Breaſt,
Thy Love, my God, has me ſuſtain'd and bleſs'd;
My virtuous Parents, tender of their Child,
My Education pious, careful, mild;
My Teachers zealous to well form my Mind;
My faithful Friends and Benefactors kind;
My creditable Station and good Name,
My Life preſerv'd from Scandal and from Shame;
My Underſtanding, Memory, and Health,
Relations dear, and Competence of Wealth;
All the Vouchſafements thou to me haſt ſhewn,
All Bleſſings, all Deliv'rances unknown;
To hymn thy Love my Verſe for ever bind,
And yet thy greateſt Love is ſtill behind.

Ah, who could think God's Laws could be tranſ-(greſs'd
By one with ſuch a Heap of Favours bleſs'd;
But, woe is me, by my tremendous Fall,
I deſecrated, I renounc'd them all;

B: V.

'Twas by my Will, which in Reſiſtance fail'd,
More than by Satan's Strength, that Sin prevail'd;
But purest God pitied me when demn'd,
Juſt God provok'd, ſued to be reconcil'd;
For JESUS Sake God lov'd me to Excels,
Ah, I want Pow'rs his Goodneſs to expreſs:
Deſcend bright Angels, and the Hymn repeat,
Sung at my Change before the Mercy-Seat;
Sing Love immenſe, retrieving my loſt State,
And loving me, while I provok'd his Hate;
How to Repentance me God's Goodneſs led,
When of his Vengeance I had loſt the Dread;
When I had his bright Image quite eras'd,
And acted bold Impiety barefac'd;
Sing how God gave me Tears, and when I wept,
Would what he gave, as if my own, accept;
Sing all the Joys of God's forgiving Ray,
When JESUS brought Home his rebellious Stray;
Your Hymn will the Defects ſupply of mine,
I'll learn to imitate your Style divine.

To ſing due Praiſe to God is Seraphs Care,
In that Heav'n only will admit Deſpair,
Divine Deſpair, which on the Bleſs'd attends,
To praiſe God fully, who all Praiſe tranſcends;
God then obtains the Height of our Eſteem,
When we deſpair to reach our boundleſs Theme;
Since to praiſe God my Pow'rs are too contin'd,
Bleſs'd Saints and Angels, and each diff'rent kind
Of Creatures, which God's Providence ſuſtains,
Help to invigorate my feeble Strains;

Israel's sweet Singer on his Hymn would play,
And Praises sing to God seven Times a Day;
At Midnight he to Psalmody arose,
Wont daily Hymns harmonious to compose;
O all my Pow'rs, like him, your Force excite,
And in God's Praise with ardent Zeal unite;
All Opportunities of that high Grace,
Solemn or casual, joyfully embrace;
Live to God's Praise habitually dispos'd,
With Hymn let each Day be begun and clos'd;
When my Soul, wing'd for Heav'n, from Earth shall part,
Singing a Hymn, O may I take my Start.

Hymn ended, all sang one by one,
The Train thus by *Fidelio* was begun:
By heav'nly Guidance, as I since perceive,
That I, God's Truth more firmly might believe,
I to the Cell of an old Hermit went,
Who all his Days in warm Devotion spent;
Whose Faith had of the World full Conquest made,
And soon as due Respects I to him paid,
He in his Chappel, where we God ador'd,
Shew'd me the Treasure which he there had stor'd;
The Place was solemn, the adorning there,
A Bible, Parchment Roll, and Book of Pray'r;
Open he laid the precious Parchment roll'd,
Like that which bless'd *Ezekiel* saw of old;
It was the Dyptycks, which the Names contain'd
Of Saints, who Bliss e're *JESUS*' Coming gain'd;
In Order thus presented to my Eyes,
Abel by Faith brought grateful Sacrifice:

Enoch by Faith liv'd in God's filial Fear,
And was tranſlated to the happy Sphere;
Noah loud Warning from kind Heav'n receiv'd,
Sav'd in the Ark, becauſe he God believ'd;
By Faith good *Abram*, Friend of God was ſtyl'd,
Devoting to his Friend his only Child;
By a firm Faith *Iſaac* on God repos'd,
And *Jacob* his long Life devoutly clos'd;
Great *Joſeph* in God's Promiſe put his Truſt,
And order'd the tranſporting of his Duſt;
Meek *Moſes Pharaoh*'s Court by Faith abjur'd,
And for God's Sake Reproach and Toil endur'd;
Iſrael by Faith through Waves a Paſſage found,
Where *Pharaoh* and the Infidels were drown'd;
By Faith proud *Jericho*'s high Turrets fell,
And ſank their curs'd Inhabitants to Hell;
Rahab by Faith the Faithful entertain'd,
And in her Cities Ruines ſafe remain'd;
Brave *Gideon*, *Barak*, *Samſon*, *Jephthah*, all
By Faith made *Iſrael*'s Foes before them fall;
By Faith bleſs'd *Samuel* made from God no Start,
Faith modell'd *David* after God's own Heart;
To glorious Heights by Faith the Prophets flew,
And JESUS in their Extaſies foreknew;
Saints by their Faith Kings to Subjection brought,
By Faith they wonderful Converſions wrought,
Gain'd Promiſes divine, fierce Lions quell'd,
Quench'd raging Fires, and murd'rous Force repell'd;
Grew ſtrong in Weakneſs, terrible in Fight,
With handfuls mighty Armies put to Flight;

By

By Faith the Dead were rais'd to Life again,
And living Saints could num'rous Deaths ſuſtain;
By Faith they mock'd, ſcourg'd, chain'd, endungeon'd (lay,
Were ſton'd, ſaw'd, tempted, to the Sword a Prey;
Wandred in Skins, poor, griev'd, tormented Slaves,
Driven to Deſerts, Mountains, Dens, and Caves;
Saints, whom the World unworthy was to bear,
Of Woes had ſo calamitous a Share;
Of God's Truth, Wiſdom, Goodneſs, Pow'r ſupream,
All had a full Perſwaſion and Eſteem.

The Faith of theſe devoutly Saints admire,
Poſſeſs'd of *JESUS* only in Deſire;
Prophetick Clouds he then for Cov'ring choſe,
On them the Sun of Righteouſneſs ne're roſe:
Bleſs'd *JESUS'* Martyrs had much clearer Light,
More glorious Promiſes, more heav'nly Might;
If Faith of old ſuch Altitudes could climb,
Chriſtians ſhould reach Aſcents much more ſublime.
Attentively each Syllable I weigh'd,
And taking Leave, Thanks for my Treatment paid;
To a firm Faith I by Degrees aſpir'd,
And Faith in *JESUS* all my Paſſions fir'd;
My Faith enflam'd, on *JESUS* Love rely'd,
And all the Pow'rs of Earth and Hell defy'd.

My God, moſt true, moſt good, I thee believe,
Truth cannot, Goodneſs will not me deceive;
Goodneſs and Truth in thee are ſweetly join'd,
To fix, and to enflame an humble Mind;
Though here I cannot ſee thee Eye to Eye,
Yet I by Faith ſome Gleams of thee deſcry; Which

Which, though they are at Diſtance and obſcure,
They, as infallibly my Faith aſſure,
As if already I that Bliſs poſſeſs'd,
With which the Saints are in their Manſions bleſs'd;
Fulfil'd Predictions, Miracles divine,
The God-like Rays which in thy Precepts ſhine,
The Virtues of thy Saints, thy ſacred Writ,
The full Traditions which thy Truths tranſmit;
Above all theſe, pure Love, which God inclin'd,
To union with our Fleſh, to ſave Mankind:
The Blood of God for vileſt Sinners ſhed,
His glorious Reſurrection from the Dead,
And his Aſcenſion, ſuch Foundations make,
Which all the Pow'rs of Hell can never ſhake.

Lord, though thy Beams at Diſtance now appear,
Thy influential Love is always near;
I in thy Bleſſings trace thy heav'nly Light,
Still keep thy Preſence in my ghoſtly Sight;
Thou with thy Church, bleſs'd JESUS, doſt abide,
And in thy gracious Preſence I confide;
Thy Saints, by ſoft Recumbence on thee ſtaid,
The vanquiſh'd World beneath their Feet have laid;
Like them, I firmly on my God repoſe,
And live in Fear of no Infernal Foes;
From ſweet Experience I Adheſion learn,
And clearly thy Veracity diſcern:
I find, when I Experiments have made,
Thou art moſt true in all that thou haſt ſaid;
Thy Promiſes perform'd, Obedience bleſs'd,
Devotion with tranſporting Joys careſs'd;

Full

Elpidic

Full Satisfaction to all due Desire,
Afflictions which in ghostly Good conspire;
These raise Assent to most exalted Height,
Next that of Saints in beatinck Sight,
That should the World from God to Hell revolt,
And Christians yield to Tortures dire assault;
Experienc'd Saints would still on God rely,
Firm in his holy Faith would live and die.

Elpidio with a Heav'n-erected Look,
His Turn next, leaning on his Anchor, took.

In Imitation of my Lord one Day,
As I to solemn Shades withdrew to pray,
I at a Distance could a Youth descry,
Of a bright lovely Visage passing by;
Strait to my Guardian, I my self address'd,
See you that Youth in that resplendent Vest;
His Beauty's charming, lovely is his Mein,
On Earth I none so amiable have seen;
Sure 'tis a Saint sent from the heav'nly Sphere,
Some Soul below to visit, guide, or cheer.

It is an Angel, said my Guardian, I
His intimate Companion was on High;
Angel I cry'd! Did ever Angel bring
A Message from the Throne without a Wing?
He seems, reply'd my Guardian, to descend
On some new hallow'd Temple to attend,
Or in an Old, the Guardian to relieve,
Who his Quietus shall in Heav'n receive;
To that Attendance God has him confin'd,
And he has left his useless Wings behind.

O tell me, gracious Guardian, then ſaid I,
Without his Wings, how can an Angel fly?
The Angels glorious Spirits are, ſaid he,
Have unconceivable Agility;
Move Inſtantaneouſly from Space to Space,
Thought is not ſwift enough to keep their Pace;
But this good Angel came the common Way,
Frequented by God's Angels ev'ry Day:
Ah Sir! reply'd I, may a Mortal know
The Path in which the Angels come and go:
View well, ſaid he, the Ladder on that Green,
The ſame by *Jacob* once at *Bethel* ſeen;
In Height its rounds from Earth to Heaven extend,
There Angels mount to Heav'n, and there deſcend:
Tranſported at the Sight, I ſtraight rejoyn'd,
For Angels only is that Way deſign'd.
May not poor Mortals to aſcend it try?
Will God to humble Souls that Grace deny?
I'll juſtle no one Angel whom I meet,
But heav'nly Envoys with low Reverence treat.
Your Soul, ſaid he, ſhall reach the utmoſt Height
That e're permitted was to humane Sight;
Your Hope, when it expected Bliſs ſurveighs,
A God-enam'ring Confidence will raiſe;
I mounting then, at the firſt Round I trod,
And all the Way, met Angels hymning God;
An equal Pace my Guardian with me kept,
I on his Wings recumbing as I ſtep'd.
When I the utmoſt Altitude attain'd,
To which the Will Divine, my Riſe reſtrain'd,

I ſtood afflicted, that my feeble Eye
Unable was, to reach the Realm on High:
My Guardian, who his bright Perſpective brought
Within his Wing, by Art Angelick wrought,
By which he took Delight, while poſted here,
To view what paſs'd in the ſupernal Sphere,
Lent it to me, and thus aſſiſted, I
Could into the celeſtial Manſions pry;
And as the radiant Gates were open thrown,
For heav'nly Envoys from their Cares reflown,
The Joys, the Glories in eternal Day,
At Diſtance darted on ecſtatick Ray;
To Rapture I unſpeakably was rais'd,
O I eternally could there have gaz'd;
Does God, ſaid I, give me that boundleſs Scope,
That I may graſp theſe Treaſures in my Hope?
Graſp all, my Guardian ſaid, you may, you ought,
JESUS for you theſe Treaſures dearly bought;
The God of Truth hath promis'd all, nay more,
God to confirm that gracious Promiſe ſwore;
That Promiſe and that Oath God's Word reveal'd,
The Truth of both unchangeably is ſeal'd;
Faith thence takes Strength, Hope Firmneſs, and
Saints are aſſur'd of all they can deſire: (Love Fire,
Faith void of Love, in a thick Darkneſs gropes,
Divine Experience perfects Lovers Hopes;
Faith Bliſs deſcries, and Hope that Bliſs expects,
Hope towards deſir'd Fruition Faith erects;
Faith to all God has ſpoken yields Conſent,
Hope on God's Promiſe chiefly is intent;

Faith

Faith Truth reveal'd, Hope the Performance eyes,
The firmer Faith, your Hopes the higher rise;
Love both these Graces heightens and enflames,
And to eternal Bliss founds all your Claims.
This said, his bright Perspective he withdrew,
And down I came, my Rapture to review;
The Book of God I in my Arms embrac'd,
My Hope increas'd by my internal Taste;
Each Promise I with Heed compar'd and weigh'd,
And all my own, by Application made.

My gracious God, thy Bounty I adore,
Who hast enrich'd me with a wealthy Store;
No Monarch in the World, who ever reign'd,
Such Treasure had, which never can be drain'd;
Not *Solomon*, with all his Heaps of Gold,
And Silver which in Streets as Pebbles roll'd,
Could with that Wealth, unlimited, compare,
Which in thy glorious Promises I share;
No Pain, Fear, Want, Temptation, Danger, Grief,
E'er seiz'd me, but in them I found Relief;
My Weakness strengthned, and my Spirit cheer'd,
All Tortures gentle made, and Death endear'd:
Thou All-sufficient, to all humane Need
Hast Aids proportion'd for all States decreed.

In all the Storms of Life I have endur'd,
My Anchor still my crazie Bark secur'd:
Winds could not force it when they furious blew,
Short of the Rocks I still my Anchor threw:
No lofty Billows could my Bark confound,
My Cable held, my Anchor kept its Ground.

All

All the aerial Fiends my Wreck contriv'd,
But at the wish'd for Port I still arriv'd.
When humane Might of its Intentions fail'd,
By Confidence in God I still prevail'd;
And ever shall in God, I firmly trust,
Omnipotent, and to his Promise just:
Though neither Vine or Fig one Blossom shew;
Though Fields should have no Grain to reap or mow;
Though Olives fail, from Heav'n no Moisture falls,
No Flocks should be in Fields, no Herds in Stalls,
And Nature's Course should to Despair decline,
I'll still rely on Love and Truth divine:
Though I for God am murder'd all Day long,
Trials will make my Confidence more strong:
Each Death-Pang will have fresh Supports adjoin'd,
And for fresh Deaths invigorate my Mind;
And should I on the Rack breath out my last,
Repos'd on God, I'll hold my Anchor fast;
Fast, till in Heaven above, the Reach of Woe,
My Anchor I'll bequeath to Saints below.
Agapio, who all Hearts to him endears,
To Chords *Hymnotheo* tunes thus gains their Ears.
As to my Oratory I withdrew,
I had one Day an Angel in my View;
It was my Guardian, I perceiv'd, his Hand
Held a resplendent golden measuring Wand,
Like that *John* saw the heavenly Artist bear,
Who took the Measures of bless'd *Salem*'s Square:
His shining Reed on me he came to lay,
And took my just Proportion ev'ry Way.

Then

Then he to me the golden Wand reſign'd,
By that to meaſure Love to all Mankind.
I took the Reed, and ev'ry Meaſure try'd,
And to my Neighbour ev'ry Length apply'd.
I meaſur'd all I ſhould from others claim,
For Body, Soul, Poſſeſſions, or good Name:
The Alms I ſhould in Deſtitution crave;
What Conſolations I in Grief would have;
What Frailties would conceal from others Eyes;
What Warnings towards Danger or Surprize;
What Vindications cauſeleſly revil'd;
What Condeſcenſions to be reconcil'd;
What candid Judgments; what a tender Fame;
With my Averſions to Reproach and Shame;
How Peeviſhneſs, Ingratitude, and Spight,
Vexatious Suits, Invaſions of juſt Right;
How I a Neighbour's Temper ſhould reſent;
On Envy, Wrath, Revenge, Hate, Cenſure bent:
Theſe I in others, and my ſelf ſurveigh'd,
And unto both a like Allowance made:
To love my Neighbour as my ſelf enjoyn'd,
I what ſeem'd beſt to me, to both aſſign'd;
My Injuries, I in cool Thought revolv'd,
And to retaliate Good for Ill reſolv'd;
The nearer others ſhould to me relate,
More tenderly I ſhould their Welfare rate;
The more God's Likeneſs pious Souls retain'd,
The more from me they Veneration gain'd:
God's Love to humane Race is unconfin'd,
I ſhould, like God, to all Degrees be kind.

My

My Oratory then I left, and made
A Viſit to a Saint, who wanted Aid,
By the hard World unpitied and deſpis'd,
But highly in God's Eſtimation priz'd;
By Eyes of Faith I a bright Angel ſaw,
Sit watchful on his looſe and humble Straw;
His troubled Spirit ſweetly was compos'd,
His weary Eye-lids with ſweet Slumber clos'd;
And ſeeing the afflicted Saint at reſt,
I to the Angel bowing, thus addreſs'd:
Are you, Sir, Guardian of this heav'n-born Soul,
With whom you thus endearingly condole?
See, ſaid the Angel, that's his Guardian there,
And God ſends me to aid his Angel's Care;
I on bleſs'd *Lazarus* was wont to wait,
Who unregarded lay at *Dives*) Gate;
It pleas'd ſweet *JESUS* hither me to ſend,
With Charge I ſhould his Soul to Heav'n attend;
JESUS, who gives to pooreſt Saints Supplies,
Whoſe Bowels with their Sorrows ſympathize,
We Angels kept more Diſtance with Mankind,
And with but few in Guardian Friendſhip joyn'd,
Till we the Charity of *JESUS* ey'd,
For Sinners how he liv'd, and how he dy'd;
From him that God-like Grace we Angels learn'd,
Our Spirits ever ſince on Men have yearn'd;
Bleſs'd Charity, which the Angelick Quire
Deſpair to reach, but ceaſe not to admire:
O gracious Sir, ſaid I, moſt happy you,
Who Love from Love's unbounded Fountain drew;

The beſt of Maſters beſt of Scholars taught
The beſt of Leſſons to their heedful Thought.
But here the poor ſick Man grew broad awake,
And of God's Love with wondrous Vigour ſpake;
Some Viſion, or ſome Dream, I ſoon perceiv'd
His Spirit had exalted and reliev'd:
Brother, ſaid I, did God no Grace diſpence
During this ſhort Vacation of your Sense?
God will his Glory loſe, if you conceal
The ſweet inſtructive Comforts which you feel:
The Angels ſeconding my warm Requeſt,
He humbly yielding, thus his Dream expreſt:
Kind Sir, may gracious God your Love repay
A hundred-fold at the accounting Day!
Your Charity ſoft Pity on me takes,
When all the World this wretched Worm forſakes;
Forſakes! ah more, long have I liv'd diſtreſs'd,
Revil'd, robb'd, mock'd, ſcorn'd, hated, and oppreſs'd;
There ſeem'd a Conjuration in Mankind,
For Spite and Injury with Hell combin'd;
To Outrages I no Occaſion gave,
From God's dear Love learn'd all Revenge to wave;
In view my *JESUS* on the Croſs I kept,
Forgave them all, pray'd for them all, and wept:
Juſt now I Tears for their Offences ſhed,
When grateful Slumber eas'd my aking Head:
Methought from Earth I took a vig'rous Start,
The Heav'ns, to give me Paſſage, flew apart;
I ſeem'd abſorp'd by God's enam'ring Ray,
That God is Love, is all that I can ſay;

From

From God's dear Love I the Idea take,
To love all others for his lovely Sake;
All humane Race his lovely Image bear,
And should our Love in due Proportions share;
His Providence is to his Rebels kind;
Our Foes from us should like Indulgence find;
God's firſt Command his own dear Love deſigns,
Next his own Love, he Charity enjoins;
That lovely Grace God-man was pleas'd to own,
The Badge by which his Vot'rys ſhould be known.
This ſaid, the Saint his Body ſinking found,
While his Soul ſeem'd impatient to be crown'd;
Forgive me, Lord, he cry'd, as I forgive;
And in that Inſtant meekly ceas'd to live;
His Air was ſweet, his Countenance was bright,
His Soul to Bliſs took inſtantaneous Flight;
I ſaw the Angels on each Hand attend;
Adieu, ſaid I, dear, humble, glorious Friend;
All Praiſe to God, who Souls debas'd to Duſt,
Exalts to the bright Manſions of the Juſt.
Hymnotheo with Delight *Agapio* heard,
The Grace which next God's Love his Soul endear'd
Was Charity, and he could not forbear
To ſing the ſame ſweet Grace to the ſame Air:
My Guardian me, like *Philip*, once up caught,
And to the ſame Celeſtial Standing brought,
Whence the Apoſtle took a Proſpect fair,
Three Graces to contemplate and compare;
The ſame three lovely Graces I ſurvey'd,
Saw Faith and Hope by Charity outweigh'd;

With their Perfections I fill'd up the Scale,
Yet Charity would over all prevail.
Could I each Language ſpeak at *Babel* ſpread,
Or lodge an Angel's Tongue within my Head,
And by that Tongue had eloquential Might,
The Paſſions to controul, ſerene, excite;
Yet us'd that Tongue more to advance my Pride,
Then teach the Ideot, or erroneous Guide;
A tinkling Cymbal, or rude ſounding Braſs,
The uſeleſs Noiſe I made would far ſurpaſs;
Were I a Prophet, could through Myſt'ries dive,
Or at the Height of Intellect arrive;
Had I a Faith which Mountains could tranſplant,
I nothing am if Charity I want;
Though all my Goods I give the Poor to feed,
Though I my Body to the Flames decreed,
God can no outward pompous Actions prize,
Which from a Heart uncharitable riſe.
Bleſs'd Charity, the Grace long-ſuff'ring, kind,
Which envies not, has no ſelf-vaunting Mind;
Is not puff'd up, makes no unſeemly Shew,
Seeks not her own, to Provocations ſlow;
No Evil thinks, in no unrighteous Choice
Takes Pleaſure, can in Truth alone rejoice;
Hides all Things, ſtill believes, ſtill hopes the beſt,
All Things endures, averſe to all Conteſt.
Tongues, Knowledge, Prophecy, ſhall ſink away
At the firſt Glance of Beatifick Ray;
There Charity its Element ſhall gain,
And with the God of Love eternal reign;

Dim

Dim is all Prophecy and Knowledge here,
In bliſsful View all Myſteries are clear;
By Faith and Hope our Infancy began,
By Charity we grow to perfect Man;
Our Faith and Hope at beſt have weak Efforts,
But Charity Souls ſtrengthens and tranſports;
They darkly through a Glaſs God diſtant trace,
Charity ſees his Glory Face to Face.

Faith of the Temple the Foundation lays,
Our lively Hopes the Superſtructure raiſe;
But Charity devotes it with due Rites,
And the propitious *Shechinah* invites:
Men Faith and Hope to their own Souls confine,
They like a Lamp under a Buſhel ſhine;
But like the Sun, bleſs'd Charity diſplays,
Kind, univerſal, influential Rays;
Faith to the Altar brings the Sacrifice,
Hope lays it on, Charity Fire ſupplies:
'Tis Charity alone Acceptance gains,
Without that, God the richeſt Gifts diſdains;
They like ſmall Stars precariouſly are bright,
This Conſtellation is with native Light:
Faith Heav'n diſcovers, and Hope thither tends,
But Charity alone to Bliſs aſcends;
Hope Abſence, Faith Obſcurity implies,
Charity only to Fruition flies;
They, like the Body, are a lumpiſh Frame,
This gives the vital actuating Flame;
They from the Lapſe and Imperfection roſe,
For Innocence would clearly Truth diſcloſe:

This with the ſpotleſs Soul was pre-deſign'd
For Social Bliſs, and Cement to Mankind;
They ſerve us in this Region of Deſire,
And at the Point of Death ſhall co-expire;
This ſhall in Heav'n be perfect and unite,
Dear Lovers there in co-reflex'd delight;
They of God's lovely Image are no Part,
This to a God-like Love re-molds the Heart;
All Lovers here of Fontal Love partake,
Love God, and love their Neighbours for his Sake;
All the three beauteous Graces charming were,
The laſt had in my Heart the ſoveraign Share;
All muſt confeſs, who their Idea's ſee,
That Charity is greateſt of the three.

Next Song with cheerful Voice *Hilaria* ſings,
Hymnotheo quickning to brisk Air his Strings.

In Dream or Viſion, which I cannot ſay,
I with bleſs'd *Paul* convers'd the other Day;
The bright Idea's ſtill are in my Breaſt,
I to the great Apoſtle thus addreſs'd:
O gracious Saint, for God's dear Love explain,
One ghoſtly Scruple which creates me Pain;
You felt the Force of Hell and Pagan Rage,
In ſuff'ring Perſecutions ſpent your Age;
Amidſt the bitter Woes, your Soul annoy'd,
You ever ſorrow'd, and you ever joy'd;
I cannot comprehend what Art you had,
To be at once both ſorrowful and glad;
How could your Heart in Contradictions reſt,
By Joy dilated, and by Grief compreſs'd?

'Tis

'Tis true, dear Soul, he answer'd heavenly mild,
I in my Heart those Passions reconcil'd.
Blest JESUS, O sweet Name, taught me the Way
To give them both a co-harmonious Sway!
O gracious Saint, for JESUS Sake, said I,
(The Name, to which Saints nothing can deny,)
Teach me the Art which JESUS taught to you,
That I may both co-equally pursue.
Of all, said he, who e'er wore humane Clay,
None under such vast Heaps of Sorrow lay,
As those which caus'd dear JESUS dolrous Groans,
Some patent, some too boundless to be known:
But in all Sorrows, Joy was in his Sight,
To do his Father's Will was his Delight.
His filial Love both Passions could employ,
Grief the Circumference was, the Centre Joy.
He Sin and Misery saw the World around,
And joy'd to think he should them both confound.
The Grief of heavenly Lovers Hearts dilates,
But sensual Grief Contraction still creates.
When in his Agony he felt strong Pains,
Which forc'd the very Blood out of his Veins,
An Angel sent by God flew down with Speed,
Brought Joy, which should his Agony exceed.
To his dear Father he his Will resign'd,
The perfect Requiem of a troubled Mind.
It is a Mystery to the World unknown,
That Joy should spring from penitential Moan.
Hard Hearts to Heaven are by Constriction clos'd,
The broken Heart is open, and dispos'd.

I numberleſs Experiments have made
Of God's dear Pardon, and all-gracious Aid;
Both ſweetned all the Griefs I ſhould ſuſtain,
And Joy ran parallel with ev'ry Pain;
But Joy made the predominant Effort,
That ſerv'd to humble me, this gave Support.
I in Infirmities could Pleaſure take,
Rejoice in Suff'ring for lov'd *JESUS* Sake.
In greateſt Self-diſtruſt moſt Vigour feel;
God in my Weakneſs would his Strength reveal.
All that befel me God was pleas'd to ſend,
In all my Good eternal to intend.
God's Will was mine, I welcom'd med'cinal Ill,
And joy'd that I God's Pleaſure ſhould fulfil.
God took Complacence in his Will embrac'd,
My Heart of God's Complacence had a Taſt;
That Taſt, O happy Taſt, reviv'd my Mind,
And to perpetual Jubilee inclin'd:
Joy ſenſitive, I from that Hour deſpis'd,
In God's dear Love my Spirit ſabbatiz'd.
This ſaid, methought I ſaw the Saint aſcend,
My Viſion or my Dream had then an End;
I ſtrait from Sin made an entire Divorce,
Began a ſerious, penitential Courſe.
I found Joy ſweetly with my Grief unite,
And penitential Tears were my Delight.
Souls who will learn true heavenly Joy begin
With previous filial Sorrow for their Sin.
Sin the Occaſion of all humane Woes,
For Sin, Grief, Miſery coetaneous roſe;

And

And as our Tears fall from our flowing Eyes,
Joys will by oppoſite Gradations riſe;
Joys which true Penitents can feel, not ſpeak,
Supporting Hearts which by Contrition break.
Obſerve by Nature how our Souls propend,
To pleaſure all unanimouſly tend;
Should Sinners Pleaſure in Obedience take,
They in that Inſtant would their Sins forſake;
When hardned Hearts are turn'd by God, and broke,
Concupiſcential Joy firſt feels the Stroke;
God turns our Pleaſures, and by them our Souls,
Each wave from Sin, then to Repentance rolls;
Sin bitter Duty palatable grows,
All chriſtian Graces their ſweet Charms diſcloſe;
God to his Laws has higheſt Pleaſure joyn'd,
From their adult'rous Love to draw Mankind;
When they preponderate diſtorted Senſe,
All true Converſions from that Point commence;
But ſenſual Joys too often Souls betray,
And if unheeded, warp them the broad Way:
From the laſt Verſe, *Hymnotheo* took his Que
And ſang the Diff'rence 'twixt falſe Joy and true.
Joy ſenſitive may in bad Men abound,
Spiritual only in the Juſt is found;
That in the Fleſh, in Spirit this reſides;
Low Senſe rules that, this noble Reaſon guides;
Grace this, but that Concupiſcence controls;
That *Philtrum* is, this Antidote of Souls;
That out of nat'ral Cunſtitution grows,
And as the Temper varies, ebbs and flows;

Hell

Hell Pow'rs ſometimes preſtigrous glarings raiſe,
With ſelf-complaiſance Satan Men way-lays;
This from the joy-diffuſing Spirit ſprings,
Reviving Hearts with overſhadowing Wings;
When Man for God Affection filial feels,
The Paraclete the deaf Relation ſeals;
His Father God, his Portion Heav'n he ſees,
No worldly Trouble can diſturb his Eaſe;
That to ſelf-love and Pride becomes decoy,
By this Men humbler grow the more they joy;
That Meteor is, ſhines neither long nor far,
This has the Light and Fixedneſs of a Star;
Like ſudden Blaſts, that makes a ſhort Effort,
This like Trade Winds drives to the heav'nly Port;
That ſtill the guſto of paſt Sin retains,
This purges all concupiſcential Stains;
In Trials, that evaporates or pines,
This in the blackeſt Clouds the brighteſt ſhines;
Affliction ripens all ſpiritual Fruits,
And the Saint joys when he the Crop computes;
That on the Death-bed turns to bitter Gall,
This languiſhes to hear the heav'n-ward Call;
Such are the Joys which from God's Love diſtil,
Abſorping wholly the devoted Will.

BOOK

BOOK VI.

NEXT sang *Devoto*, zealous to excite
The Saints to emulate Angelick Height;
As early to God's House I went one Day,
While fix'd on God, I for the Faithful stay;
The Guardian of the Church was standing by,
Whom I beheld with intellectual Eye;
He with a gracious Ray salutes my Mind,
I, overjoy'd I should such Favour find,
With grateful Rev'rence his Salute repaid,
Sweetly embolden'd, this Address I made:
JESUS enjoins his Votaries to pray,
That we, like Angels, should his Will obey;
O tell me, gracious Guardian, how God's Will,
You Angels in supernal Bliss fulfil?
What Off'rings to the Throne you daily bring,
With what Devotion you your Office sing?
That I from you may just Idea's take:
The Guardian mildly yielded, and thus spake;
We Angels always keep our God in Sight;
When on God's Missions we commence our Flight,
We still devoutly eye him thro' the Ray
Shot from his Throne, which guides us our Way
The heav'nly Gates for entrance
He had of God pre-beatifick

God

God ne're to us ſhuts the Angelick Gate,
We ſee his Face while on his Saints we wait;
His amiable Glories we behold,
Enflam'd with Love, which never can grow cold;
Love, which on vig'rous and unwearied Wing
Flies o're Expanſe to ſerve our heav'nly King;
Love, which no one Diverſion can endure;
Love, from the leaſt Alloys terreſtrial pure;
Love, which God's Glory ſteddily intends;
Love, which on God its whole Duration ſpends;
Love boundleſs, which exhauſts Angelick Mind,
To the one only amiable confin'd;
Love ever zealous, uniform, intenſe,
Of Love Triunal wrapt with lively Senſe;
Love which with God's high Will concentrick ſteers,
With God co-everlaſting perſeveres;
Sight kindles Love, and Love Devotion fires,
Devotion which at ev'ry Pow'r tranſpires; *pore*
We God the Father of pure Spirits deem,
Our filial Loves from that Relation ſtream;
His Majeſty with Love is ſweetned o're,
And we enamour'd humbly God adore;
Whene're in Heav'n, or Air, or Earth, we meet,
Of God alone in our Converſe we treat;
Angels with Love each other co-enflame,
And ſtrive who beſt can hymn God's lovely Name.
Such is the Love of the Angelick Quire!
God kindled firſt, and ſtill foments the Fire;
To God's preventing Love our Loves we owe,
And live Examples to the Saints below;

Our

Our fellow Angels falling from their Sphere
Of our own Standing gave us jealous Fear;
Till God's unbounded Love increas'd our Aid,
Now no Temptations can our Love invade;
God near the Throne our Quire was pleas'd to call,
Where Beatifick Sight abſorp'd our All;
All Love, all Joy, all Extaſie we grew,
All Choice determin'd in that lovely View;
Not the leaſt Inclination now runs waſt,
We nothing can but boundleſs Goodneſs taſt.
Entirely to your God your ſelf devote,
His Glory with Alacrity promote;
Love God with full Propenſion of your Will,
And you have learn'd our whole Angelick Skill;
God's Preſence true Devotion beſt will teach,
Our Heights as far as Mortals can you'll reach;
As far as Mortals can, full well, ſaid I,
You to weak Souls that Lenitive ſupply;
To Sin and Frailty we ſubjected are,
And muſt to reach Angelick Height deſpair:
But the Aſſembly meeting, he withdrew,
I griev'd he could not the dear Theme purſue;
And holy Rites perform'd, reſolv'd to try,
The Lines which he omitted to ſupply.
All gracious God Angelick Zeal adviſ'd
Should imitated be, not equaliz'd;
He'll on juſt Balances minutely weigh
Their unclog'd Spirits with our lumpiſh Clay;
He to frail Man allows the utmoſt Grains,
And to no hopeleſs Heights our Spirits ſtrains:

Per-

Perfection proper is to their high Sphere,
Our ſole Perfection is to be ſincere;
When they their Time in Guardian Watches ſpend,
They cannot then the awful Throne attend;
God deigns their Zeal for his Saints Good to uſe,
And in the Quire Attendance to excuſe;
Think what Devotion beſt can ſuit your State,
Juſt Buſineſs may the Length of Pray'r abate;
Recluſes Souls, unactive, and at Eaſe,
Have the more Time to ſpend upon their Knees;
Men born to Toil, or call'd to worldly Cares,
Have the leſs Leiſure for protracted Pray'rs;
Both States may mindful be of God all Day,
Both may by warm Ejaculations pray;
Both equal Fervour may in Heart retain,
Both at the Throne may like Acceptance gain;
Devotion ſuited is to all Degrees,
That Souls may God in ev'ry Station pleaſe;
The good poor Man, by Sweat and Labour fed,
Serves God while he is working for his Bread;
Warm Morning Pray'r leaves virtual Heat behind,
Preſerv'd in Embers glowing in the Mind;
Devotion is in Angels ſtill the ſame,
We often cool, and muſt refreſh the Flame;
Fraternal Charity in Saints below
Paints that dear Love they to each other ſhew;
Habitual Graces, though they Wanings feel,
Copy their Perpetuity of Zeal;
The mighty Joy which they in Duty find,
In us is ſweet Alacrity of Mind;

They

They God's ſole Glory conſtantly intend,
We mud our Aims to that true Center bend;
We only walk by Faith, but they by Sight;
We in dark Mift, they in unclouded Light;
They in Fruition live, we in Deſire,
And to their Pitch unwearied ſhould aſpire;
God's Lovers know no Bounds, but upwards ſoar,
Taking new Fire from Heights they gain'd before.
From penitential Love Devotion ſprings,
Aſcends on tender, yet on vig'rous Wings;
To Flights ecſtatick lays no vain Pretence,
Of Sin and Frailty has an humble Senſe;
No Difficulties pleads, frames no Delays,
Thinks it can ne're enough God's Goodneſs praiſe;
Is wont God's Houſe with Rev'rence to frequent,
On all the ſacred Offices intent;
Oft in the Cloſet holds with God Converſe,
Permits no Thoughts collected to diſperſe;
Devout Remarks from God's wiſe Conduct gains,
By heav'n-ward Breathings, heav'nly Zeal ſuſtains;
Accompanies with heav'nly-minded Souls,
Who of celeſtial Ardour blow the Coals;
The ſacred Writ till 'tis enflaming reads,
And ſacred Warmth by Meditation feeds;
Love is the Fire, Devotion is the Flame,
The Sacrifice is all that God can claim;
All the Submiſſions of a Will reſign'd,
The Powers of a heav'n-aſpiring Mind.
Bleſs'd JESUS for Preſervatives commends
Perpetual Pray'r and Watching to his Friends;

Eucherio ſang of Pray'r, which heav'n-ward flies;
And for all Wants brings opportune Supplies;
Hymnotheo choſe the Air which *David* play'd,
When he in Song implor'd Almighty Aid.

Bleſs'd Spirit, who Devotion doſt inſtil,
Tuning our Hearts to thy own ſovereign Will,
The Grace of Pray'r into my Soul inſpire,
Teach me to vent a tender, ſtrong Deſire;
That I may God's ſoft Ear with melting Verſe,
With Sighs and Groans unutterable pierce:
To thee alone, Lord, I my Pray'r direct,
Thou only canſt our Hearts and Wants inſpect;
Thy Pow'r to ſuccour us is unconfin'd,
Thy Goodneſs ever to hear Pray'r inclin'd;
Lord, to my Cloſet teach me to withdraw,
And proſtrate fall with reverential Awe;
All worldly Thoughts to lave out of my Mind,
To take due Care to leave no Leaks behind;
My Want and my own Vileneſs to deplore,
Recumbing on thy All-ſufficient Store;
With a firm Faith thy Promiſe to embrace,
While with my Lips my Heart keeps equal Pace;
Upon thy Goodneſs humbly to depend,
And with warm Zeal thy Glory to intend:
Lord, to thy Choice I worldly Needs reſign,
And humbly pray, thy Will be done, not mine;
If I beg Things thou doſt not for me chooſe,
O let thy Goodneſs then my Pray'r refuſe;
Vouchſafe, Lord, what thou knoweſt for me is beſt,
My Soul in the Equivalents ſhall reſt;

If

If in miſ-timing Pray'r I chance to err,
Till the due Seaſon comes thy Grant defer;
I'll aſk, ſeek, knock, and thy own Moment wait,
Thy gracious Anſwer never comes too late;
My Soul the Moment knows when it arrives,
With kindly Rays my Spirit it revives;
It brings divine Complacence and Repoſe,
My Soul more thankful and enam'red grows;
It a Devotion more ſublime excites,
I taſt by ſweet Experience freſh Delights;
Shouldſt thou delay, that Fervour may increaſe,
My Importunity ſhall never ceaſe;
I, *Jacob* like, with Wreſtling will contend,
Till thou to bleſs me, Lord, ſhalt condeſcend;
I'll ſtrive to gain what I from Pray'rs expect,
Pray'rs, which due Means invig'rate, not neglect;
When for the Poor I Interceſſion make,
They of my Portion freely ſhall partake;
'Twould be Preſumption, ſhould I in my Pray'r,
For what I aſk, my Purſe or Labour ſpare;
My Pray'rs for Love, thou ſhalt not, Lord, deny,
Thou from thy boundleſs Love ſhalt Love ſupply;
It is thy Will my Love ſhould be intenſe,
And I with no Denial can diſpence;
Defer not, Lord, to grant me my Requeſt,
Thou ſooner wilt be lov'd, I ſooner bleſt.

To Mounts and Deſarts *JESUS* made Retreat,
His heav'nly Father in his Pray'rs to meet;
His Lips and Heart with Sweetneſs overflow'd,
God, what he pray'd for, inſtantly beſtow'd;

He proſtrate fell upon his ſacred Face,
Deign'd to the Duſt his Glory to debaſe;
From Heav'n his ſteddy Spirit never ſtray'd,
No Damp his Ardency divine allay'd:
O that my Heart from him could Pattern take,
And learn the moving Dialect he ſpake:
O that my Thought might on my God be fix'd,
And my Affections with the World unmix'd:
O could I my diſtracting Senſes bind,
And give free Flight to my heav'n ſoaring Mind;
Incarnate God fell proſtrate on the Ground,
His deep Humiliations me confound;
Beneath the Duſt vile Men ſhould proſtrate fall,
When they their Sins with due Remorſe recal.
Lord, 'gainſt all Ills, which can my Soul invade,
Thou Pray'r the great Preſervative haſt made;
But I, vile Wretch, my very Pray'rs pollute,
To Poiſon my Preſervative tranſmute;
My Pray'rs with Damps and Wandrings are poſſeſs'd,
Foul, impious Thoughts me on my Knees infeſt;
My crazy Spirit a ſtrange *Tedium* feels,
In that which only my Diſtemper heals;
My Spirit willing is, my Fleſh is frail,
And when I think my ſelf ſecure, I fail;
JESU, our Weakneſs thou doſt mildly weigh,
And of laps'd Nature the terreſtrial Way;
My Heart, Lord, is unalterably thine;
If in my Pray'rs my Thoughts from thee decline,
They are Deliriums of a ſickly Soul,
Which I in healthy Intervals condole;

They

They are Defects of my Diſeaſe, not Will,
O pardon the involuntary Ill.
Thy Law enjoins that I ſhould always pray,
A Law I am ambitious to obey;
In conſtant Wants, which ev'ry Morn renew,
For daily Succours conſtantly to ſue;
In all Times, Places, in the buſy Throng,
I'll by Ejaculations Pray'r prolong;
Each momentaneous Pray'r to Heav'n aſpires,
And to my Love adds ſupplemental Fires;
I feel my Soul by frequent Pray'r refin'd,
God's gracious Preſence lively in my Mind;
Seven Times a Day the Saints primeval pray'd,
They roſe at Midnight to invoke thy Aid;
I, Lord, ſin more than they, more Grace I need,
O that I could their Frequency exceed;
But if amidſt this buſy World, my State
Shall of that ſolemn Frequency abate,
In virtual Pray'r O may I ever dwell,
Oft as I can frequent my hallowed Cell;
May I like Saints above keep God in View,
Though a vaſt Diſtance is between us two;
I, indigent, in Pray'r ſhould ſpend my Days,
They happy ſpend Eternity in Praiſe;
But my loud Cries ſhall give thee, Lord, no Reſt,
Till I with them am of my Bliſs poſſeſs'd.
To offer Pray'r I never durſt preſume,
Did not dear *JESUS'* Name my Pray'r perfume;
'Tis, O my God, for the lov'd *JESUS'* Sake,
That Day by Day Addreſs to thee I make;

That ſinful, I dare thee my Father own,
With humble Confidence approach thy Throne.
O wondrous Love, which gives us free Recourſe,
To drink our Fill at Love's unbounded Source;
Our Sorrow to unboſom and our Need,
And a rich Promiſe for each Want to plead,
With Heav'n, while here below, to keep Commerce,
Familiarly with God-head to converſe;
To interceed for Bleſſings on Mankind,
The Pleaſure of a charitable Mind;
To beg all Graces, deprecate all Bane,
Heav'n for our ſelves and others to obtain;
Strong Conſolations, and Almighty Aid,
And Wiſdom, Plots infernal to evade.
If Pray'r is thus prevailing at God's Throne,
Sent from a Cloſet by one Saint alone;
Much mightier 'tis, when Saints in Hoſts combine,
In God's own Houſe, to beg the Aid divine;
Warm, publick Pray'rs, can all in Want relieve,
Raiſe the deſponding, comfort thoſe who grieve,
Cloath naked Wretches, and the hungry feed,
Help to ſupport the Martyrs when they bleed;
Releaſe the Pris'ners, eaſe the Captives Chains,
Condole the Sick, and mitigate their Pains;
Gain for Friends Victory, for Foes Defeat,
Make Kings and Kingdoms happy, wealthy, great;
Still fierceſt Winds, controul the Ocean's Pride,
Deſpairing Veſſels to ſafe Harbour guide;
Compaſſion to all Infidels extend,
The Church againſt the Gates of Hell defend;

Whole

Whole Flights of Guardians muſter for a Saint,
When under ſtrong Temptations growing faint;
Practiſe all Graces, Faith, Hope, Love, Fear, Truſt,
Be to all Men kind, lib'ral, thankful, juſt;
In Plagues gain Health, in Dearth Bread, in (Drought Show'rs,
Quench Lightnings, Thunders ſtop, and awe Hell -
Heav'ns Treaſures inexhauſtible unlock, (Pow'rs;
And the whole World with Benedictions ſtock;
The World, which God's fierce Vengeance hourly (dares,
Vengeance, which only is with-held by Pray'rs;
Such wondrous Things the Force of Pray'r exalt,
Which with Confed'rate Violence Heav'n aſſault.

The Youth ſtill jealous leſt he ſhould backſlide,
JESUS Preſervatives had daily ply'd;
And when of Pray'r an End *Eucharis* made,
The ſame ſweet ſprightly Air which *David* play'd
When he bad Lute and Harp awake, he choſe,
Which could the Soul to Watching beſt diſpoſe:

When God, moſt gracious, mighty, wiſe,
Bid all Things out of nothing riſe,
With Life he a Propenſion gave,
To Animals that Life to ſave,
Self-preſervation he impreſs'd,
To guard the Station they poſſeſs'd.

Care of its self each Creature takes,
And Care each Creature watchful makes,
Amidst their Sleep their Heads they rear,
When an unusual Noise they hear,
The Danger they prepare to meet,
Or to their Caverns make Retreat.

The Worm, when he his Harbour leaves,
As Feet approaching he perceives,
To shun the Ill, contracts his Length,
Or to resist, collects his Strength;
If he sees neither will succeed,
Withdraws into his Hole with Speed.

The Calves Marine, who on stem Ground
Are wont to take a Sleep profound,
One of their Numbers single out,
With wakeful Eye to look about;
At his Alarm they start from Sleep,
And shelter in their native deep.

The Birds, whene're they rendezvous,
Their Scouts o're the Expanse diffuse,
At Seasons when their Clime they shift,
In passing through the airy Drift,
Send them around to scour the Sphere,
And Notice give when Danger's near.

View,

View Man in his terreſtrial State,
Love, Danger, Intereſt, or Hate,
Ambition, Av'rice, Pride, or Luſt,
Toil, Jealouſie, Intrigue, Diſtruſt,
Laps'd *Adam*'s Offspring watchful keep,
And interrupt their Midnight Sleep.

The City, Camp, Town, Court ſurvey,
They all are watchful Night and Day;
They as the Minutes ſwiftly float
Watch which may beſt their Ends promote;
Their Inadvertence they accuſe,
When Opportunities they loſe.

Let your contid'rate Spirit view
The various Projects Men purſue;
Evanid Honours, ſhort-liv'd Gains,
Falſe Pleaſures clogg'd with real Pains,
Deceitful Shelters, brutiſh Aims,
Which Reaſon inwardly diſclaims.

When they have watch'd, and ſweat, and toil'd,
The World and their own Souls embroil'd,
And by a thouſand Acts unjuſt,
Have try'd to ſate their ſenſual Guſt,
They feel the Bubble which they gain
Is volatile, vexatious, vain.

All watchful are for Things below,
But careleſs of Eternal Woe;
All Thoughts of Duty they decline,
In a dead Sleep to Things divine;
Were the ſame Watch directed right,
'Twould gain them everlaſting Light.

Did heedleſs Men their Dangers ſee,
They never then would drowſie be,
Their Foes, are full of ſpiteful Rage,
With numerous Legions they engage,
Who skill all Subtilties of Fight,
And watch for Miſchief Day and Night.

The World fierce War 'gainſt Heav'n declares,
It is a Magazine of Snares,
A Bait for ev'ry Senſe it lays,
It cheats, blinds, flatters, and betrays;
Defiles our Pray'rs, and never reſts,
Even in our Sleep our Thought infeſts.

Concupiſcence, our Foe inbred,
Is with our Poiſons only fed;
It Vanities deſtructive craves,
Damps Conſcience, and the Mind enſlaves,
And ſhould the World and Hell ſit ſtill,
Would watchful be to work our Ill.

While

While ſtupid Men their Watch miſplace,
See how Death preys on humane Race;
See how about the Earth he flies,
The heedleſs Worldlings to ſurprize,
Amidſt their Joys his Darts to fling,
Or gore them with his pois'nous Sting.

Out with his Scythe the Tyrant goes,
Great Multitudes at once he mows;
Or by a peſtilential Blaſt
Makes a whole Nation breath its laſt;
A thouſand various Fates he forms,
And Souls in ghoſtly Slumber ſtorms.

Its horrid Mouth Hell opens wide,
To ſwallow all who ſlumbring dy'd;
All Slumberers grow broad awake,
When boiling in the ſulph'rous Lake;
There tortur'd they unpity'd rore,
And ne're ſhall ſleep one Minute more.

O curſed Slumber, then they cry,
Which clos'd my intellectual Eye;
O for one Minute more of Breath,
To think one wakeful Thought of Death;
Ah, woe is me, I from the World
Am into endleſs Torments hurl'd.

Each

B. VI.

Each Moment Souls live thus expos'd,
And yet with sensual *Philtrums* dos'd;
They all the Thoughts of God repel,
Ne're think of Heav'n, till damn'd in Hell;
Thus Lust, Death, Hell, our Ruine ply,
And watch with a malicious Eye.

The Bless'd in the Celestial Sphere,
Liv'd all perpetual Watchers here;
They had of God a wakeful Awe,
Death and Temptation they foresaw;
No Danger found them unprepar'd,
They kept their Spirits un-ensnar'd.

JESUS, who watch and Pray'r enjoin'd,
In his own Practice both combin'd;
To Solitudes he often went,
Whole Nights in Pray'r and Watching spent;
He oft predicted he should die,
Kept always Death and Heav'n in Eye.

Like *JESUS*, we should both unite,
Keep Death and Heav'n in constant Sight;
Heav'n ardrous Desire foments,
Desire dull Negligence prevents;
Desire which always heav'nward flies,
To Love transmigrates when it dies.

Desire

Deſire in our exil'd Eſtate
Is Love Celeſtial inchoate;
One Spark of Love keeps Souls awake,
With Rivals daily War to make;
Love God, and then you skill the Art
To keep for God a watchful Heart.

When all had ſung their Parts, the Saints aroſe,
And with a Kiſs of Peace their Viſits cloſe;
Then to their ſev'ral Manſions they repair,
Waiting for Summons to the Ev'ning Pray'r.
Heav'ns Envoys, who to *John* their Viſits paid,
Rehears'd the Songs ſung in the ſolemn Shade;
Hearing *Hymnotheo*'s Progreſs, he thought fit
His Convert ſhould the Houſe of Mourning quit;
He pray'd, and ſtrait God bids *Uranio* fly,
To bring *Hymnotheo* to his longing Eye,
That he might with the Saint's Devotions joyn:
Uranio, to fulfil Command divine,
Pick'd choiceſt Flow'rs, which he together laid
In rare Moſaick, and a Chariot made,
With Cedar beam'd, and wheel'd with ſpicy Wreaths,
Od'rous Effluviums as it moves it breaths;
Six Birds of Paradiſe of ſublimeſt Flights,
In Harneſſes of Wood-bine he unites;
The Chariot he aſcends with Myrtle Wand,
Driving it ſwiftly tow'rds the mournful Land.
God pitying all who offer'd Grace refuſe,
And the broad Way to their Damnation chuſe,

Who

Who by Events, which caſual appear,
Is wont his Love preventing to endear,
Hymnotheo's Zeal and Charity to try,
Preſented a fit Object to his Eye;
As from the Morning Pray'r he came one Day,
A Stranger he encounter'd in his Way;
Phylthreno from his Poſt a while had ſtay'd,
And through the open Gate the Stranger ſtray'd,
Who on the Mourners and the Chappel gaz'd,
Walk'd like a Man unſpeakably amaz'd:
Gay was his Habit, worldly was his Mein,
Ne're in the Vale was a like Perſon ſeen:
Satan, who durſt his odious Spirit thruſt
Amidſt the Congregation of the Juſt;
The Wretch, who at the Feaſt, in Manner rude,
Without a nuptial Veſtment durſt intrude,
Not more out of their Element were deem'd,
Then 'midſt the Penitents the Stranger ſeem'd;
Hymnotheo gueſs'd him enter'd by Miſtake;
Obligingly ſalutes him, and thus ſpake:
Sir, you are here a Stranger, I perceive,
This happy Place to ſhew you give me leave;
Happy, he ſaid, no Happineſs is here,
Unleſs 'tis Happineſs to live in Tear:
I to this Land by Friends directed came,
Conſcience loud, troubleſome, to ſtill and tame;
To view *Maria*'s Palace, that great Queen,
Who all this World enjoys with Mind ſerene;
But envious Fate, me to this Priſon led,
Where to all ſenſual Joys the Sots are dead;

They

They ſigh, they whine, they weep, they roll in Duſt,
All Strangers to the Sweets of native Luſt.
In Tears, reply'd *Hymnotheo*, here we ſow,
And joys unbounded, and eternal mow;
Moria falſe, vain, ſhort-liv'd Pleaſures ſows,
And reaps unpitied, and eternal Woes:
Ah Friend! Of God, of Death, of Judgment think,
And of *Moria*'s Cup you'll never drink.
None, ſaid the Stranger, can *Moria* know,
Who Miſery chooſe, and never to her go.
I, ſaid *Hymnotheo*, from a Mourner grave,
Who here bewail'd that he had been her Slave;
Who curs'd *Moria*'s Wiles minutely knew,
Her Picture had, which I'll preſent to you.
Oppoſite to the Houſe of Mourning plac'd,
On ſolid Rock, and with black Marble fac'd;
Where from Humiliations for paſt Sin,
Their Heav'nward Flights, true Penitents begin:
In a wide barren Waſt, and on looſe Sands,
Moria's tottering Houſe of Feaſting ſtands;
Moria there e're ſince the Fall has reign'd,
And humane Race to heedleſs Folly train'd;
Juſt Wit enough ſhe has to fool Mankind,
And make them think they ſee when they are blind;
No Building ſeems more pleaſant, rich and gay,
Inviting all to gaze who paſs that Way;
But ev'ry Tempeſt, or rude Wind that blows,
Down to the Ground the crazy Fabrick throws;
Yet the fond Dame, all Warnings wont to ſlight,
Her Houſe rebuilds on the ſame ſandy Site:

Thus

Thus ſhe her Wealth and Labour ſpends in vain,
Still to repair what ſoon falls down again;
In all things ſhe contends to have her Will,
In Error unadviſable and Ill.
There liv'd the Fool, whoſe Barns too ſcanty grew;
Who to receive his Stores would build them new;
Promis'd himſelf Abundance, Life, and Eaſe,
When Hell ſtood ready on his Soul to ſeize:
The fooliſh Virgins had Appartments there,
Who would no Oil for their dry Lamps prepare;
They ſtood confounded when the Bridegroom came,
And wanting ſacred, felt infernal Flame.
A formal Fool ſtands at *Moria*'s Gates,
Who there to introduce all Comers waits,
With nice Punctilio's, and with Cringes low,
With Ceremonies, which ſoon tedious grow;
With Complements, which often he repeats,
The fulſome Fondling ev'ry Stranger treats;
They who *Moria* viſit all along,
Of vain and careleſs Mortals paſs a throng;
Some are moroſe, ſome boiſt'rous, ſome perverſe,
Others in Politicks themſelves immerſe;
Some into open Dangers headlong run;
Some to all Luſts are Slaves, and ſome to one;
Some talk eternally, and ſome are dull;
Some of their own Accompliſhments are full;
Some meddle with all Buſineſs but their own;
Some idle ſtand, and put their Hands to none: (prize,
Proud Fools, their worthleſs ſelves there highly
In ſpite of patent Follies would ſeem wiſe;

Some

Some by a long experimental Train
Feel ſenſual Joys vexatious, falſe and vain;
And yet as eagerly thoſe Joys purſue,
As if they no Diſſatisfaction knew;
Their Lives they in Self-Love and Laughter ſpend,
Have no Remembrance of their latter End:
Knowledge they hate, whate're they learn'd neglect,
'Tis there a mortal Sin but to reflect:
All kinds of earthly Pleaſures there abound,
By which the wilful Fools true Wiſdom drown'd;
All want of Man the noble thinking Part,
Anatomize them, and you'll find no Heart;
A Stone in ev'ry Breaſt that Place ſupplies,
And Entrance to true Wiſdom ſtill denies;
Which were it in a Mortar bray'd to Duſt,
Each Atome would retain its ſenſual Guſt;
They more than Death dread Sickneſs, Pain or Need,
And on ſtrong Opiates when afflicted feed;
When old ones cloy, new Follies them amuſe,
Nothing but Hell their Souls will diſabuſe;
Yet *JESUS* ſome by gracious Force allures,
And ſends them to good *Salvian* for their Cures.

Moria on a gaudy Throne ſits down,
Upon her Head ſhe wears a glittering Crown;
With her falſe Gems ſhe makes a dazzling Glare,
Thick dawb'd with Paint, to make her ſeeming Fair,
Perfum'd with od'rous Quinteſſence, and dreſs'd
In a looſe trailing Rainbow-colour'd Veſt;
Soon as a Stranger comes, ſhe'll him embrace,
Near her proud Perſon, on a tabret Place;

Rolling

Rolling on him her wanton yielding Eyes,
To lure him with her Luſt to ſympathize,
Till all her Stock of deadly Guile is ſpent,
To fool his Soul, and ſerious Thought prevent.
Then her gold Cup ſhe takes, and fills brim-full,
Of all that may a Heav'n-born Spirit dull:
You ſhall, ſhe ſaid, of my choice Cordial drink,
And never more one troublous Thought ſhall think.
With that ſhe drinks, then fills the Cup again,
Courting her Gueſt to pledge her to his Bane.
As *Indian* Dames, their Conſorts to abuſe,
Dewtry by Stealth into their Cups infuſe;
Which he who drinks, in his delirous Fits,
A thouſand apiſh Fooleries commits;
On the Adultereſs inſenſate ſmiles,
While ſhe before his Face his Bed defiles;
And when the Poiſon's ſpent, the ſtupid Sot,
All that was ſaid or done has quite forgot;
Thus in the Wine, ſhe for her Vot'rys keeps,
She a ſtrong Doſe of her Narcotick ſteeps,
Which in a Moment flying to the Brain,
Makes them intoxicated, ſenſual, vain;
To Dotages on ſhort-liv'd Joys debas'd,
Till all their Checks of Conſcience are eras'd;
They live with Laughter pleas'd, while ſhe the (Fools,
Whom ſhe has made, inſulting ridicules.
This ſaid, the Man he towards the Chappel led,
That there his Eyes might be with Knowledge fed;
Upon the Frontiſpiece, which fac'd the Weſt,
In baſs-relieve the Story was impreſs'd,

Of

Of *Lazarus* and *Dives*, which ſoon drew,
In Curioſity, the Stranger's View;
Methinks, the Stranger ſaid, I ſee Extremes,
That jolly Soul *Moria*'s Favourite ſeems,
This Wretch the Mourners pictures, who bewail
Their woful Portions in this weeping Vale;
Hymnotheo waiting for a like Remark,
Illuminated thus his Spirit dark;
You from a tranſient, ſuperficial Sight,
Your Gueſſes take, view it in fuller Light;
That Glutton *Dives*, by *Moria* taught,
Luxurious liv'd, of God and Death ne're thought;
This humble *Lazarus*, whom you deſpiſe,
Liv'd poor in this World for the future wiſe;
Conſider at their Deaths their diff'rent Ends,
Dives ſinks down, and *Lazarus* aſcends;
Dives there lies in endleſs Want and Pain,
Begs but for one cool Drop, and begs in vain;
Lazarus in Glory ſhines, has boundleſs Store
Of Bleſſings, and can wiſh for nothing more;
The Gulf impaſſable divides their States,
Joys there ne're ceaſe, here Torment ne're abates;
God both to your free Choice deigns to propoſe,
Chooſe Joys eternal, or eternal Woes;
And chooſe this very *now*, leaſt ſudden Fate
Seize you, and 'twill next Minute be too late;
All Mortals Life ſhort and uncertain own,
Midſt ſenſual Joys ſome fetch their dying Groan;
Life's Shortneſs leſs would trouble, were we ſure
For ſome ſhort certain Term it would endure;

B. VI

But in ſhort Life uncertain is our Breath,
We ev'ry Moment live expos'd to Death;
Life ſhort, uncertain, would ſome Comfort be,
Were we to live from all Vexation free;
But ſhort, uncertain Life, is four'd by Pain,
The ſenſual Joys it promiſes are vain;
Our ſhort, uncertain, diſappointing Time
Would leſs afflict, were it exempt from Crime;
But to gain Hell, and gracious God offend,
Life ſhort, uncertain, troublous, frail, we ſpend;
Think then which more deſirable appears,
Folly's falſe Joys, or Wiſdom's happy Tears.
The Stranger thunder-ſtruck, made no Reply,
Hymnotheo ſaw Amazement in his Eye,
And ſtrait conducts him muſing to his Cell,
And beg'd God's Aid his Darkneſs to diſpel;
Both ſeated there, his Harp *Hymnotheo* took,
The Stranger crying out with ſerious Look;
O Tyrant Death, whoſe Rage no Cries appeaſe,
How dreadful to a Soul which covets Eaſe;
Eaſe, Ah falſe Eaſe, Souls here no true can have,
Who ſee their Joys ſtill virging tow'rds the Grave:
Hymnotheo that ſoft Moment manag'd well,
And ſang of God, Death, Judgment, Heav'n and Hell;
With ſweet Diſcourſe and Song he charm'd his Mind,
And by Degrees to Change of Life inclin'd.
By this the mournful Vale *Uranio* made,
And in Expanſe above it hov'ring ſtaid;

The

The Angel in the Vale the Youth descry'd,
And with what Zeal the Stranger's Bliss he ply'd;
A Sight it was, at which all Heav'n were joy'd;
Uranio pleas'd to see him thus employ'd,
His Leisure waits, he knew that Love immense
Would on that Motive with his Stay dispence.
With sacred Song, mean while *Hymnotheo* wrought
A strong Conviction in the Strangers Thought;
With *JESUS'* wondrous Love so charm'd his Heart,
That he resolv'd with all his Sins to part:
The Youth that Resolution firm to make,
Thus warn'd him of himself Surveys to take;
As one who building of a Tower designs,
Of the Foundation e're he draws the Lines,
His Treasure counts, and what he must expend,
Left he begins what he despairs to end:
Thus if you aim at Beatifick Joys,
Against the World your Resolution poise;
You must your Cross up take, your self deny,
And rather than lose Heav'n, in Torture die;
As the rich Merchant, who to purchase Gems,
The Dangers of the Waves and Winds contemns;
Finding a Pearl on some far distant Shore,
Excelling all he ever saw before,
Sells all to pay its Price, and takes no Rest
Till of that sov'raign Pearl he is possess'd;
As he to whom the Secret is reveal'd,
Of Treasure buried in a neighbouring Field,
Sells all he has to purchase that one Ground,
Where he's assur'd great Wealth is to be found;

Thus here you muſt your worldly All deny,
For boundleſs, all-ſufficient Joys on high:
That Pearl, that Treaſure is, the heav'nly Sphere,
Whoſe Purchaſe never can be counted dear.
Next he forewarn'd him of his ghoſtly Foes,
And how he beſt might their Inſults oppoſe;
As a wiſe King menac'd by Foreign Hoſts,
Who makes of Numbers and of Conqueſt boaſt,
Reviews his Troops, Stores, Frontiers, and each (Fort,
Computes what Treaſure muſt the War ſupport;
Finding his Weakneſs, curbs his martial Heat,
Diſpatching Envoys of a Peace to treat:
Thus when Infernal Foes ſhall you invade,
Think of the Preparations you have made;
Your Mind, Will, Paſſions, Vows, maturely weigh,
Your conſtant, warm Devotion, when you pray;
You muſt expect Temptations num'rous, ſtrong,
Diſguis'd, alluring, pertinacious, long;
And nothing leſs than Love, which caſts out Fear,
With Pray'r and Watching, and a Conſcience clear,
Can in the evil Day your Soul ſuſtain,
And o're your ghoſtly Foes the Vict'ry gain;
Vict'ry, for you with them can have no Peace,
Their Force remitting, their Wiles never ceaſe;
But clad in Armour of Celeſtial Light,
You may encounter the whole Realm of Night;
On *JESUS*, not on your own Strength, rely,
JESUS invok'd will mighty Aids ſupply.

O Love, O ſtill adore that gracious Light,
Which ſhin'd on you, and made you ſtray aright;
Which from the Helliſh Cup your Lips withdrew,
That here you might your ſinful Life review;
Think not the Mourners Diſcipline ſevere,
To live a while in penitential Tear;
Each Tear a foul Propenſion will deſtroy,
Tears, an Advance tow'rds Victory and Joy;
You'll learn from ev'ry Penitent you meet,
That a true penitential Tear is ſweet;
But Sweets of Pardon Sinners cannot gueſs,
There Heav'n in little, Rapture in Exceſs;
But till by Grace divine your Taſt is chang'd,
You from true Happineſs will live eſtrang'd;
You even in Heav'n unhappy would remain,
While you your ſenſual Appetites retain;
Sad State of Souls, who God's dear Love repel,
To whom the Realm of Bliſs would be a Hell;
They no one heav'nly Joy would there endure,
Which can be only reliſh'd by the Pure:
The Stranger to *Hymnotheo* gave Conſent,
Which he could more in Tears than Language vent;
And that he might his num'rous Sins bewail,
Begg'd a dark Corner in the mournful Vale;
To *Salvian* then *Hymnotheo* with him goes,
Who in the Portico his Station ſhews;
Straight through the Vale glad *Hallelujah's* ſound,
That the lov'd JESUS a loſt Stray had found;
The Youth drew joyful Hope from that Succeſs,
That God in ſaving Souls his Zeal would bleſs;

B. VI.

Returning to his Cell, he tun'd his Lyre,
And ſang a Hymn with Euchariſtick Fire;
Over his Cell in Air *Uranio* hung,
Would not divert him till his Hymn was ſung;
Then to his Guardian Notice he trajects,
That he *Hymnotheo* in the Air expects:
To *Salvian*, faithful Mourners, Dove and Cell,
Hymnotheo bid affectionate farewel;
On Sighs of Penitents which heav'nward tend,
Hymnotheo and his Guardian both aſcend;
The ſtrong aſpiring Sighs them upwards bear,
Till they had reach'd the Chariot in the Air;
The Birds ſoft Wings away the Vapours ſweep,
The Birds dive into the Superiour deep;
Phylaſter arm'd with Sword, Shield, Helmet, Spear,
Flew by of airy Fiends the Coaſt to clear.

Torrents of Tears guſh'd from *Hymnotheo*'s Head,
Paſſing the Hill where *JESUS* for him bled;
He could not but condolingly reſent
Judaick Rage, which *JESUS* could torment;
Which infinite Philanthropy could treat
With ſuch malicious, Hell-enkindled Heat:
You, ſaid *Uranio*, by Reflection know,
Sin is our God's Antipathetick Foe;
God the Angelick Hoſt from nothing rais'd,
That he by them might be belov'd and prais'd;
He made them mutable, yet pure and good,
Endow'd with Strength, by which they might have
His Love on all he at the firſt impreſs'd, (ſtood;
That loving God they might live ever bleſs'd;

But

But ceasing to love God, self-Love and Pride
Possess'd them, and they glorious God defy'd:
I well remember our Celestial Fight,
And the rebellious Hosts outragious Spite;
If in high Heav'n curs'd Sin could domineer,
It with more Ease may play the Tyrant here:
Ah, said *Hymnotheo*, could the heav'n-born Race,
Their Love from God upon themselves misplace;
Has Heav'n its Malecontents, O might my Ear,
The Story in your gracious Language hear;
Those very Sins by which the Angels fell,
Self-Love and Pride, inclin'd me to rebel;
What by half-Lights to Saints inspir'd was shewn,
To you is with all Circumstances known;
How happy Spirits fell, you can relate,
And native Love change to unnat'ral Hate;
How the good Angels the Apostates chac'd,
With what Rewards the Conquerors were grac'd;
While you bless'd Angels speak or sing below,
Celestial Truths, Fatigue we never know:
By God's Permission, said *Uranio*, I
Will, as we pass the Air, with you comply.

BOOK VII.

THE Bleſſed Three took in each others Sight
Eternal, mutual, infinite Delight;
And 'twas their Goodneſs mov'd them to create,
And Being from themſelves communicate;
Goodneſs it was, nothing could make them more,
After Creation glorious than before;
God ſtill the ſame eſſential Glory had,
And nothing to Infinity can add.
God ſpake, and as the *Fiat* from him flies,
Chaos, Heav'n, Angels, into Being riſe;
And o're all Heav'ns circumferential Ring,
The Angels ſweet, loud *Hallelujah's* ſing;
Through *Empyreum* in unſpotted Day,
Thouſands of Thouſands their bright Beams diſplay,
And inſtantly an immaterial Hoſt,
Pitch'd radiant Tents o're all the heav'nly Coaſt;
There Angels dwell, who ſingle Saints defend;
Arch-Angels, who on Kings and States attend;
Virtues, who turn the Orbs Celeſtial round,
Pow'rs for Centurions in God's Hoſt renown'd;
High Principalities, who Squadrons lead,
Dominions for ſupream Commands decreed;
Thrones,

Thrones, who God's Judgments hear, and then (proclaim,
Cherubs encircling Heav'n with Swords of Flame;
And Seraphims, whose Mold is heav'nly Love,
Who nearest to the Godhead wait above;
Of one born blind if God uncloud the Eyes,
The Sun, till then unseen, he strait descries:
Thus at first Glance all their Creator knew,
Though vail'd as yet from clear Meridian View;
The Morning Stars sang as they first shin'd out,
The new-born Sons of God gave joyful Shout;
All in the like congenial Numbers join'd,
All in the like congenial Chords combin'd;
Poetry, Musick, Jubilation, Love,
Were in pure Spirits co-inspir'd above;
Devotion mov'd them all on God to wait,
And their First-Fruits of Being dedicate;
To sing in Consort their sweet Morning Lay,
And on their con-created Harps to play.
// O great Creator, Everlasting King,
By thee we live and love, rejoice and sing;
From thee our Beings, Source of Being, flow;
To thee we offer what to thee we owe;
We love thee, God of Love, for thy own Sake,
And in each others Bliss Complacence take;
Thy unafflicting Glory we adore,
Thy inexhausted Goodness we implore;
We in thy blissful Sight Idea's see,
Of the new World which shall created be;

And

And ravish'd with the vast harmonious Frame,
We hymn thy Wisdom, and thy Pow'r proclaim;
We thy Perfections infinite confess,
We want full Force thy Goodness to express;
Since we enjoy thy distant glorious Sight,
Thy Loveliness we'll draw in ev'ry Light;
Try thy Perfections singly to disclose,
On ev'ry one ten thousand Hymns compose;
Each Hymn shall to outdo the former strive,
To infinite still nearer to arrive;
In hymning thee Eternity we'll spend,
We all can sing, though none can comprehend; (throng;
We prostrate tow'rds thy Throne, great Godhead,
Our Pow'rs sublime, and we'll sublime our Song:
At their first Dawn thus sang the heav'nly Host,
And then repair'd to their determin'd Posts;
To God, who with Delight review'd five Days
His wondrous Works, they sang Celestial Lays;
But on the sixth, as the Co-unal Three
Consulted Man's Idea to decree,
Bright *Lucifer*, a Cherub, one of those (chose,
Whom for Heav'ns Guardians great *JEHOVAH*
Seiz'd with Suspicion, that the glorious Trine
Would form a Creature which should him outshine,
Vow'd he no Creature would superior own,
And proudly claim'd the Station next the Throne;
On Seraphim he cast invidious Eyes,
Began his lower Order to despise;
His discontented Thoughts thro' Heav'n dispers'd,
Where Spirits by pure Thoughts, not Words, converse;

As

As Armies, who can brag of Realms subdued,
And Captive Kings, who for their Crowns have su'd,
When after Conquest, the ungrateful State
Sets on their dear-bought Lives too mean a Rate;
If but one Wretch, his Prince dares disobey,
And tempts with Hope of Plunder, and more Pay,
Disloyal Murmurs run through all the Host,
Some draw their Swords, and their high Merit boast;
Salute the Villain Sovereign, and bestow
That Life on him, which to their Prince they owe;
Others surround their rightful Prince, and choose
Rather their Lives, than Loyalty to lose;
Thus Lucifer's Disgusts through Angels glide,
Infecting Heav'n with Pestilential Pride;
Ungrateful, envious, inconsiderate, vain,
Attempting Heights, debarr'd by God to gain;
Some of all Ranks beneath the Seraphs vent
To their Co-Murmurers their Discontent;
Seraph alone no Rebel Thought endur'd,
Their ardent Love their Loyalty secur'd.

Some Angels, whom for Guardians God design'd,
Disdain'd their Prostitution to Mankind;
Resolv'd their native Heav'n not to forsake,
Of Earth-born Mortals slavish Care to take;
Above the servile Squadrons would ascend,
And God's Command in Heav'n, not Earth, attend;
At higher Stations some Inferiors aim'd;
A great Command some common Angels claim'd;
Some a less distant Sight of God desir'd,
Others to greater Heights of Bliss aspir'd;

Some

B. VII.

Some would their endleſs Drudgery condole,
Condemn'd the Orbs celeſtial round to roll;
Some caſt on Six-wing'd Seraphs envious Eye,
While with but two they were conſtrain'd to fly;
Others Confinement hated, pleas'd with Change,
O're Heav'n or Earth would at their Pleaſure range;
Some proud Arch-Angels their Creator blam'd,
That they ſhould not be of the Seventy nam'd,
Who o're the Seventy Nations ſhould preſide,
And by thoſe Nations would be deify'd;
Of Woman, the Idea ſome admir'd,
Beheld in God, and thence with Rage were fir'd;
They at their ſolitary State repin'd,
Not made for Love and Off-ſpring like Mankind;
In God, ſome the Idea of God-man
Aſtoniſh'd ſaw, and Murmurings began,
That God ſhould ſlight the high Angelick Race,
And the low Humane with his Union grace;
And when God ſhould incarnate be, they vow
Their ſlighted Nature ſhould not to him bow;
Some rav'd, foreſeeing that if Angels fell,
They no Redeemer muſt expect from Hell,
But to eternal Torments be confin'd,
While God a Saviour for laps'd Man deſign'd.
Proud Lucifer, who read in God's Decrees,
Angels ſhould to Meſſias bow their Knees,
Preſum'd for that high Character to plead,
Craving to be incarnate in his ſtead;
That he that Charge would rather undergo,
Since 'twas too mean for God to ſtoop ſo low;

He

He like the King Meſſias would have reign'd,
His Pride the ignominious Croſs diſdain'd;
With ſuch Diſguſts the Male-contented ſwell'd,
Impatient till they openly rebell'd;
Omniſcient God, who their Revolt foreknew,
And gave each Spirit Adjutory's due,
Would not Obedience force by ſtrict Decree,
But left the Angels, as he made them, free.
Proud Lucifer, his Rebel Faction counts,
Which to a full Angelick Third amounts;
Indarted thought, he ſummons all his Hoſt
To the bright Bounds of the celeſtial Coaſt;
Where he ſtood poſted by Command divine,
Upon Heav'ns Frontiers to defend the Line;
Some riding on white Steeds, ſome flying came,
Some driving Chariots of ſupernal Flame,
With radiant Helmets, Cymiters, and Spears,
The proper Weapons of Angelick Spheres.
Bleſs'd *Michael*, to aſſert great God appear'd,
A glorious Seraph by all Heav'n rever'd;
His Standard he erects of thronal Light,
Where ſhin'd *JEHOVAH* in a Glory bright;
Which Angels, by the Dove eternal taught,
In wonderful Embroidery had wrought:
The loyal Legions, in heroick Rage,
Haſte to the Standard, and for God engage.
From the exilient Hoſts, bright *Michael* choſe
One Legion, the proud Rebels to oppoſe;
God's very Name, apoſtate Troops confounds,
They fly diſorder'd to the heav'nly Bounds;

All

All on a ſudden with dire Horrors quake,
Courage and Conduct both the Fiends forſake;
The more they ſtrive, more they themſelves embroil,
Their heav'nly Weapons on themſelves recoil;
To fight unable, yet averſe to yield,
Forc'd to Angelick Pow'rs to quit the Field.
Great *Michael* out of Heav'n the Rebels drave;
In vain at their Defeat they foaming rave;
The good down to the Air Apoſtates trod,
They invocating, Theſe blaſpheming God:
Their Arms, which in Heav'ns Arſenal were made,
Fell from their Hands, and were to Heav'n convey'd;
Celeſtial Steeds, their hated Riders threw,
And back to Heav'n the empty Chariots flew;
When in a Chariot of ſupernal Light,
Elijah up to Heav'n began his Flight;
Down fell his woollen Mantle to the Ground,
That radiant Robes his Body might ſurround:
But as curs'd Angels fell to the Abyſs,
They upwards drop'd their Vehicles of Bliſs, (creed
Which in Heaven's-ward-Robe kept are there de-
For Saints, who in their Manſions them ſucceed;
Down to the Atmoſphere they fell, and there
Of Ether ſtripp'd, they put on gloomy Air;
They felt their muddy Veſts their Force contract,
Beyond their narrow'd Bounds they cou'd not act;
Their Vehicles were temper'd to a Senſe
Of Fire, Pain, Wound, and Torment moſt intenſe;
Yet ſtill their Pride their Puniſhment deſpis'd,
And ſwell'd the more, the more it was chaſt'ned;

Swift

Swift as the Orbs Celeſtial move they ſank,
And in foul Air their own Confuſion drank;
Ether aſunder parted all along,
Gaping a *Vacuum* for the curſed Throng;
God haſtens thus, and diſtances the Flight
Of odious Rebels from his bliſsful Sight.

Soon as they reach'd the Air, the Rebel Crowds
Entrench'd themſelves in thick dark ſtinking Clouds;
Each arm'd with Spear, Shield, Helmet, two edg'd Blade,
In airy Magazine of Meteor made;
The Loſs of Heaven is their perpetual Woe,
Hell is within them whereſoe're they go;
In Bliſs they learn'd, a future humane Race
Should ſhortly be exalted in their Place;
Who ſhould their vacant heav'nly Thrones aſcend,
While they Eternity in Torture ſpend;
Revenge, Rage, Horror, Envy and Deſpair,
At that dire Thought, their inbred Furies were:
They 'gainſt juſt Heav'n with utmoſt Malice fraught,
Diſcharge full Vollys of Blaſphemous Thought;
Curſe all the Hoſt Angelick, and Mankind,
Wiſhing their Might like their Rage unconfin'd;
And vainly the celeſtial Pow'rs defie,
To force the Trenches where their Legions lie.

Proud Lucifer, e're he the Fight commenc'd,
With Art had organiz'd, of Air condens'd,
A monſtrous Form, which e're he had rebell'd,
In the divine Idea's he beheld
A mighty Dragon, *Michael* to out-brave,
When Signal with a Blaſphemy he gave;

As

As when in naval Fights a ſailing Tow'r
Outbraves a mighty adverſe naval Pow'r;
Top and Top Gallant in the midſt of Foes,
Stones, Darts, Spears, Flames, and Deaths on all Sides
(throws:
Lucifer's Bulk, which o're Expanſe he ſpreads,
His Teeth, Claws, Tail, Sting, and ſev'n gaping Heads,
Threaten Annihilation all around,
To all who ſtrove the Monſter to confound.
Lucifer's Troops, at his blaſphemous Cries,
Embattle, and great *Michael* he defies;
Michael his Legion in Battalia drew,
As from his Lips loud *Hallelujahs* flew:
With Blaſphemy, as with a poiſon'd Dart,
The bad ſtrike the good Angels to the Heart;
They to the bad give deadly Wounds each Time
They name *JEHOVAH*, and upbraid their Crime.
If from a Wolf and Lamb, two Nerves you rend,
And near each other both of them extend,
Strike but the Wolf, the Lamb ſtrait burſts for fear,
Live Paſſions in the Lifeleſs Strings appear;
Thus partly by Antipathies they fought,
And ſtabb'd each other through and through with
(Thought;
The Paſſion was revers'd in Hoſts accurs'd,
And the fierce Wolfe at the Lamb's Preſence burſt.
Lucifer now in-dragon'd ſwell'd with Pride,
Deſtructive Vollies ſhot on ev'ry Side:
Michael the brighteſt Beam that he could find,
Choſe out of all which from God's Glory ſhin'd,
And

And in a momentaneous, darted Thought,
To vindicate his Honour God beſought,
Struck through the Dragon with that radiant Spear,
Tore his dire Shape, and made it diſappear;
The Fiends deſpond at their fierce Captain's Fall,
Yet for God's Mercy were too proud to call;
Their Swords they claſh, with utmoſt Fury rave,
The loyal Hoſt their radiant Weapons wave;
All at one Moment on the Rebels flew,
Who ſoon began their Blaſphemies to rue;
Here Thouſands drop their Arms, and trembling fly,
In Heaps their wounded Vehicles there lie;
Some loſt their Limbs, others run through and (through;
Some cloven down, none durſt the Fight renew;
The Angels gave their brandiſh'd Blades no Reſt,
Till bath'd in each proud Rebel's gloomy Veſt;
Their wounded Vehicles felt raging Pain,
They griev'd they could be wounded, but not ſlain;
For ſoon their Wounds were by God's Vengeance
To keep them for infernal Pains diſpos'd: (clos'd,
As Savage Beaſts, who Sword and Spear defy,
Soon as they Fire behold, affrighted fly;
Thus Fiends of Darkneſs heav'nly Light deteſt,
With the bright Glories of their Foes oppreſt;
They wiſh'd for Flight, but Shelter ſought in vain,
They who fly God, unſhelter'd ſtill remain.
Good Angels then, the Rebels to enſlave,
To the North Pole in Chains of Darkneſs drave;

To Rocks of Ice, and Mountains of hard Snow,
Which to the Atmosphere continuous grow;
There to the rigid Blasts they them expose,
Where their thick, muddy Vehicles were froze;
Their cumbrous Coats they could no more extend,
The stubborn Ice would to no Motions bend;
When Winter Frosts a Cask of Wine invade,
The Body of the Liquor Ice is made,
While the Spirituous Part still inward flies,
Entomb'd in the Cylindral Ice it lies;
Thus shrivell'd Spirits in hard Chrystal pent,
Rack'd by Contraction, raving roar'd for vent:
Michael them next to the Zone torrid drives,
By Heat extream to rarifie their Hives;
In Cold of their Contraction they complain'd,
In Heat by their Expansion they were pain'd;
A Giant that into Dwarf's Armour squeez'd,
Which made them groan, impatient to be eas'd;
In Giant's Armour this a Dwarf enclos'd,
To all Connat'ral Motions indispos'd;
Subdued by Force, their Weakness they confest,
And vow'd no more Heav'n's Quiet to molest:
The Angels well the impious Liars knew,
And would to their Alotments them pursue,
Till the great Judgment Day Heav'n thought it fit,
Their present Separation to permit:
Hell's Scepter *Beelzebub* sank down to hold,
Foul Mammon earth'd in Subterraneous Gold;
Proud *Lucifer* of Air assum'd the Sway,
Satan haunts o're the Earth for human Prey:

In

In Anguish and Restraint, each Legion lies;
Yet licens'd Souls to punish, try, chastise.

Haste up to Heav'n the loyal Legion made,
And gratefully exalt God's mighty Aid.
The Quire Above, who for their Coming wait,
Their Victory with Joy congratulate;
They as cur'd *Lucifer's* Defeat, they saw
Saw in his Fall JEHOVAH glorify'd;
Heard the Fiends howling loud in their Descent,
And trembling *Lucifer* himself lament:
All in harmonious Chords their Voices rais'd,
Sang their Foes Downfal, and their Maker prais'd.

How art thou fall'n, ambitious Prince of Light,
Now sunk a Slave in horrid, endless Night,
O vain, O curs'd Attempts, of all who try
With the Omnipotent for Mastery:
All Praise to God triumphant, O may all
God's Foes as hopeless and tormented fall:
Thus Angels sang, and God's all-gracious Eyes
Accepted both their Zeal and Sacrifice;
He to each Champion gave a Palm and Crown,
His Favours eternizing their Renown;
And that the Loyal might secure remain,
Such dire Temptations ne're should feel again,
God rais'd them tow'rds his Throne to Vision clear,
His Glories there so amiable appear,
That their Capacity, Desire, Delight,
Exhausted is by Goodness infinite;
They now unchangeably love God on high,
In endless, unremitting Extasie:

Due Thanks *Hymnotheo* to *Uranio* paid,
Who of curs'd Pride the Danger had display'd.
Uranio, tender of his Charge, perceiv'd
It was high Time the Youth should be reliev'd;
And on sweet, fruitful *Carmel*, stoopt his Flight,
To feast, to rest him, and his Eyes delight;
There stood the holy Prophet's lonely Cell,
His safe Retreat from wicked *Jezebel*;
Where a grave Solitary fix'd his Stay,
To Tear and Joy devoting all the Day;
To Tear, which for the wicked World ran down;
To Joy, for Views of his own heav'nly Crown:
Hymnotheo paid the Father Rev'rence due,
And to the Chappel for a while withdrew;
Off'ring a Hymn to the bright Mercy-Seat,
And begging Aid his Voyage to compleat;
Then for Repast the pleasant Fruits he crop't,
The Birds, watch'd by *Phylaster*, near him stopt;
By Manna uncondens'd, and heav'nly Dew,
And od'rous Flow'rs, their Vigour to renew:
And while their weary Wings they there repos'd,
The Youth lay in *Elijah*'s Grot enclos'd;
Harmonious Birds soon sang him there to sleep,
Uranio sitting by, his Soul to keep;
Sitting it chanc'd (for it like Chance appear'd),
Though JESUS the propitious Motion steer'd,
That the good Angel rais'd his watchful Head,
And his bright Wings to full Expansion spread:
Hymnotheo's Soul, which while he slept remain'd
From its Organick Drudgery unchain'd,

By

By his exalted, intellectual Eye,
Beheld him clap his Wings, prepar'd to fly.
" *Uranio*, thought he, will you me forsake,
While you of beatifick Joys partake?
Ah, should I fall, when I am left alone,
I'll blame *Uranio* at the awful Throne:
Uranio, to whose Care *John* him consign'd,
Held Conversation with him Mind to Mind;
And now, in re-ejaculated Thought,
The Will of Heav'n thus to his Spirit taught;
" The Day is near, in which great God decreed,
That Angels should to heav'nly *Sion* speed:
Hymnethea's Soul loos'd from its fleshly Tye,
Trajected in Idea's this Reply.
" Pass'd are the great Anniversary Days,
For off'ring solemn Sacrifice of Praise;
Pass'd is the Day when you re-sing the Strains,
Sung of Incarnate God to *Bethlem* Swains;
When to adore God's Son you were enjoyn'd,
And joy'd to see the Saviour of Mankind;
Or when you sing the Lamb unspotted slain,
Who on the Cross o're Sin began his Reign:
Or when you sing his Rising from the Dead,
When captivating Death he Captive led:
Or when you the ecstatick Songs renew,
Sung when he to his filial Throne reflew:
Or when the third of the co-glorious Trine,
Shed on the Faithful, Grace and Gifts divine:
Or when the Seraphs, veil'd with humble Wing,
The Three I AM with Voice eternal sing.

Is it the Day, when firſt you roſe to Light
From nothing, then the higheſt Stars more bright,
When firſt you all your great Creator ſang,
And of God's Praiſe the Arch Celeſtial rang?
Are you to ſing the Strain which ſolemniz'd
The hallow'd Day, in which God ſabbatiz'd;
When you devoutly the new World admir'd,
And Admiration Poetry inſpir'd?
Or is't the Day, when you the Songs recite
Triumphant, for fall'n Angels put to Flight;
And trod by you to Darkneſs under Ground,
For which with Wreaths of Beams your Hoſt was crown'd?
Or *Hallelujah's* are you call'd to ſing,
In a full Qu're for ſome converted King,
And mighty Realm, who *JESUS* Laws embrace,
And the Croſs o're the Crown Imperial place?
Or are you ſummon'd fully to declare,
The various Influence of your Guardian Care;
With ſome freſh, heavnly Favours to be paid,
For your ſucceſsful, zealous Guardian Aid?
Or are you ſome new Orders to receive?
Or muſt freſh Angels the old Watch relieve?
Or will great God, from his omnificent View,
Give Warning of ſome Schiſm or Errors new;
That you may watch where, when, and how they riſe,
And guard your proper Charges from Surprize?
Is the Aſſembly call'd of God's firſt-born,
Which you with your full Splendors muſt adorn?
Or are there ſome new Plots which Tempters lay,
Souls to delude, afflict, affright, betray?

Or

Or have the Pow'rs Infernal sforn'd their Chain,
And fresh Angelick Troops must them restrain;
While they all swelling with a seven-fold Ire,
In the Extasies of the Church conspire?
Have the Abbesses of the Saints appear'd,
To blacken them, who must by you be clear'd?
Or have you Leave from Posts below to fly,
To meet the Saints whom you have lodg'd on high;
While all your Guardians in a sweet Content,
Eye Numbers which your Cares have rendred blest?
Is it the Day, when all God's Sons of Light,
Present themselves to their dread Father's Sight;
When cursed *Satan*, insolent and proud,
Is wont among the blessed ones to crowd?
For which of these are Angels call'd to meet,
And fly to visit their congenial Seat?

Your Guesses, said *Uranio*, dearest Sainty,
Of Curiosity betray a Taint;
Souls, who to God entire Submission pay,
No Questions ask, but what God wills, obey;
Yet since your Doubts have in religious Air,
By God's Permission I'll the Truth declare.

The Angel in the Sun, who spake so loud,
That the Fowls heard, who fly beneath the Cloud;
The heavenly Ensign was assign'd to bear,
Just in the midst of the Ethereal Sphere,
Where once the Angel hover'd to and fro,
When he proclaim'd a trine tremendous Woe;
And whence the Angel, whom great God design'd
To preach his Truth, was heard by all Mankind;

His Trumpet then he lifted to his Head,
As loud as the laſt Trump, which wakes the Dead;
But ſweeter far benignly to invite,
Angels to meet in the Celeſtial Height:
Soon as the heav'nly Summons reach'd my Ear,
Which none but the Angelick Hoſt could hear,
I clapt my Wings, raiſing tow'rds Heav'n my Eye,
Feeling ſweet Languor for the Joys on high;
Your Spirit, as I mov'd my Wings, awake,
Begg'd in warm Thought I would not you forſake;
That be far from me, dear *Hymnotheo*, I
Will lodge you ſafe from Danger as we fly;
To *Epheſus* the Voyage is too great,
Bleſs'd *John* knows well we muſt to Heav'n retreat;
You ſafe on *Sion* Ectypall ſhall ſtay,
To the Archetypall, 'tis in my Way;
Your Wiſh to hymn ſweet *JESUS* you'll obtain,
Both *Sions* ſing the Lamb unſpotted ſlain;
The Devils, during our Angelick Flight,
Will take Advantage to exert their Spite;
Eccleſia's Bolom beſt, with Watch and Pray'r,
Will you ſecure from Helliſh Rage or Snare.

Hymnotheo's Soul ſerenely then retir'd,
And in Vacation with his Limbs conſpir'd;
Uranio, while the Youth and Hermit ſlept,
To the bleſs'd Guardian of the Chappel ſtept;
He ſaw the Enſign, and for Flight prepar'd,
And what he knew, he mildly thus declar'd;
Our gracious God, on ſome benign Intent,
Had down to Earth a radiant Envoy ſent,

Who

Who as from Ether into Cloud he paſs'd,
Off for a while his ſplendid Veſture caſt;
And in a cloudy Mantle choſe to fly,
Leſt he ſhould dazzle a Saint's feeble Eye:
Satan, as over the Expanſe he rang'd,
Saw where his Vehicle the Angel chang'd;
And watch'd juſt at the utmoſt Brink of Air,
The Moment when to Heav'n he ſhould repair;
And ſoon as he again in Ether ſhin'd,
Satan himſelf in the dropt Cloud enſhrin'd,
That no true Angel, who the falſe ſhould meet,
In Veſt Angelick, ſhould ſuſpect the Cheat;
Juſt o're this Chappel he long hov'ring ſtaid,
To ſee what Angel beſt might be way-laid;
And as from Heav'n he one deſcending ſpy'd,
Whoſe Line of Flight ran neareſt to his Side;
Praiſe be to God, you bleſs my Sight, he cries;
The Angel, not diſcerning his Diſguiſe,
Him with a *Hallelujah* re-ſalutes;
Our gracious God, ſaid *Satan*, me deputes,
To guard that goodly Temple there in Sight,
In which, to reſt your Wings, I you invite;
I'll call together all the Sacred Quire,
Which I, inſpir'd by God, with Hymn inſpire;
My heav'nly Gueſt with Hymns I'll entertain,
Not much below our high Angelick Strain:
The Envoy Thanks to the Mock-Angel paid,
But great God's Meſſage could not be delay'd;
Satan foreſaw what muſt be his Excuſe,
And choſe that Way his Guile to introduce;

Hyman,

Hymn, Quire, and Temple, his Aversion were,
And well he knew he no Command had there;
Yet since he saw his Cheat was undescry'd,
He to the Angel thus himself apply'd:

While you in Heav'n, my dear Angelick Friend,
Eternal Day in Joys ecstatick spend;
I waste my Time, fix'd on that lonely Mount,
Of heav'nly News can rarely get Account;
God wills I to these Walls should be confin'd,
And to God's hard Command I live resign'd;
Pity me then, and, if you can, infuse,
What will revive me, some Celestial News.

'Twas the Discourse, the Angel said, on high,
As I receiv'd Commission down to fly;
That God e're long, for some good End unknown,
Will summon all the Guardians to his Throne;
That his Angelick Sons must all await
His Pleasure in the Beatifick State;
A Height too pure, too glorious, too sublime,
For damn'd Apostate Sons e're to climb;
Had they not heretofore in that blest Sphere,
Satan had ne're attempted to appear;
But while the Guardian Host in Bliss remains,
Devils will force Hell-Gates, and break their Chains,
Like Liberty they for a while enjoy'd,
When boasting that they JESUS had destroy'd;
Like Liberty the Fiends will re-acquire,
Soon as the calm Millenial shall expire.

This

This said, the Angel on his Message flew,
And *Satan* sank to his infernal Crew;
I Angel of this Church then lying near,
What *Satan* did or spake could see and hear;
And trac'd his Flight to the sulphureous Deep,
Where from the Angel, *JESUS* chose to keep
The Keys of Death and Hell; I learn'd what past
Among the Fiends in the infernal Vast;
They all in Vehicles with Sulphur flam'd,
To *Satan* hast, who open Hell proclaim'd.
Illustrious Pow'rs, who gainst *JEHOVAH* dare
Long War to manage by a brave Despair;
Some Ghosts detach'd from the aerial Sphere,
With those who on the Earth my Cast revere,
Have hitherto the Drudgery sustain'd
Of tempting Man, while you below restrain'd,
In horrid Torture, your Duration spent,
And God, who Mercy boasts, would not relent;
But he relents at last, and quits the Field,
Tir'd with Defiance which disdains to yield;
The Day is fix'd, when by Command severe,
Angels in Heav'n are summon'd to appear;
We shall, when no Angelick Watch is set,
Full Freedom for mischievous Ranges get;
One fatal Day sank us from Bliss to Pain,
And one free Day improv'd, may Bliss regain;
Experienc'd Spirits, what will you advise,
Heav'n, while we have our Freedom, to surprize?
From his aerial Throne, the Prince of Pride,
With jealous Eye *Satan*'s Descent descry'd;

And

And fearing ſome Deſign againſt his Crown,
Flew after him to the dark Kingdom down;
But this Harangue, ſoon as he heard him make,
His Jealouſy quite vaniſhing, thus ſpake;
Heroick Fiends, for whom God made this Hell,
Whom yet his feeble Vengeance cannot quell;
Our Spirits as invincibly are proud,
As when from Ether we were trod to Cloud;
We all the Value of our Beings know,
And Servitude can leſs endure than Woe;
Though for a while we abſent are from Bliſs,
Yet we reign Sovereigns of this wide Abyſs;
Our Realms with damn'd Mankind are hourly ſtor'd,
And we on Earth in Temples are ador'd;
God has Adorers few, in a ſhort time
We ſhall expel him out of ev'ry Clime;
Atheiſm you ſee, has univerſal Spread,
Men now are ridicul'd who God-head dread:
In hard'ned Atheiſm may they all expire,
Soon as they feel, what they burleſque, our Fire;
We'll teach them Faith to aggravate their Grief,
And bid them then from Atheiſm draw Relief;
Soon as this lower World becomes our own,
We with Succeſs may reaſſault the Throne;
'Tis true, we of our Heights intended fail'd,
Two Thirds of Heav'n againſt one Third prevail'd;
We were oppreſs'd by Number more than Might,
We muſt maintain a more ſagacious Fight;
Wiſdom defects of Number muſt ſupply,
Once more we to re-enter Bliſs will try;

We

We now the moſt God can inflict ſuſtain,
And worſted, cannot feel increaſe of Pain;
We may endanger God's Imperial Seat,
And nothing leſs, ſhould he our Troops defeat.
Beelzebub crown'd with circling Flames, and fry'd
In his high red-hot regal Throne reply'd,
I gladly would regain our native Sphere,
Were I to reign a Monarch there, as here;
But common Angels there would us upbraid,
That we our King celeſtial diſobey'd;
We ſhould for Rebels paſs, and live diſgrac'd,
Below the Populace of Heav'n debas'd:
In Heav'n we only a new Hell ſhould find,
Worſe than the Old to a true noble Mind;
But ſhould we on mature Debate combine,
To fight the Hoſt of the now regnant Trine;
How ſhall we riſe to the celeſtial Height,
Who loſt our Wings in the Angelick Fight?
On Plumes of rav'nous Birds we ſwim in Air,
But they to Heav'n our Spirits cannot bear;
Then ſit contented with your hopeleſs Doom,
On vain Attempts 'tis Folly to preſume.
The Serpent, *Eve*'s ſly Tempter, then rejoin'd,
We'll mount on Wings of an impetuous Wind;
Such as we rais'd, *Job*'s Children to confound,
Which blew their Houſe of Feaſting to the Ground;
We on thoſe Wings as well may upwards tend,
As on thoſe Wings *JEHOVAH* may deſcend.
Abaddon then, ready for Rage to burſt,
Spake next, for Blood unquenchably a-thirſt;

Brave

Brave Fiends, who God our great Tormentor hate,
And live superlour to a direful Fate;
Proud *Lucifer* gave Intimations true,
That the *JEHOVAH*'s Vot'ries are but few;
And were those few destroy'd, Heav'n must confess,
That we should wholly the low World possess,
And may attempt the upper; we must strive,
God of his few Adorers to deprive.
Should we Plague, Famine, War, at once let loose,
Destruction universal they'll produce:
They with God's Vot'ries will involve our own,
And to spite God, we shall our selves dethrone:
Our Vot'ries we with Care alive must keep,
That they new Sins upon their Heads may heap:
Damn them too soon, and when they sink below,
They, to our Grief, endure the milder Woe.
When living Men, who have of Heaven and Hell
The Option offer'd, Grace divine repel;
They more God's Mercy grieve by their Neglects
Than we, from whom he no Regard expects.
Fierce Persecution best will suit our Aims,
Which may consume God's Vot'ries in the Flames:
Some may become our Vot'ries out of Fear;
And of God's Subjects we the World shall clear:
The persecuting Fury but retrieve,
And God to us must his lost Empire leave.
Belial, one of the Devils most defil'd,
Who God's light, easie Yoke, tyrannick styl'd,
Rose, and with Looks which all Controul disdain'd,
Thus impious Fiends attentive entertain'd:

Abaddon

Abaddon Perſecution would perſwade,
With more Succeſs God's Empire to invade;
But 'tis Hell's Int'reſt rather to ſpread Guilt,
Than to exuſt in Blood of Martyrs ſpilt;
At Martyrdoms we more than Martyrs groan,
Torments in which they joy, increaſe our own:
We haſten them to Bliſs, and at the Stake,
To our Confuſion, they oft Converts make.
The Church, when Blood of Martyrs overflows,
Of Saints a hundredfold more pregnant grows.
Error and Vice unchain'd affront God more
Than all the Tortures Martyrs ever bore.
Tempt Men God's Revelations to decry,
And ev'ry Upſtart will give God the Lye.
Let Latitudinarian Spirits ſtrive
All Hereſies long buried to revive.
Atheiſm to the licentious Youth ſuggeſt,
Urge them Conſideration to deteſt;
With oppoſite Religions to comply,
And Chriſt for Gain or Safety to deny.
Sage *Epicurus* beſt could Gods deviſe,
Gods for the Mob, but *Idle* for the Wiſe.
Polytheiſm Men hardly will digeſt,
One intermundian God muſt be profeſs'd:
But that one *Idle* God, the ſame with none,
Who ſhall exact no Duty to his Throne:
Teach impious Wretches Conſcience to o'rerule,
Martyrs and Judgment-Day to ridicule:
Prompt them to ſhameful and unbridled Luſt,
To think no Sin diſgraceful or unjuſt:

Let

Let Latitude be Moderation ſtyl'd,
That Souls may be by that ſoft Name beguil'd;
Make Prelates ſuch as thoſe once *Egypt* bore,
Wont *CHRIST* with foul *Serapis* to adore;
JESUS on Earth his Flock was forc'd to call
A little one, then he'll have none at all;
At his next Coming he no Faith will find,
And will in vain have ſuffer'd for Mankind;
When to this Pitch Apoſtates ſhall arrive,
Out of this World we ſhall *JEHOVAH* drive;
When driven, then will be the proper Time
To think how we to native Heav'n may climb.
Moloch, by cruel Rage intenſely fir'd,
In whoſe red-hot Embraces Babes expir'd;
From human Blood long Faſting kept, aroſe
The Fiends for Height of Fury to diſpoſe;
Curs'd be damn'd Ghoſts, who Ills by halves deſign;
I to exert our utmoſt Rage incline;
If Famine, War, and Peſtilence, are ours,
Why ſhould we Devils curb miſchievous Pow'rs?
Let Perſecution, Vice, and Error looſe,
All the malicious Force of Hell unſluce;
All *JESUS* little Flock we'll overwhelm,
And rob him of his mediatory Realm;
Which to regain, he'll tamely with us treat;
And we'll capit'late for our heav'nly Seat.
All Hell, to what fierce *Moloch* ſpake, agreed,
And to exert their utmoſt Spite decreed;
Hell thus ſet open, Devils free from Chain,
Think in what Danger faithful Souls remain.

Hymnotheo waking, to the Chappel went,
His Morning Hymn for Off'ring to preſent;
When bright *Uranio*, waiting till he roſe,
Began for Flight his Spirit to diſpoſe.

During, ſaid he, the Stay we make on high,
Fiends o'er the World will ſcatt'ring Miſchief fly;
Long they'll not reign; but while they domineer,
Saints are beſt ſhelter'd in *Eccleſia*'s Sphere:
God there is wont his Jewels to collect,
Heav'n to foretaſt, and from Hell Powers protect:
'Tis thither I, *Hymnotheo*, you invite,
And gladly will accompany your Flight:
All ſaving Truths are clearly there reveal'd,
And all God's faithful Voteries are ſeal'd:
And ſhould ten diabolick Legions join,
To hurt one honour'd with the Seal divine;
They to freſh Torture would in Hell be doom'd,
Who to aſſault a Vot'ry ſeal'd, preſum'd:
As in the Flood the Seas diſdain their Bound,
And all the lofty Mountains Heads were drown'd;
The lower ſeem'd with Waves ſupernal join'd,
Nothing was ſeen but Ocean unconfin'd;
God *Noah* in the Ark in Safety kept,
When Waves to Hell outragious Sinners ſwept:
While *Adam*'s Race in Sin thus delug'd lies,
And Hell is looſe, the Careleſs to ſurprize;
All who are ſeal'd with the Celeſtial Mark,
See the World plagu'd, ſafe in *Eccleſia*'s Ark:
All who their Errors and their Sins abjure,
Or God adore with an Intention pure;

Or keep great God in reverential View;
Or their baptiſmal ſolemn Vow renew;
Or Mercy beg with fervent, humble Pray'r,
Find Entrance and benign Acceptance there:
Saints who below in Daughter Churches ſtay
Will ſafe remain, while they ſhall watch and pray;
They'll be by Hell in various Conflicts try'd,
But humbly ſure that God is on their Side;
They'll feel when try'd God's Love and theirs in-
(creaſe,
That their War ends in Victory and Peace;
But Saints ſelf-jealous will their Flights up-take,
We'll follow of the firſt the radiant Wake;
With that they in the Chariot mount on high,
And had the Globe Terraqueous in their Eye.
Angels were juſt on Wing, when Hell in Shoals
Flew to delude, pollute, and murder Souls;
The moſt ſelf-confident the ſooneſt fell,
Neglect of Pray'r Advantage gave to Hell;
The Guardians Warning gave, which few would
(heed,
Of Guardian Aid ſome thought they had no need;
Some in Preciſeneſs would the Flight decline,
Leſt on the Seal the Croſs ſhould be the Sign;
Some on Enthuſiaſtick Dreams rely'd,
Others decreed to Bliſs could not backſlide;
Luſt, Av'rice, Pride, abhorr'd the heav'nward Courſe,
Satan prevail'd much more by Wile than Force;
Oppoſite Sects to heav'nly Truth laid Claim,
And each uſurp'd *Eccleſia*'s ſacred Name;
O're-

O'relook'd the ancient Church, to build a new,
And would not ſee what always was in View.
When *Moſes*, warn'd of Hail, which ſhould con-(found
All that continued on *Egyptian* Ground;
They who to God paid Veneration due,
Into their Walls with Slaves and Cattle flew;
And when the Hail deſcended, mix'd with Fire,
God's Vengeance making Oppoſites conſpire;
All that in Field grew, fed, or were employ'd,
The Herbs, Trees, Cattle, Servants, were deſtroy'd:
While they who God's meek Envoy's Voice obey'd,
Safe from the Tempeſt in their Dwellings ſtaid:
Thus God by Guardians Warning deign'd to give,
That faithful Souls unviolenc'd might live.
Hymnotheo looking down, with Tears bewail'd
The num'rous Souls; whom Hell with Rage aſſail'd;
Juſt and wiſe God, proud Rebels to chaſtiſe,
Who Mercy inexcuſably deſpiſe,
Gave Hell the Liberty, by Force or Guile,
To be his Executioners a while:
In Hymn his Thanks to God *Hymnotheo* paid,
For his Deliv'rance by Angelick Aid.

BOOK VIII.

ARound Earth's Central Point a Region (lies,
Planted with Mountains of an equal (Size,
Like a thick Grove they ſtand, and on their Heads,
A ſov'raign Mountain its large Baſis ſpreads;
In perpendicular to God's bright Throne,
To all, waſh'd in the myſtick Laver, known;
High *Ararat*, on which the Ark repos'd;
Sinai, where God his awful Will diſclos'd;
The ſhowy *Liban*, with tall Cedars crown'd;
Piſgah, o'relooking *Jury*'s utmoſt Bound;
Baſhan, whoſe Oaks outbrave the furious Wind;
Tabor, where *JESUS*, when transfigur'd, ſhin'd;
Carmel, where from the bord'ring Sphere of Flame,
Bright Fire came down, the Godhead to proclaim;
Horeb, once great *Elijah*'s bleſs'd Retreat,
The Denizons of neighb'ring Heav'n to meet;
The verdant *Gilead*, on whoſe od'rous Top,
Balſamick Gums, like liquid Amber, drop;
The Hills which leap'd at the Ark paſſing by,
Exulting to behold their God ſo nigh;
Each ſtooping to the Ground his lofty Creſt,
With the dear Load contending to be bleſt;

Illumin'd

Illumin'd by its Heav'n enkindled Light,
Pay Homage to its venerable Height.
Thither the beſt belov'd Diſciple flew,
And of new *Salem* had a rapt'rous View;
On his own Eagle the great Saint aſpir'd,
Till in mid-Way the vig'rous Bird was tir'd;
When his good Angel flying by his Side,
With kind, vicarious Wings, his Place ſupply'd;
No Cloud, no Tempeſt, there is ever ſeen,
No Change it feels, but ever is ſerene;
It needs no Sun, enjoys perpetual Day,
Lightned by *JESUS*' Majeſtatick Ray;
The ſpicy Mountains, and the od'rous Hills,
Where Myrrh and Frankincenſe from Trees diſtils;
Such ſovereign Reſtoratives ne're knew,
As in the Fields of Sacred *Salem* grew;
Which in Conſumptions ghoſtly Life repair,
And make one dead, of Life Eternal Heir.
Eccleſia, God Incarnate's lovely Bride,
Form'd from the ſecond *Adam*'s wounded Side;
Catholick Mother of the hallow'd Tribes,
Whom *JESUS* in the Book of Life inſcribes,
When by the new Creation ſhe was fram'd,
That lofty Mountain for her Manſion claim'd;
Above all ſublunary Joys ſhe ſits,
And Entrance to no Vanity permits;
There Faith is free from all deſtructive Blites,
Servile Compliance with *Judaick* Rites;
Or Fondneſs for vain Philoſophick Schemes;
Or Imitation of Paganick Dreams;

Or baneful Luxury, Pomp, Wealth, and Pride,
Or Schiſms, which Union Catholick divide;
Or Hereſie, which ſaving Truths denies;
Or Politicks, to make it temporiſe;
Saints there a diſcontinued Sabbath keep,
And daily Crops of Joy Sabbatick reap;
There they are taught God's Precepts to obey,
And to ſecure their Souls, to watch and pray;
There of the World they have a Proſpect clear,
And dawning Sight of the Celeſtial Sphere;
And taught all Joys evanid to deſpiſe,
And on Eternal Bliſs to fix their Eyes.

The hallow'd Mount is by all Nations ſeen,
And Pilgrims from all Climates there convene:
All Parts frequented the devoted Town,
When on the Saints the Holy Ghoſt fell down;
From *Parthia*, *Media*, *Elam*, and the Ground
Which *Tygris* and *Euphrates* Streams ſurround;
From *Jury*, *Cappadoce*, and *Aſian* Coaſts,
Who of their heav'n-fall'n Image make their Boaſts,
Phrygia, *Pamphylia*, *Pontus*, and the Soil
Impregnated by overflowing *Nile*,
From *Rome*, *Crete*, *Lybian* and *Arabian* Sands,
Cyrene, and all habitable Lands,
To keep the Pentecoſt *Judaick* flock'd,
And ſaw God's Kingdom to the World unlock'd:
Thus on *Eccleſia*'s Mount, from ev'ry Wind,
Saints, their bleſs'd Mother to ſalute, combin'd;
All faithful Souls her awful Form rever'd,
And Dictates with entire Submiſſion heard.

Eccleſia's Manſion was God's Houſe of Pray'r,
Her Company the Saints who worſhip there;
She with the Sacramental Wine and Bread,
Was at the Holy Table daily fed;
A Croſs erect ſhe for her Chair deſign'd,
To keep her Saviour's Paſſion in her Mind;
Of the Protuberance ſhe made her Seat,
On which were ſtaid her dear Redeemer's Feet:
The goodly Mount devoted was to God,
And Saints with naked Feet the *Area* trod;
Within the Temple, on a Throne repos'd,
The ſacred Volume Day and Night unclos'd;
That all the Faithful, with attentive Heed,
God's Law for Conduct of their Lives might read;
No Maſter ſhe in Faith but God would own,
His Book ſhe read, while kneeling at his Throne;
All that ſhe read, ſhe, like the bleſſed Maid,
By holy Meditation re-ſurvey'd;
Her Paſtors Knowledge from that Fountain gain'd,
And heav'nly Myſt'ries to their Flocks explain'd;
To Councils ſhe, next to that heav'nly Source,
And Catholick Tradition, had Recourſe;
The College Paſtoral ſhe choſe for Guide,
When Paſtors ſingly could not Doubts decide;
Cells all around the fair capacious Plain
Were built, *Eccleſia*'s Sons to entertain;
The Window in each Cell the Temple fac'd,
Which in the Center of the Mount was plac'd;
And all, when off'ring up to God their Cries,
Like *Daniel*, tow'rds the Temple turn'd their Eyes,

Ectypal *Salem* here is in their Eye,
The Model of Archetypal on high;
The Joys, the Glories, which above appear,
Have all in Miniature their Patterns here:
Down from high Heav'n the holy City came,
Devoted to the great Triunal Name;
Within a ſolid Cubick Frame, the Plan
Was drawn by the Omniſcient God-Man;
He built the City of tranſparent Gold,
And Jaſper-Walls the *Area* to enfold;
Twelve precious Stones, whoſe Splendors never fade,
Are of the Walls the firm Foundations made,
Excelling thoſe on the bright Pect'ral plac'd,
And with a Luſtre more Celeſtial grac'd:
Twelve Gates are of twelve Pearls ſupernal fram'd,
Tranſcending all for which the *Eaſt* is fam'd;
And the Eternal Word, at ev'ry Gate,
Enjoins an Angel Sentinel to wait,
Arm'd like the Cherubs with a flaming Blade,
That no Apoſtate ſhould her Seat invade;
None who renounce, or ſlight baptiſmal Pact;
No Wretch, who dares Abominations act;
None who their heav'n-born Souls with Luſt defile;
None who Infernal Ghoſts their *Numens* ſtile;
None who the Steps of the Arch-murd'rer trace,
Or ſnarl like Dogs at the Regenerate Race;
Or with their Father the Arch-lyar vie,
In forming, or in propagating Lie:
Should theſe attempt the Mountain to aſcend,
The watchful Guardians, who the Gates attend,

Would

Would headlong throw them down to loweſt Hell,
With the like Force by which the Devils fell:
But though lov'd *John*, to all that's bright and fair,
Was taught *Eccleſia*'s Beauty to compare;
Yet Pearls tranſparent, Gold, and Precious Stone,
Beneath new *Salem*'s Graces all muſt own;
Benign, pure, lovely, awful, charming, bright,
Diſcern'd by only heav'n-aſſiſted Sight.
Eccleſia's Gates ſtand always open wide,
And to no Suppliant Entrance is deny'd;
A Tree of Life juſt in the middle grows,
Fairer than that whence *Adam*'s Fall aroſe;
Twelve Sorts of Fruit the Tree immortal ſtore,
Whoever eat, could never hunger more;
Each Fruit is with appendent Virtues grac'd,
And of the Tree above gives precious Taſt:
All griev'd with ghoſtly Maim, Diſeaſe, or Sore,
Feel its balſamick Leaves their Health reſtore:
Bleſs'd Fruit! bleſs'd Leaves! That heav'nly Graces paints,
This the ſublime Examples of the Saints.
A River glides to bleſs'd *Eccleſia* near,
Like that out of the Throne, and Chryſtal clear;
All who are waſh'd in this devoted Stream,
Of heav'nly Joys have an initial Gleam;
Or are from lep'rous Guilt that Moment pure,
Like *Naaman* waſh'd in *Jordan* for his Cure;
Or though to heav'nly Things born blind, derive
Their Sight, like him in *Siloam* bid to dive;

Or

Or feel long ſinful Habits chas'd away,
Like him who at *Bethesda* watchful lay;
The Refuge Cities, though deſign'd to ſave
Involuntary Criminals, ne'er gave
Such Safety, as from Hell good Souls have found,
While ſhelter'd on *Eccleſia*'s hallow'd Ground.
Of Angels, an innumerable Hoſt,
Paſſing Expanſe, ſalute *Eccleſia*'s Coaſt:
Some to her Sons give Miniſterial Aid,
Some learn God's Wiſdom by her Lips diſplay'd:
Some into Myſt'ries Evangelick pry,
To hymn afreſh *Philanthropy* on high:
Some for their Saints there lodg'd their Joys renew,
Felt when they firſt ſhed penitential Dew:
Others congratulate the Croſs, which join'd
Good Angels in dear Friendſhip with Mankind,
Who ey'd with Enmity the World defil'd,
Till 'twas to God by *JESUS* reconcil'd:
Guardians of Saints, and Churches on her wait,
And of her Children the Concerns relate:
Her Quire devout Hymns, Pſalms, and Anthems ſings,
And in the Concert ſtrike melodious Strings:
Their Harps more charmingly the Hearer pleaſe,
Than thoſe of the ſonorous Almond Trees:
Here Hallelujah's Multitudes repeat,
In Sounds as loud as Thunder, and yet ſweet,
As if Heav'n put the Nitrous Clouds in Tune,
To chant in Symphonies the great Triune:
In beatifick Viſion, Hymn, and Love,
The Bleſſed ſpend Eternity above:

In

In Hymn and Love *Eccleſia* ſpends her Might,
And Meditation makes amends for Sight.
All God's choice Jewels on the Mountain ſhine,
In various Luſtres of a Life divine:
There of Remembrance lies an open Book,
On which the Saints may at their Pleaſure look.
The Angel, who array'd in Linen fine,
Made from his Inkhorn on each Saint a Sign,
Attended it, and as the Scribe of old
Wrote from the Prophet's Lips what he foretold;
Thus all that paſs'd in bleſs'd *Eccleſia*'s Square,
In that Record was wrote in Letter fair.
Eccleſia's Diptycks, there the Lives contain'd
Of exemplary Saints, who Glory gain'd:
The bleſs'd Apoſtles, who Truths heav'nly taught,
Who Miracles to ſeal it, liv'd and wrought:
Martyrs, who tortur'd, dy'd for *JESUS*' Sake,
All who ſtood Candidates to embrace the Stake;
All lib'ral Souls, who *JESUS*' Brethren fed;
All pious Authors, worthy to be read;
Prelates, who num'rous Souls to Glory ſent;
Bleſs'd Poets, who in Hymn their Genius ſpent;
Bleſs'd Kings and Queens, who ſpar'd no Care, no (Charge,
Our holy Church to foſter and enlarge:
Good Shepherds and good Sheep, of *JESUS*' Fold,
Have there their Graces faithfully enroll'd.
Saints ſweetly here diſcourſe, and heav'nly News
Into each other only co-tranſfuſe;
What ſupplemental Joys good Souls acquir'd;
With what new tuneful Hymns they were inſpir'd:

What

What glad Advances Converts made to Bliſs;
With what true Love they gave the peaceful Kiſs;
What Conqueſt This had o're the tempting Hoſt;
In what ſweet Tranſport That gave up the Ghoſt:
What Floods of penitential Tears were ſow'd;
What plenteous Crop of Joys were to be mow'd:
How Heav'ns bleſs'd Kingdom roſe, and Hell declin'd;
How, while the humble ſaw, the proud were blind;
How Providence, juſt, gracious, wiſe, appear'd,
When from Miſ-apprehenſions human clear'd;
What Cordials beſt invigorate a weak Heart;
What of a wounded Spirit eas'd the Smart:
What would the Saints in various Want relieve;
What Comfort ſuited beſt with thoſe who grieve;
With what Aſſurance Saints on God rely'd,
Who had the Truth of ev'ry Promiſe try'd:
What a continual Heav'n-foretaſting Feaſt,
Was Conſcience from the Guilt of Sin releas'd:
What wondrous Aids Saints from the Angels gain'd,
When guided, warn'd, deliver'd, or reſtrain'd:
What Med'cinal Afflictions Saints refin'd;
What Raviſhments they felt in Wills reſign'd:
Of the Saints Pray'rs how mighty was the Pow'r,
Plagues to avert, or Bleſſings down to ſhow'r:
How tenderly God treats all Hearts ſincere,
Who tow'rds Miſtakes unfundamental veer:
In Faith, in Practice, how he Frailty weighs,
And never damns involuntary Strays.
Thus Saints diſcourſe, and pious News relate,
Who chiefly mind their everlaſting State.

Eccleſia

Eccleſia on her Mount has Proſpect clear,
Of all that paſſes in the Vale of Tear;
And, to ſecure her Childrens Virtues, ſhews
How in the World Religion ebbs and flows;
She Ages paſt preſents to faithful Eyes,
From their Effluviums floating in the Skies;
Theſe in their priſtine Form ſhe can combine,
Painting them to the Life by Art divine;
Chymiſts, no Plants can from their Aſhes rear,
Which more like their Originals appear;
There her firſt-born are honour'd, who were Saints,
And liv'd in Evangelical Reſtraints;
Kept holy Faith as pure, entire, and bright,
As firſt it ſtream'd from Fontal, boundleſs Light:
But now, alas! the World degenerate grown,
Lets foul Concupiſcence uſurp the Throne;
In Lands below a Mixture ſad appears,
The Tares out-number far the loaded Ears;
A Sight which grieves *Eccleſia* to the Soul,
Her Daughters with the Mother Church condole:
As a chaſt Dove, meek, patient, when forlorn,
Is wont upon her Perch to ſit and mourn;
For her dead Mate a lively Love retains,
And in continued Languiſhment remains;
That all who her ſoft Lamentations hear,
By Sympathy Propenſions feel to Tear:
Thus ſad *Eccleſia* ſits, and makes her Moan
For her loſt Children, who their God diſown:
Rachel, when wak'd by dying Infants Cries,
She ſaw their Murders, and with bleeding Eyes,

Her

Her deareſt *Jacob*'s Sons bewail'd, ne're ſhed
Such Streams, as fell from ſad *Eccleſia*'s Head;
To which the World, which dares God's Vengeance,
Their Reſpite from deſerv'd eternal Woes. (owes
Her Food is hidden Manna, which Saints taſt,
And on the World no future Paſſion waſt;
To do God's Will, like *JESUS*, is her Meat,
The Angels Food when they to Earth retreat;
The Water of pure Life her Thirſt relieves,
Spending for God her Strength, ſhe Strength re-
(trieves:
Her Robe of Godlike Righteouſneſs is made,
The Linen in which Angels are array'd;
Which, while retir'd, ſhe on her Mount remains,
Admits no Rent, or Patch, or Spots, or Stains:
Oft-times ſhe leaves a while her Seat on high,
The Wants below of Children to ſupply:
As when the Spouſe by Night her Lover ſought,
And by the Watchmen of the City caught,
By cruel and remorſeleſs Hands aſſail'd,
Was wounded, bruis'd, and thruſt away unvail'd:
Thus when her charitable Walk ſhe took,
The various Legions, who her Mount forſook,
Made their Aſſaults upon her as ſhe went,
Her Veſt they rudely ſtain'd, patch'd, ſpotted, rent;
And had not *JESUS*' Promiſe her ſuſtain'd,
Hell over her a Victory had gain'd;
Lodg'd in his Wings ſhe to her Mount took Flight,
And in his Blood waſh'd all her Veſture white;

She clos'd the Rents, away the Patches threw,
Her ancient Dreſs ſhe lov'd, averſe to new;
Apoſtate Angels, who in Mem'ry keep (Deep;
God's Wrath, which hurl'd them to the dol'rous
And oft eſſay'd in vain, with utmoſt Spite,
To wreek on *JESUS* their revengeful Might;
Deſpairing God incarnate to deſtroy,
Againſt his Spouſe belov'd their Rage imploy:
Beelzebub, *Satan*, *Lucifer*, whoſe Hoſts
Range o're infernal, earthly, airy Coaſts;
Eccleſia, from her lofty Mountain, ſtrive
Into the State invifible to drive;
Innumerable Forges they erect,
All Metals and all Minerals collect,
From which they may offenſive Weapons form,
Or batt'ring Engines, which the Mount may ſtorm;
All Tortures which prolong a Marty'rs Groan,
And Nature force, their Deities to own;
All the Artillery of Hell and Air,
To make the Faithful of Heav'ns Aid deſpair;
Sin, Error, Luſt, all that may Souls pollute,
All Arguments God's Being to confute;
Vertigo, Latitudinarian Pride,
All ſenſual Pleaſures which the Will miſguide;
Storms, Earthquakes, Thunders, and Tornado's dire,
Schiſms, Hereſies, which lying Ghoſts inſpire,
On ev'ry Side againſt the Mountain flew,
While Show'rs of fiery Darts they on it threw:
Yet ſtill *Eccleſia* ſafe from Hurt abides,
Firm on her Mount ſhe their Aſſaults derides;

She

B. VIII.

She to God's Word infallible adheres,
By that and Pray'r ſhe all her Conduct ſteers;
All the infernal Forges cannot frame
A Weapon, that can give her mortal Maim;
Hell, o'er the Mount unable to prevail,
Reſolv'd *Eccleſia*'s Children to aſſail,
Who at the Font themſelves to *JESUS* give,
And ſhould devoted to his Glory live;
In the looſe World they frequent Conqueſts make
Of faithleſs Souls, who their firſt Love forſake;
While Saints, who watch and pray, on God rely,
And the united Force of Hell defy. (Land,
Both Angels with their Charge now reach the
Where they beheld the holy Mountain ſtand;
The Youth below they on the Ground diſmiſs'd,
Both yet continued careful to aſſiſt:
The Storks then free, up with the Chariot fly,
And breaking looſe, o'erturn it in the Sky;
And People wondred at the od'rous Showers
Deſcending from the diſſipated Flowers;
Angels give ſuper-effluent Aid in Need;
But when Saints no Neceſſity can plead,
With their Endeavours only they conſpire,
God and our Guardians our Efforts require.
Bleſs'd *JESUS*, when he three Diſciples drew
To *Tabor*, his preludial Rays to view,
Wingleſs himſelf, to them no Wings would lend,
That all on Foot the Mountain might aſcend.
Hymnotheo, when ſet down, for like Intent,
Strait to a ſuppedaneous Mountain went,

And

And eying the top Mountain at firſt Sight,
He in Deſpondence ſeem'd to reach its Height;
But heav'nly Aids invig'rated his Mind,
He on the Angels all the Way reclin'd:
The Mountain he aſcended by Degrees,
And forward ſtept with an encreaſing Eaſe.

The Angel poſted at *Eccleſia*'s Gate,
Of all who came enquir'd the Ghoſtly State;
Angels and Youth a free Admittance gain'd,
While Souls leſs purged, much longer were detain'd.
Uranio and *Phylacter* then preſent,
To bleſs'd *Eccleſia*, the dear Penitent;
Their Rev'rence paid, and then began their Flight,
Putting off Cloud to put on Ether bright.

Hymnotheo to *Eccleſia*'s Care conſign'd,
She ſhew'd her ſelf diſtinguiſhingly kind,
In Languor, till his Soul he could unlade,
Eccleſia with alacrious Zeal obey'd.

Men all combine in the Deſire of Bliſs,
The moſt ne're find what it is hard to miſs:
The Senſualiſts are wont Eſſays to make,
The Happineſs they aim at to miſtake:
Inextricably all the worldly wiſe
Embroil themſelves, while they ſhould ſabbatiſe:
Philoſophers o're Globe Terraqueous roam,
To find that Bliſs they might poſſeſs at Home;
Strange Madneſs on the Sea and in the Dark,
To ſeek that Shoar, at which they all embark.

Almighty Wiſdom, who his Works creates
In co-harmonious Numbers, Meaſures, Weights,

To ev'ry Rank of his own Works assign'd,
The native Ends to which he them inclin'd;
On lifeless Things Propensions he impress'd,
They in their Stations always are at Rest:
His Wisdom by Instincts brute Creatures steers,
They know, they choose, they love their proper Spheres:
Man honour'd is with Reason for his Clue,
His Bliss in this World's Labyrinth to pursue:
And did not Sin our native Reason blind,
Bliss is congenial to immortal Mind.

God with Restraints inferior Natures made,
But no Restraints on Souls immortal laid:
God, who ne're form'd Capacity in vain,
For boundless Good, must boundless Reach ordain:
God only our Capacities can fill;
God is the native Center of our Will:
His Blessings here we use, and grateful prize,
But in none but himself can *Sabbatise*:
God is our Bliss; to God, by Love divine,
Our Spirits rise in right ascending Line:
A Flame not more connaturally ascends,
Than an unbounded Soul to God propends:
By Sin our Virgin Nature is deflower'd,
And by a Force unnat'ral over-power'd:
By Sin it Wounds receiv'd, but was not slain,
We still our vast Capacity retain;
Our Souls proportion'd are to God alone,
And when they think, no other Bliss can own:
Sin with by-rills devaricates the Stream,
And raises Idols to our fond Esteem;

But

But when right Reaſon has the Chanel freed,
To diſembogue in God we flow with Speed.
Wealth, Honour, Pleaſure, cannot quench my Thirſt,
They common Portions are of Souls accurſt;
They vain, vexatious, ſhort, uncertain are,
They no Proportion to my Spirit bear;
The Pious them as Trials only uſe,
Still dreading the Contagion they infuſe:
When Souls tow'rds God make humble, vig'rous Springs,
They clog, like Birdlime, their aſpiring Wings;
They perfect not, they only Souls enſlave,
Imbitter Sickneſs, leave us at the Grave;
They only gratifie the baſer Part,
Are damnable when they uſurp the Heart.
Some who groſs Senſuality deſpiſe,
To Pleaſures more refin'd exalt their Eyes;
Their Minds to Knowledge take more noble Flights,
They tire themſelves in Theoretick Heights;
And tir'd return in intellectual Woe,
That ſearching all, they nothing truly know;
Had Love inſtead of Knowledge flown that Track,
They to repoſe had flown enlightned back.
At Happineſs in Virtue others aim,
But Virtue, void of God, is empty Name;
Without a Sail, Helm, Tackling, Anchor, Oar,
It floats on Waves, bound for no certain Shoar:
Degenerate Man, to ſenſual Pleaſures prone,
Would, if no Deity, no Virtue own;
God only can our Souls to Virtue draw,
And give it full Reward, due Aid, and Law:

Had God left Mortals in the Dark to grope,
Without a Byaſs to a certain Scope;
No Choice could ever terminate the Soul,
In Infinitum, 'twould to Follies roll;
Inſtable, vagrant, reſtleſs and confus'd,
By each deſtructive Vanity abus'd;
But for himſelf our Spirits God deſign'd,
We, out of God, no Reſt, no Bliſs can find.
I to an all-ſufficient Bliſs aſpire,
Which ſatiates, and which terminates Deſire;
Which ſtores my Spirit with Idea's bright,
With a meridian, univerſal Light;
Proportion'd to Propenſion unconfin'd,
Which leaves no one Vacuity behind;
Where no Deficience, Trouble, Change, Alloy,
Can leſſen or my Indolence, or Joy;
Which to Eternity will fully pleaſe,
Tranſcendent, yet attainable with Eaſe;
Has Lovelineſs unbounded to endear,
From the leaſt Atom of Pollution clear;
Which elevates my Soul to utmoſt Height,
And ne're withdraws its Beatifick Sight;
Which in immenſe Benignities outſtreams,
While all my Pow'rs imbibe their Fill of Beams;
A Bliſs which none but *JESUS*' Love ſupplies,
Like God himſelf, in God to Sabbatiſe.

From thee, great God, our Spirits took their Start,
Thou our ſole *Alpha* and *Omega* art;
Spirit with Spirit ſuitably is join'd,
Finites in Infinite true Fulneſs find;

'Tis

'Tis our ſole Bliſs eternally to be
United to thy All-Sufficiency.
The Spirit, where it would be, then remains,
And lodg'd in Thee, feels neither Wants not Pains;
But how ſhall Man, Lord, reach that glorious Height,
Or Duſt and Aſhes with great God unite?
Is it thy Will that Union to delay,
And Bliſs reſerve till we ſhake off this Clay?
'Tis here, my God, the Union is begun,
Seal'd with the Blood of thy Eternal Son;
Souls here by Love with God united grow,
And feel anticipated Heav'n below.

Ye worldly Joys, which court my Choice, adieu,
My Soul was made for God, too great for you;
Go ſeek a Heart, with ſenſual Philtres drunk,
Or to low animal Propenſion ſunk;
With *JESUS* only I in Love can fall,
My Centre, God, Exemplar, Saviour, All.

Soon as the Office clos'd, he walk'd about,
Feaſting his Curioſity devout;
The Temple was of poliſh'd Marble made,
Whoſe Walls within were artfully inlaid
With Letters of the pureſt *Parvaim* Gold, *a Chron. iii. 6.*
In which bleſs'd *JESUS*'s Story was enroll'd;
Twelve goodly Pillars ſtood on either ſide,
The ſtately Roof to bear, and Wings divide;
Each Pillar was with Cedar Tablets grac'd
By Lovers, who there felt the rapt'rous Taſt
Of *JESUS*'s Love, and thankful for their Lot,
Their votive Hymns, in Pearls thick ſtudded, wrote,

That ev'ry Way a Pot'ry caſt his Eye,
Of *JESUS* he Memento's might deſcry,
Memento's, which more heav'nly Thought excite,
Than Images, which groſſer Senſe delight.
Soon as the whole Aſſembly were diſpers'd,
The Temple Prelate with the Youth convers'd;
Ferventio, who with dearneſs him embrac'd,
And in a Cell, to his full liking plac'd:
There ſoon as they repos'd upon their Seats,
Devout *Ferventio*, thus *Hymnothee* treats:
" Next to your conſtant conſciencious Care,
Of ſolemn and ejaculated Pray'r,
By which the Incenſe of a Heart contrite,
To God Triune is fuming Day and Night;
The Book inſpir'd, exacts your utmoſt Zeal,
There God vouchſafes Truth ſaving to reveal;
With heav'nly Graces 'twill enrich your Soul,
'Twill teach you all your Paſſions to controul;
There all Inflammatives of Love Divine;
There all ſublime Illuminatives ſhine;
There are of heav'nly Conſolations Store;
There ſovereign Balſams for each ghaſtly Sore;
There God's whole Armour to reſiſt Surprize;
There all Artillery of Salvation lies;
There Wiſdom Plots Satanick to diſcloſe;
There Force infernal Legions to oppoſe;
There no bleſs'd Subjects for Poetick Heat;
There all Preparatives for Glory meet;
'Tis God's own Word, and has a God-like Might,
To make Souls God-like, and to God unite.

Know

Know Son, 'tis not bare reading I commend,
You muſt choice Hours in Meditation ſpend;
When reading has for ghoſtly Food purvey'd,
'Tis Nutriment by Meditation made;
Look round the Temple, whoſe bright Walls record
Inflaming Stories of our dying Lord;
Thence ſome one moving Subject freely chooſe,
On which your Soul is moſt diſpos'd to muſe:
As *Moſes* to the Cloud once made Retreat,
Where he the Honour had, great God to meet;
From all Diſtractions here below withdraw,
And vehicled in Cloud with ſacred Awe,
Think that All-glorious God is preſent there,
And for his gracious Aid make humble Pray'r;
Then with ſerene, fix'd, intellectual Sight,
Behold the Subject in each different Light;
Its Motives, Properties, Effects ſurveigh,
Maturely all its Circumſtances weigh;
On all that Memory can recollect,
Employ your Meditation to reflect.

When you have drawn the Copy in your Mind,
Note how your Soul is by the Draught inclin'd;
When efficacious Truths you lay to Heart,
They will devout, connat'ral Paſſions dart;
Our Frailties humble Thought, God's Bleſſings praiſe,
His Promiſe Hope, his Threatnings Terror raiſe,
Commands Obedience, Comforts, ſweet Delights,
His tender Love preventing, Love excites:
When heav'nly Things you thus in Thought re-volve,
Think into what Devotions you diſſolve;

The Gains you thus by Meditation reap,
For your Improvement, you in Mind muſt keep,
Live in habitual Taſt of what you feel,
'Twill heighten, 'twill invigorate your Zeal;
Pray that the World may not that Taſt elude,
And Meditation with a Hymn conclude.

Think not that 'tis fatiguing, tedious, hard,
To fix on Things celeſtial your Regard;
Men practiſe Meditation ev'ry Day, (ſtay;
Their Thoughts long Time on Things terreſtrial
Mechanick, Stateſman, Lawyer, Merchant, Clown,
All Callings in the Country or the Town,
Meditate Day and Night upon their Gain,
Yet of Fatigue in thinking ne're complain;
They by revolving Buſineſs in their Mind,
In temporal Affairs Improvement find:
If in evanid Things Men ſteer this Courſe,
And feel of Meditation kindly Force;
Should they their Thoughts on Things celeſtial ſet,
For Heav'n they like Advantages would get.

Hymnotheo heard with Application due,
And ſoon Proficient in that Learning grew;
In Cell, or Temple, he by Day or Night,
Where he could take moſt undiverted Flight;
With Heav'n a Converſation ſtill maintain'd,
Such Joys, and ſuch celeſtial Riches gain'd,
That when his Meditation fell, he griev'd,
He to the World ſhould ſink, or Heav'n bereav'd.

Ferventio, who *Hymnotheo*'s Progreſs ey'd,
Beſt for his Perſeverance to provide;

Him

Him to *Vigilio*'s Charity commends,
And gladly he to the old Saint aſcends.
Vigilio kept his Flock ſtill in his Sight,
And in the Temple Tow'r watch'd Day and Night;
The Tow'r, which ſeem'd its Head in Cloud to hide,
Whence he the Compaſs of the World deſcry'd;
A wakeful Cock was his Companion there,
And his Alarum to his Midnight Pray'r;
Before him a fair Bible open lay,
From which his Eyes long Time would never ſtray;
A Silver Trumpet hung up by his Side,
Like that God order'd *Moſes* to provide;
Which when the Prieſts by God's Appointment blew,
To the Aſſembly they all *Iſrael* drew.
No Judgment could approach *Vigilio*'s Ground, *Ezech. iii. 19. xxxiii. 9.*
But he gave Warning by his Trumpets ſound:
A Harp *Davidick* on his Desk was plac'd,
With that, away he ghoſtly Slumber chas'd.
Of all the various Orders of Mankind,
To Paſtors God's ſtrict Watching has enjoin'd;
Impending Dangers o're their Flocks to ſpy,
And with the Trumpet warn them they are nigh:
If drowzy, they neglect the Trump to blow,
They ſhall incur a conſluential Woe:
The Blood of all, unwarn'd by them, who die,
With their own Blood will on their Conſcience lie:
But if they blow, the Souls who take no heed
Shall periſh, and the Watchman's Soul is freed.
Devout *Hymnotheo*, from his Stand on high,
Look'd round about with an aſtoniſh'd Eye;

here

B. VIII.

There was a glorious winged Hoſt in View,
Which to and fro o'er the Horizon flew,
Full of bright Eyes before, and full behind,
Each like a Confluence of Suns outſhin'd;
Each arm'd with Sabre, Helmet, Spear, and Shield,
Againſt ſome Foe prepar'd to take the Field;
"O Father, ſaid *Hymnotheo*, who are they,
"Who o'er Expanſe ſuch num'rous Suns diſplay."
"They Watchers are, *Vigilio* ſtrait reply'd,
"The ſame which *Babylon*'s proud King deſcry'd,
"When they from God pronounc'd his Doom ſevere,
"And to your Eyes in Rays benign appear;
"They are Angelick Troops, by God aſſign'd
"To be the watchful Guardians of Mankind;
"Their num'rous Eyes, nor Day nor Night they cloſe,
"They ſpy each Motion of infernal Foes;
"God, who employs them, ſlumbers not, nor ſleeps,
"With wakeful Care, he Men and Angels keeps."
Next on the lower World *Hymnotheo* gaz'd,
And found himſelf a ſecond Time amaz'd;
He ſaw, as of the Earth he took ſurvey,
Diſſeminated Darkneſs at Noon-Day;
"When *Egypt*, ſaid the Saint, felt diſmal Night,
"The *Jews* had in their Manſions chearful Light;
"Thus ever ſince the Source of Light appear'd,
"And with his healing Beams the Faithful cheer'd;
"Againſt thoſe Beams, Souls hard'ned ſhut their Eyes,
"And more than heav'nly Light thick Darkneſs prize.
The Sons of Light and Darkneſs interſperſe,
And with ſtrange Mixture fill the Univerſe;

They

They keep a Light ſtill ſhining in their Breaſt,
By theſe, even native Light is quite ſuppreſs'd;
Their Lamps burn bright, and are with Oyl ſupply'd,
Theſe have their Lamps extinguiſh'd, and Oyl dry'd;
They wakeful, for the awful Day prepare;
Theſe drowzie live, devoid of ghoſtly Care;
With thoſe, the Hoſts of heav'nly Watchers dwell;
With theſe, Spirits of Slumber ſent from Hell;
They weep, hymn, watch, read, meditate, and pray;
In Vanity and Sin thoſe waſt the Day:
They to encounter Death, their Hearts diſpoſe;
And theſe, till damn'd, their Eyelids ne'er uncloſe:
They often feaſt on the Immortal Bread;
Theſe are with ghoſtly Opiates only fed:
Tears from the Eyes of thoſe for Slumberers glide;
Theſe ſtupid, all who mourn for them deride:
They all improve the Talents in their Truſt;
Theſe idle, hide them from their View in Duſt;
They ſleep in Death, to endleſs Joys aſſum'd;
Theſe wake in Death, to endleſs Mis'ry doom'd:
The ghoſtly Watcher, from the ſlumbring Drone,
As Light from Darkneſs, is as clearly known:
With their Loins girt, and Weapons in their Hand,
In God's whole Armour clad, the Watchers ſtand;
This World to them is not their Home, but Inn,
They fight their Ways through Ambuſcades of Sin:
They Strangers here, are Denizons on high,
Still keep their heav'nly Country in their Eye.

As

As *Jews* were of the Paſchal Lamb to taſt,
With Staff in Hand, ſhod, girded, and in Haſt:
On this Side Heav'n thus Pilgrims never reſt,
Till paſs'd this Life, they are compleatly bleſs'd:
Think, Son, if ſinleſs *JESUS* watch'd and pray'd,
How much more Sinners by Hell Pow'rs way-laid!
Think, Son, that *JESUS* keeps you in his Eye,
And bids you watch and pray, for Danger's nigh.
Hymnotheo, who the aged Saint rever'd,
Apply'd to his own Spirit all he heard;
Himſelf a ſacred Watcher he profeſs'd,
And took his Leave when by *Vigilio* bleſs'd.

BOOK IX.

O Happy Days, when all the new-born Race
Receiv'd from Heav'n of Hymn the lovely Grace,
When on *Eccleſia*'s Mount no Speech was heard,
But Pſalm and Hymn, and Song with Faith endear'd;
When Melody and Truth together join'd,
And to harmonious Love tun'd rude Mankind;
When Muſick wedded was to Song divine,
Muſick, whoſe Force, like God himſelf, is Trine;
Muſick and Song, the Buſineſs of the Bleſs'd,
Who never weary, though they never reſt;

Muſick

Muſick and Song, which Saints with Zeal promote,
And humbly to the God of Love devote;
Muſick and Song, at which the Pagans aim'd,
By Luſt, by Wine, or vicious Gods enflam'd;
Muſick and Song, which Chriſtian Bards deprave,
And to all Purpoſes of Hell enſlave;
Muſick and Song, which troubled Spirits eaſe,
Indulg'd by Heav'n, both to inſtruct and pleaſe;
Saints feel an Elevation ſweet and ſtrong
In ſacred Muſick, and celeſtial Song;
Saints, who juſt Songs could to all Paſſions ſute,
Accompany'd with Organ, Harp, or Lute;
By *JESUS* Love, and the bleſs'd Spirit fir'd,
All were with ſacred Poetry inſpir'd:
Eccleſia, taught by the all-gracious Dove,
Spake the ſole Language which is ſpoke Above;
In Songs ſhe with her Sons convers'd, and they
Were wont in Song their Mother to repay.
Next, to *Ferventio*'s Song all Audience gave,
Inſtructive, and melodiouſly grave.
Should there concur in our corporeal View
Fit Object, proper Medium, Diſtance due;
Yet if the Eye be not diſpos'd aright,
Falacious and imperfect is our Sight:
Thus when our Thoughts to heav'nly Truth aſcend,
Unleſs we freely to that Truth propend,
With a devout, warm, docile, humble Mind
And Will, to practiſe what we know reſign'd,
We either that high Truth ſhall disbelieve,
Or not its native Lovelineſs perceive;

The

The higheſt barren Knowledge Men obtain,
Serves but to cumber, not enrich the Brain.
God is the Object which the Saints propoſe,
From him all Knowledge, Love, and Bleſſing flows;
The Medium Nature's Light, and ſacred Writ,
They both his Rays beneficent tranſmit;
Pray'r gives the Diſtance due, by which our Eye,
God's Glories unafflicting may deſcry;
And if our Soul, the Organ, be ſincere,
From Paſſions, Vice, and Prejudices clear;
If we God's Mercy infinite implore,
And ſtudy God, that we may God adore,
God in bright, gracious Beams will on us ſhine,
We then ſhall ſee, and love the Truth divine.
All who Celeſtial Knowledge ſtrive to gain,
Muſt in bleſs'd *JESUS* School their Spirits train;
He has of Knowledge the true Method ſhewn,
To riſe to Truths abſtruſe, from Truths well known:
Repent, believe, and love, is what he taught,
Knowledge by theſe is to Perfection brought;
His Truths in all a general Faith ſuppoſe,
From Reaſon this, and nat'ral Conſcience grows;
Repent, this is wiſe *JESUS* firſt Command,
Which all may at firſt hearing underſtand;
All Men themſelves as Sinners ſtill bemoan'd,
The World its Guilt by Sacrifices own'd;
Like Penitents with God the Pagans treat,
Have Mercy Lord, they in their Pray'rs repeat:
Repentance then muſt be your firſt Eſſay,
That beſt removes all Hindrance in your Way;

Con-

Concupiſcential Fumes eclipſe the Mind,
A Heart ſet on the World, to Heav'n is blind:
Luſt is of Infidelity the Cauſe,
The Unbeliever quarrels with God's Laws;
Were God leſs holy, his Commands leſs pure,
He then his Revelations would endure;
Goodneſs and Truth eſſential to God Trine,
None who are his Diſciples can diſjoin.

Soon as we have the Obſtacles remov'd,
Our Faith will by Repentance be improv'd;
Sorrow for Sin, the Source of all our Woes,
The Need of a Redeemer will diſcloſe;
And lively Faith when *JESUS* it beholds,
That deareſt Saviour in its Arms enfolds;
Saviour, beyond what Man could wiſh to have,
Who dy'd a Victim to redeem his Slave;
Faith will dear *JESUS* keep in ſtrict Embrace,
And on his Croſs entire Reliance place;
Bleſs'd *JESUS* for its King and Prophet own,
As well as Prieſt, God's Anger to attone;
Moſt firmly, to the Truth he taught, adhere,
Obey his Laws, and Empire mild revere;
Faith, God's immenſe *Philanthropy* diſplays,
And God All-lovely, higheſt Love will raiſe;
The Intellect and Will muſt both unite,
The one contributes Heat, the other Light;
Still as the Light expands, the Flames aſpire,
Each Truth we learn adds Fuel to the Fire.

Faith, when it *JESUS* holds within its Arms,
Feels of his boundleſs Love enam'ring Charms;

With

With heav'n-enkindled Love, all o're it burns,
Into all Love by ſelf-transfuſion turns.
The Soul for Holocauſt to *JESUS* gives,
And crucify'd in Reſolution lives:
Repent, love God, and you'll enlightned grow,
Lovers God beſt by ſweet Experience know.
Devoto next his Lute harmonious took,
To ſing her chief Delight, God's ſacred Book:

Since 'tis thy Will, Lord, I ſhould be,
Alike to Vice and Error free,
That I might on this mortal Stage,
In due Probation ſpend my Age,
And both my Mind and Will excite,
To know and love Love Infinite.

Since Knowledge muſt precede, and none
Can truly love what is unknown;
Since, Lord, no human-bounded Mind
Can comprehend Love unconfin'd,
How can my Love to thee aſpire,
When wanting Thought to give it Fire?

Yet to be lov'd with all our Might,
Is thy juſt Due, and thy Delight;
The Saints beneath, the Bleſs'd above,
Are only happy in their Love;
Ah, how ſhall I thy Goodneſs know,
Thence to begin my Heav'n below?

Lord,

Lord, when thy Book is in my Sight,
That caſts Illuminations bright;
In that I hear thy gracious Voice,
Which guides my Will to happy Choice;
In that thy Lovelineſſes ſhine,
And to thy Love our Souls incline.

Hell Pow'rs for ever will contend
Thy Truth to damp, pervert, or blend;
They'll various Schemes of Error frame,
Injurious to thy lovely Name;
They'll vain Philoſophies diſperſe,
To render Souls to thee averſe.

But all Hell Pow'rs their feeble Spite,
In vain ſhall 'gainſt thy Truth unite;
The World was never yet ſo bad,
But for thy Word it Rev'rence had;
All Ages, Regions, Sects combine,
In its Original Divine.

Thou, gracious Lord, doſt thus contrive,
To keep Inflammatives alive;
Such Energies thy Word enforce,
Such Tinctures of its heav'nly Source;
That we our ſelves, not thee, muſt blame,
If we are cold amidſt that Flame.

When Doubt, Pain, Error, Temper, Grief,
Aſſault me, there I find Relief;
My proper Anodyne, Rule, Guide,
Arms, Comforts, are from thence ſupply'd;
By all-ſufficient Love decreed,
To correſpond to ev'ry Need.

My God, O may I, Day and Night,
Fetch from thy Word Heav'n kindled Light;
And with that light Celeſtial Heat,
In Hymn thy Favours to repeat;
Love never reaches its full Height,
Till wing'd with Hymn it takes its Flight.

Down from his Tower the good *Vigilio* came,
The Youth to counſel was his zealous Aim;
The Youth thank'd God, who thither had him ſent,
And ſat with Rev'rence to his Song attent:
To *Abram*, God's own Friend, the holy Sire
Of Saints, who to ſuperiour Bliſs aſpire,
All-gracious God a Viſit made,
And thus his awful Will diſplay'd:
I am God all-ſufficient, me revere,
Before me walk, and keep your Heart intire.

O gracious Truth, which God himſelf inſtils,
For the ſafe, watchful Conduct of our Wills,
Entirely may my Soul imbibe,
What 'tis God's Pleaſure to preſcribe;
Motive and Duty he has ſweetly join'd,
May both continue lively in my Mind. Lord,

Lord, I thy All-ſufficiency adore,
Enjoying thee, I cannot wiſh for more,
All Bleſſings worthy of Deſire,
In thy Infinity conſpire;
Vile Man! O how immenſely art thou bleſt,
To be of all-ſufficient God poſſeſt!

In Infamy, Want, Danger, Sickneſs, Pain,
When Men and Devils ſtrive to work my Bane,
When Nature is fatigu'd and frail,
When Death my Body ſhall aſſail,
I in thy All-ſufficience find Relief,
And ſtrong Supports, which overpoiſe my Grief.

Thou art my King, Judge, Father, Friend and Guide,
I thee dread, love, obey, in thee confide:
While thou art in my wakeful View,
I can all Rebel Luſts ſubdue,
To this falſe World no one Propenſion warps,
Thy All-ſufficiency my Soul abſorps.

While I the World and thee, my God, compare,
I nothing find but Inſufficience there;
It what it promis'd ne're beſtows,
But Diſappointments gives and Woes;
Strange Choice! the all-ſufficient to forſake,
And utter Vanity our Refuge make.

Since thou, Lord, all-ſufficient art to me,
I ſhould live wholly ſacrific'd to thee;
Cheer'd by thy omnipreſent Ray,
My Mind from thee ſhould never ſtray,
But while I languiſh in this Vale of Tear,
My Thought will often from thy Preſence veer.

O all-ſufficient Temple in my Soul,
My Inſtability of Mind controul,
And when my Thoughts from thee decline,
The Wanderers O re-confine:
Of my own treach'rous ſelf I live in Fear,
Keep me, though weak, from wilful Strayings clear.

O all ye Creatures, who God's Power declare,
O all Efforts of Providential Care,
O Book inſpir'd, in whoſe each Line,
Truths heav'nly in full Splendour ſhine;
O ſacred Guides, O Saints who God obey,
Be my Remembrancers of God to Day.

To Day! O never your Memento's ceaſe,
Till from forgetful Fleſh I have Releaſe;
When I of God the Rev'rence loſe,
O then Memorials freſh infuſe;
I, if each Hour you warn me that God ſees,
Shall bluſh, dread, grieve, his Goodneſs to diſ-
(pleaſe.

Warn

Warn me thy ſelf, Lord, ſhould I theſe neglect,
On thy own Laws each Minute to reflect;
O may I nought deſign, or do,
Unworthy of thy awful View;
Nought I may be aſham'd, or fear to own,
When Death ſhall call me to thy awful Throne.

Saints, who enjoy thy beatifick Sight,
Take in thy Love immutable Delight;
They all impeccable remain,
O they can never ſin again;
I, the more mindful I of thee abide,
The leſs ſhall be in Danger to backſlide.

The Youth the Song up in his Mem'ry laid,
And his Preſervative from Evil made:
Vigilio then returning to his Tower,
Hymnotheo Notice had, that 'twas the Hour,
Which bleſs'd *Eccleſia* for ſweet Hymn deſign'd,
To elevate, devote, and cheer her Mind.

The Youth by Pride ſedue'd, by Luſt enflam'd,
At meek Humility not only aim'd;
But Purity, that pure Angelick Grace,
Which would the Filth of *Daphne* beſt efface;
And to his Angel thus himſelf applies,
Appearing to his intellectual Eyes:

Bleſs'd Angel, to whoſe Guard my Mind,
God from the hallow'd Font conſign'd,
To give God humble Homage due,
I ſtrive like you.

But there's another lovely Grace,
Which brightens your Angelick Race;
To which I ever ſhall aſpire,
With warm Deſire.

The Grace moſt tender, heav'nly, nice,
Yet moſt bewitching is the Vice,
While to our Appetites depray'd,
We live enſlav'd.

I never think my ſelf ſecure,
Even in my Pray'r for Spirit pure,
Hell Pow'rs Impurities ſuggeſt,
Which I deteſt.

Deteſt, my Angel then replies,
Your Safety in deteſting lies,
We to your Sex the Guardians are,
And to the Fair.

We ſee both Man and Womankind,
Each other to pollute inclin'd,
Both freſh Provocatives preſent,
Luſt to foment.

All that Imagination taints,
Dreſs, Geſture, Plays, Balls, Picture, Paints,
Unclean Converſe, Songs, Stories, Books,
And wanton Looks.

Enforc'd by Riches, Sloth, Exceſs,
Through Hand, Eye, Ear, the Soul poſſeſs,
And kindling foul Thought, Tendence, Guſt,
Purveigh for Luſt.

With ſuch falſe, tranſient Joys as theſe,
Souls daily heighten their Diſeaſe,
And everlaſting Bliſs diſclaim,
For Filth and Shame.

Like God, with unpolluted Eye,
When we polluted Souls deſcry,
From Guardianſhip in ſacred Ire,
We ſtrait retire.

Chaſt Souls we ſhelter in our Wings,
When fiery Darts curs'd *Satan* flings,
The Points are blunted by our Plumes,
The Fire conſumes.

Thus when Incentives Saints abhor,
While they with Luſt maintain a War,
Satan with no one fiery Dart
Can gore the Heart.

They wiſely manage ghoſtly Fight,
Leſs by aſſaulting than by Flight,
Their Arms defenſive nicely skill,
To ſhield the Will.

Of Senſe they watch all Avenues,
Leſt Hell its Poiſon ſhould infuſe,
Of God all-ſeeing, and his Law,
Have filial Awe.

The Serpent in its Birth they choak,
With Pray'r and Faſting God invoke,
A Saint by theſe unhurt, withſtands
Infernal Bands.

Themſelves God's Temples they revere,
From Deſecrations keep them clear,
Pure God in Temples cannot dwell,
Diſpos'd for Hell.

The Chaſt alone Bliſs heav'nly gain,
There Virgins follow the Lamb ſlain,
Sing Hymns, array'd in pureſt white,
In Manſions bright.

Chaſt, married Saints, who meet Above,
Change mortal to immortal Love,
They from Beds undefil'd ariſe,
Pure in God's Eyes.

In

In our first Fontal, earthly Sire,
God deign'd to honour nuptial Fire;
But in our Fontal heav'nly Head,
The Virgin Bed.

I'll clear your Intellectual View
Of Things, to form Idea's true;
Behold, two Beauties coming there,
Them now compare.

Though both may amiable seem,
This merits Scorn, and that Esteem;
That modest, pure, this full of Stain,
Unblushing, vain.

Sweet *Agnes'* Looks Reserv'dness shew,
Lascivia's wander to and fro;
That Temple is of Love divine,
This Sty for Swine.

That Courtship flies, this courts Mankind;
That staid, this fickle as the Wind;
That loves by Judgment, this by Sight,
And Fancy light.

God's Image that unsoil'd enshrines,
This to the Rank of Beast declines;
With Closet-Pray'r her self that arms,
This studies Charms.

That

That radiates and ſublimes the Mind,
From all the Droſs of Fleſh refin'd;
This damps all Heav'n enkindled Light,
And covets Night.

That aims at Glory, where the Juſt,
Like Angels, know nor Sex, nor Luſt;
The gaudy World this moſt admires,
And ne're aſpires.

That at laſt Day at God's right Hand,
With *JESUS* ſpotleſs Lambs ſhall ſtand;
This with foul Goats to Torment doom'd,
Burn unconſum'd.

Great God, the Virtue to ſecure,
Enjoin'd to keep his Temples pure,
'Gainſt Luſt peculiar Vengeance ſhews,
In num'rous Woes.

Stink, Rottenneſs, tormenting Pains,
The Lecher while alive ſuſtains,
Men ſhovel into his cold Bed,
His Limbs when dead.

Even Worms from his foul Carcaſe fly,
Toads only ſuck his Poiſon dry,
And Fiends Steams peſtilential drain,
For humane Bane.

He's

He's to the Hell ſelf-damn'd that lies
In a the *Satan*'s tempting Eyes;
Still extramitting luſtful Flame,
And damping Shame.

When here, or in Infernal Shade,
He feels his Conſcience him upbraid,
Hell can no Torment equal make,
To Luſt awake.

He'll wiſh he Martyrs Racks had felt,
With Baſilisks and Scorpions dwelt,
Leſs tort'ring than the Kiſs and Guile
Of Women vile.

Curs'd Devils, who foul Worſhip choſe,
Which moſt God's Worſhip ſhould oppoſe,
In filthy Myſt'ries took Delight,
Pure God to ſpite.

The pure and foul ſurvey, you'll know
How thoſe for Hell, Hell undergo;
While to gain Heav'n, of Heav'n the chaſt
Enjoy the Taſt.

When Thoughts unclean your Soul ſurprize,
'Tis in Conſent your Danger lies;
Deteſt like us, you'll pure remain,
And Conqueſt gain.

My

My Angel then in Cloud withdrew,
May I like him keep Heav'n in View,
Where pureſt God will none endure,
But Spirits pure.

Here the Aſſembly in the Realm of Light
Concluding, down the Guardians all took Flight;
Uranio and *Phylactes* then reflew,
Their Charge of dear *Hymnotheo* to renew;
Both to *Eccleſia* made a Rev'rence low,
Such as to JESUS' Spouſe the Angels owe.
Uranio brought with him, when down he came,
Horſes and Chariot of celeſtial Flame;
'Twas one of thoſe to bleſs'd *Eliſha* ſent,
From *Syrian* Rage his Miſchief to prevent;
Solomon's Chariot only had its Floor Cant. iii. 10.
Of Love, this was Enamourment all o're,
Of Flame benign, unſcorching, and perfum'd,
Like *Moſes* Buſh, it bright'ned, not conſum'd:
Hymnotheo to *Eccleſia* bad farewel,
She ſweetly wept as on his Neck ſhe fell,
And with a Kiſs of Peace, her Bleſſing gave,
Juſt as he mounted to the airy Wave;
The Wheels, the Air unfurrow'd lightly kiſs'd,
Swift flew the Horſes from the Curb diſmiſs'd,
As a Fleet-Roe on odr'ous Mountains treads, Cant.
On the unbended waving Spices Heads;
Elijah, when he in his Chariot flew,
Of Univerſe ſcarce had a freer View;

And

And when they had that wide Horizon gain'd,
Uranio thus *Hymnetheo* entertain'd.
Caſt your Looks down on thoſe vaſt deſart Plains,
Where Deſolation, and wild Horror reigns;
Even rav'nous Beaſts will never harbour there,
Even noxious Plants die in that poiſ'nous Air,
That foul Seven-headed Dragon there was bred,
With his own Peſtilential Vomits fed;
Black Scales are round the moving Mountain roll'd,
His ſeven Heads glitter with ten Crowns of Gold,
A ſevenfold Force, and tenfold Craft he boaſts,
Blaſphemes Great God, defies the heav'nly Hoſts;
Breaths Peſtilence ſevenfold at his ſeven Breaths,
Scatt'ring around ten thouſand baneful Deaths:
Each of his Mouths has a quite different Bore,
The Damn'd can never in worſe Diſcords roar:
In his ſeven Heads, each of his impious Brains,
One of the ſeven curs'd deadly Sins contains,
Pride, Envy, Sloth, Intemp'rance, Av'rice, Ire,
And Luſt, his Noſtrils as he moves tranſpire;
His odious Heads ten Crowns imperial wear;
God's ſacred Decalogue to over-bear;
He now to Sight ſeems a vaſt naval Hulk,
And fills the whole Horizon with his Bulk;
That Bulk, leſt it affright a Sinner's Eyes,
He can ſhrink up to a familiar Size;
But when he Heav'n outbraves in fierce deſpite,
He vainly ſtrives to ſwell to infinite;
Diſeaſes, Sorrows, Pains diſaſtrous Fate,
And Deaths innumerable on him wait,

Shame,

Shame, Curſes, Anguiſh, his Attendants are,
And Horrors, which wrack Conſcience with Deſpair;
Sword, Famine, Deluge, Plague, wild Beaſts and Fire,
The Executioners of heav'nly Ire,
His Lictors are, his Vaſſals to chaſtiſe,
When to the Height permitted they ariſe;
Hell next thoſe Judgments big with Vengeance goes,
Tranſmuting temp'ral to eternal Woes;
A horrid Light'ning from his Eyes he darts,
Which in their fleſhly Scabbards ſcorches Hearts;
Scythes crooked, edg'd, and pointed are his Clawes,
Tusks tall as *Libian* Cedars plant his Jawes,
Each Limb ſeems made for Terror and for Strength,
His Tail is equal to a Comet's Length,
Which he, in ſpite of God, inſulting brags,
Shall ſweep down Conſtellations as it wags:
As the Torpedo, hunting for his Prey,
Strikes with his Tail ſmall Fiſhes in his Way;
Which, when benum'd, to ſtruggle have no Pow'r,
And he at Pleaſure can his Foe devour;
Thus at his Tail he has a Scorpion's Sting,
Deadly, like that of the locuſtian King;
By which he Poyſon into Souls inſtils,
And ghoſtly Stupefaction e're he kills;
With all the Saints he is at mortal Strife,
Whoſe Names are written in the Book of Life;
With them good Angels their Confederates join,
And to oppoſe his Tyranny combine;
All who Reſiſtance make, his Jawes eſcape, (Shape,
Damn'd Ghoſts in their own likeneſs form'd his

Yet

Yet wicked Men his Favours ſtill implore,
O'er all the World the Monſter they adore:
Earth's Monarchs at his Feet their Sceptres lay,
And to his Crowns obſequious Homage pay:
He reigns a King o'er all the Sons of Pride,
And to gain Hearts, ſends Legions far and wide;
O'er his Idolaters mean while inſults,
And in their everlaſting Pains exults.

That Harlot, who herſelf in Miſchief prides,
Is *Rome* call'd, ſhe on the Dragon rides:
The curſed Serpent gorg'd with Poyſons crude,
And undigeſted, her foul Carcaſe ſpew'd;
The Beaſt is Sin, the Strumpet Error ſtyl'd;
Man is by this deceiv'd, by that defil'd;
Her baneful Charms ſhe artfully can maſk,
To cheat poor Mortals, is her daily Task;
See how ſhe ſits perfum'd, thick painted, curl'd,
The lewd, the common Strumpet of the World;
On her curs'd Bulk ſhe wears a ſcarlet Robe,
Rolling her Eyes, and Venom o're the Globe;
In precious Gems, and orient Pearls array'd,
Which by the Stench ſhe breaths in Duſt are fade;
As a young Brood of Crocodiles, who ſwim
In *Ganges* Stream, or play upon its Brim;
When they eſpy a ſudden Danger near,
Fly down their Mother's Throat, and diſappear:
The lying Spirits, thus by *Rome* bred,
Retire unto her Paunch, and there are fed;
And when themſelves they with her Venom cloy,
Diſgorging it, they all Mankind annoy;

Some-

Sometimes without they play around the Whore;
And ſuck her poyſonous Blood at ev'ry Pore,
Till down the Leeches drop, and Men purſue;
That they may out on them their Surfeits ſpew;
The Golden Cup, which in her Fingers ſhines,
She boaſts is fill'd with Paradiſian Wines,
Which vig'rous Heat renew, the Spirits cheer,
Exalt the Soul, and Intellectuals clear:
The ſtigian Potion is in Hell diſtill'd,
When empty'd, from the Vault infernal fill'd;
All that abominable is, and foul,
Are the Engredients of that deadly Bowl,
See how Mankind deep of her Gobblet drink,
And never more of God or Duty think;
Diſtracted, and intoxicated rave,
And only things which heighten Madneſs crave;
Talk idly, on the Brinks of Tophet laugh,
And their Souls poyſon with a Guſto quaff;
Put off the evil Day from Year to Year,
To good Advice ſtop their impatient Ear;
Their own Damnation zealouſly purſue,
Their diſappointed Follies ſtill renew,
For ſhort-liv'd Trifles, endleſs Joys foregoe,
No *Bethlem* ever could ſuch Madneſs ſhow;
'Tis Choice in thoſe, but 'tis Surprize in theſe;
There it is Sin, but here it is Diſeaſe.
Dragon and Whore oft Ravage in Diſguiſe,
And ſeem innocuous to enchanted Eyes;
His Foam, her Philtrums, while they you amuſe,
A Poyſon worſe than ten mad Dogs infuſe:

In

In their true Shapes they now themſelves diſplay,
And all their Horrors and their Spite betray;
Shin'd on by God, your Spirit took no Reſt
Till you expell'd the Poyſon from your Breaſt:
Your Pray'rs, Faſts, Alms, Vows, Cell with Tears (bedew'd,
Enforc'd by *JESUS* Love, your Soul renew'd:"
"*JESUS* be ever prais'd, the Youth rejoin'd,
Whoſe Love I keep in my enamour'd Mind."
While in the Chariot towards lov'd *John* they
Hymnotheo ſpy'd beneath a ſandy Waſt, (haſt,
With the un-numbred Prints of humane Feet,
Where moſt went onward, and few made retreat:
"Bleſs'd Angel, ſaid the Youth, what is that Place,
Which ſeems frequented by all humane Race."
"With due Attention, ſaid *Uranio*, gaze
On all the Turns of that entangling Maze:
There Paradiſe once flouriſh'd, when enclos'd,
But now lies common to the World expos'd:
Alas! how dear one Sin the Sinner coſt,
Which Innocence and Bliſs together loſt!
Juſt in the Place where hung forbidden Fruit,
Which ban'd all humane Offspring in the Root;
Where the curs'd Tempter his firſt Vict'ry got,
And ſtill frequents the inauſpicious Spot;
Near the ſweet Grove, where the immortal Tree
Stood bow'd with Fruit, approachable and free,
Where with their brandiſh'd Flames Cherubick (Bands
Fenc'd the immortal Tree from mortal Hands;

Satan his Palace of Temptation built,
Inſulting in his Conqueſt and Man's Guilt;
The Serpent wav'd his Carcaſe o'er the Ground
Backward and forward, angular and round,
Giddy with Turning, he himſelf would reel,
Maze within Maze, and Wheel within a Wheel;
In his own Slime the Ichnography drew,
That all his Legions might the Work purſue:
A Glory uniform in Nature ſhines,
Satan could draw no ſtraight, no equal Lines;
No Cell's alike, Proportion in no Part,
It ſeem'd a Building rais'd by Chance, not Art;
Innumerable Tracks the Choice confound,
Satan himſelf was loſt on his own Ground:
The *Thuſcan* Habitation of Miſtakes,
The Labyrinth of which *Crete* boaſting makes,
Where even the Architect, without his Clue,
The Sketch of his own Building never knew.
Egypt's vaſt Maze with num'rous Temples ſtor'd,
For all the wild Deluſions there ador'd;
Dead *Rome* of living *Rome* the ſpatious Drain,
Where walking Ghoſts ne'er find their Grave again;
All which with ſtrange Perplexities amus'd,
Unguided Mortals were for Loſt confus'd;
With Diabolick *Eden* them compare,
They regular, and extricable are;
One at firſt Sight would gueſs their artful Man,
Seducing Spirits here contriv'd the Plan;
The Avenue is wide, paſs'd through with Eaſe,
And narrows into Turnings by Degrees;

Unwary

Unwary Souls, of God who never think,
Into theſe guileful Intricacies ſink,
And when once in, they wander to and fro,
And from eternal Bliſs ſtill further go;
Thither when you by Pride delir'ous grew,
Satan with Spite, unheeded, wafted you;
To *Daphna* thence your treach'rous Will ye train'd,
Till you Effrontery in Sin had gain'd;
Then turn'd you looſe with Villains on the Hill,
To take of all Impieties your Fill,
Till in pure Pity *JESUS* you beheld,
Brake your hard Heart, and Satan's Force repell'd.

The Tempter there the curſed Realm controuls,
Father of Lies, and Murderer of Souls;
The crafty Tyrant humane Tempers ſifts,
And as they vary, his Temptations ſhifts:
Sometimes he like a Lion takes his Range,
Then to ſome harmleſs Shape himſelf will change:
About the World his Harpies are diſpatch'd,
And heedleſs Souls are in their Talons ſnatch'd:
One watchful Fury on each Mortal tends,
Sometimes he ſeven, ſometimes a Legion ſends;
Who, when caſt out, the Soul who careleſs lies,
With ſeven-fold Force and Malice re-ſurpriſe;
He with preſtigious Objects Senſe deludes,
And by the Senſe into the Heart intrudes;
With waking Dreams Imaginations fills,
Strives to obſtruct all good, promote all Ills;
In Miſchief potent, exercis'd in Fraud,
Of Inſolence, which hardly is o're-aw'd;

Of ſhameleſs Impudence, unwearied Spite,
Diſguiſing Wiles with feign'd Angelick Light;
Againſt Mankind he cruel War declares,
Maintain'd by Violence, Calumny, and Snares;
Of ſovereign Pride, which ſince he fell aſpir'd,
For this World's Idol God to be admir'd;
That very Sin where his Aſſault ſucceeds,
He at God's Bar for Man's Damnation pleads.
Satan is with Man's in-born Luſt in League,
Both of his Ruin manage the Intrigue;
This World his Magazine his Rage ſupplies,
There the Artill'ry of Temptation lies;
He by Injections into Hearts can ſlide,
By treach'rous Friends oft leads a Soul aſide;
Oft with fallacious Argument perſwades,
With violent Attacks a Soul invades;
Oft overwhelms Man's Spirit by ſurprize,
Sometimes Man's Hurt in Ambuſcadoe plies;
He tim'rous Souls with Difficulties frights,
Tires ſome by frequent and protracted Fights:
He into Looſeneſs diſſipates vain Minds,
Some to impracticable Rigours binds;
Draws moſt unſightly Figures of the Saints,
And Vice in meretricious Colours paints;
Some Sins he venial, ſome he calls Miſtakes,
Some he by good Intentions hallow'd makes;
Some needful are, for Safety, Eaſe, or Gain,
Some are Mens Temper, which none can reſtrain;
Some Sins for once ſecurely Men may try,
Their Folly by Experience to deſcry:

In

In ſome, Mens lawful Callings them engage,
Some are too mean for an Almighty Rage;
Man's Duty ſhould be fix'd to lower Rates,
Congenial Weakneſs all his Guilt abates;
Hell, he a Place of Torment will not own,
But habitable, like the torrid Zone;
Heav'n he calls nothing but a tedious Sight
Of God's All-dazling, over-pouring Light;
But who the numberleſs Deceits can tell,
Which in that Diabolick Region dwell?
The Depths of Satan, none but God can ſound,
By which he ſtrives laps'd Mortals to confound;
Yet in all Garbs Fiends take, they ſtill retain
Characteriſticks of infernal Bane;
This for Man's Safety gracious God decreed,
None are deceiv'd, who pray and live with heed:
For all deprav'd Propenſions of Mankind,
There Manſions ready furniſh'd are aſſign'd:
Juſt in the Centre Satan keeps his State,
Where tempting Legions his Commands await:
His Regal Throne he there ordain'd ſhould be,
The hollow Trunk of the forbidden Tree;
And on the Branches, ſtill entire, though dead,
His Privy-Council perch around his Head;
With his curs'd Senate there, he Night and Day
Lays Plots, Mankind moſt likely to betray:
When wearied with the Labour of Intrigue,
To eaſe their intellectual Fatigue,
Malicious Spirits in a Moment ſtart,
They act the Tempter, and the tempted Part;

B. 14.

They dext'rouſly aſſume each Sinner's Shape,
And all their Follies ridicule and ape: (praiſe,
They ſcoff, they grin, their own Atchievements
Yet in damn'd Ghoſts no real Mirth can raiſe;
Time-ſerving Changeling, *Machiavillian* Fourb,
Proud Schiſmaticks, who holy Church diſturb;
The brutiſh Glutton, and the drunken Sot;
Vile Letchers, who with Strumpets ſtink and rot;
Affected Gallants, and the ſquandring Heir,
The hect'ring Bravoes, who the Cowards ſcare;
The rich ſtarv'd Miſer, and the churliſh Hog;
The cos'ning Gameſter, who a Die can cog;
The Senſualiſt in intermundian Eaſe;
Poets obſcene the gaudy Mob to pleaſe;
The fawning Courtier kiſſing great Men's Feet,
The wild Enthuſiaſt, the Religious cheat;
Curs'd Hereticks, who ſaving Truth deny;
The Philoſophick Fops, who God defie;
Haughty Contemners of the Good and Wiſe,
The ſmooth-tongu'd Villain with inchanting Lies;
The lewd Monk, wanton Nun, licentious Prieſt;
Prelates, who ſtarve their Flocks, themſelves to feaſt;
All *Satan*'s Spies, and doubly damn'd Decoys,
Whom to tempt others, daily he employs;
Theſe and a Thouſand Humours more they hit,
With an inſulting, and ſatyrick Wit.
The Tempters for each Vice fools Coats prepare,
And when they act, thoſe Fools their Coats they wear;
Each ſcoffing tells with what a trivial Wile,
He to that Folly could his Fool beguile;

And

And for ſlight, deadly, momentaneous Toys,
Made him renounce eternal heav'nly Joys;
Sometimes with horrid Blaſphemies they rave,
Bragging they more can damn, than God can ſave.
When a tremendous Thunder rends the Stage,
The Devils tremble at *JEHOVAH*'s Rage;
And for juſt Vengeance, angry God deputes,
The watchful Guard of the immortal Fruits;
They ſwiftly flie, and with their flaming Blades,
Scatter freſh Horrors o're infernal Shades;
Deſpair, and hideous Yellings, ſeize them all,
They think they hear the Trump to Judgment call;
Their Stage is in a dire Confuſion left,
Satan himſelf is of his Wits bereft;
But when the threatned Terrors diſappear,
He Impudence reſumes, and chides their Fear;
JEHOVAH thus the Tempter's Malice bounds,
And when he pleaſes, all his Rage confounds.

As the wiſe Men, with Heed conſid'rate ey'd
The Star which God created for their Guide;
And by the various Pointings of its Ray,
Which perpendicular ſhin'd all the Way;
Through the untrod, and vaſt *Arabian* Wild,
Conducted were to the Almighty Child:
Thus keep Great God in reverential Sight,
And his Commands will caſt unerring Light,
They'll you thro' all the Tempter's Mazes ſteer,
You from your heav'n-ward Courſe will never veer;
Souls into endleſs Labyrinths decline,
When they abandon God's directing Line.

Angel and Youth now from the airy Sphere,
Perceiv'd that they to *Epheſus* drew near;
And at the Oratory ſoon alight,
Where *John* was wont to take his heav'nly Flight;
The Chariot, of a Driver had no Need,
And to its heav'nly Station flew with Speed:
They find the lov'd Diſciple on his Knees,
Who riſes ſoon as he *Hymnotheo* ſees;
With Kiſs of Peace, and with Embraces dear,
With Eyes which melted into joyful Tear,
He welcom'd him, and gracious God ador'd,
Who had *Hymnotheo* to himſelf reſtor'd.
It was the Day the lov'd Diſciple choſe,
His bright Illuminations to diſcloſe;
The ſeven grave Prelates there together met,
O're the ſeven *Aſian* Mother Churches ſet;
To the Apoſtle they had made Requeſt,
To ſtop the Progreſs of a growing Peſt,
From *Ebion* and *Cerinthus* firſt deriv'd,
Who *JESUS* of his Deity depriv'd:
John begs Aſſiſtance from their Faſts and Pray'rs,
While to his Oratory he repairs,
To ſpend in Contemplation Day and Night,
Till God vouchſafed him ſuper-effluent Light:
Soon as divine Impulſe upon him falls,
He to the Chappel the ſeven Biſhops calls;
Whom their ſeven Angels carefully attend,
Ordain'd by God their Churches to defend:
All ſeven *Hymnotheo* tenderly embrace,
And hymn his welcome to that holy Place;

Wiſe

Wiſe God *Hymnotheo*'s coming thither tim'd,
That by their Zeal his Love might be ſublim'd;
All took their Seats, their Angels ſtanding by,
Who on the lov'd Diſciple fix'd their Eye,
Expecting from his Lips high Truths to hear,
Which ſhould their Love enflame, their Knowledge clear:
The lov'd Diſciple then by Heaven inſpir'd,
Thus with his Ardours the Aſſembly fir'd:
In the Beginning, when the minute Prime
Gave Riſe to the ſucceſſive Flux of Time;
The WORD his conſubſtantial Beams diſplay'd,
And his firſt mighty Fontal Effluence made:
The WORD, Effulgence of Co-eval Light,
Adequate Image of God's glorious Might:
The WORD, who with God co-eternal reign'd,
He was true God, yet with true God remain'd;
To be true God, and with true God, imply,
Diſtinction in co-equal Deity:
The WORD all Things into Exiſtence ſpake,
Great God without his Word would nothing make:
The WORD, of ghoſtly Life is boundleſs Source,
Our Weakneſs draws from him Sin-conqu'ring Force;
But darkned Souls, who 'gainſt him ſhut their Eyes,
Are juſtly doom'd to Night, who Day deſpiſe:
To him his bleſs'd Forerunner Witneſs gave,
That he alone Apoſtate Man ſhould ſave:
The WORD is Light, and lightens all Mankind,
Darting his Splendor on each clouded Mind:
He in the World convers'd which he had made,
The World, who their Creator diſobey'd:

He

B. IX.

He to his own peculiar People came,
His own, who dar'd their Saviour to diſclaim:
All who the co-eternal WORD believ'd,
God, as his Children, in his Arms receiv'd;
They by a heav'nly Birth are born again,
Birth, which ſhall cleanſe them from congenial Stain:
The WORD aſſum'd our Fleſh, among us dwelt,
The Saints his Glory ſaw, and Goodneſs felt:
He like God's only Son all-glorious ſhin'd,
Unbounded Grace and Truth in him combin'd:
We from his Fulneſs Grace for Grace derive,
And his Perfection to reſemble ſtrive:
Our *Moſes* taught dark Types, and Laws ſevere,
But *JESUS* Grace, and Truth benign and clear:
No Mortal ever yet God's Glory ſaw,
From the Eternal WORD we Knowledge draw:
He in God's Boſom joys in ſweet Repoſe,
He only can ſalvifick Truth diſcloſe:
Of Sin and Error he diſpell'd the Night,
And made broad Day of Evangelick Light.
John like a Lover ſpake of Love divine,
Love dictated, Love worded ev'ry Line: (ſtor'd
The ſeven grave Saints, and their ſeven Angels,
With nobler Light and Love, Trine God ador'd;
And to their Flocks return'd with ardent Zeal,
The heav'nly Truths they taſted to reveal:
Hymnotheo, wrapt with *John*'s celeſtial Flights,
Fix'd his whole Thought on thoſe enam'ring Heights;
He lean'd on *John*'s, as *John* on *JESUS*' Breaſt,
And was with *John*'s Light, Love, and Joy poſſeſt.

When-

Whene're *John*'s Spirit had been lodg'd on high,
To bring of Inſpirations freſh Supply,
His Goſpel to compleat, the pious Youth
Had the Firſt-Fruits of that ſalvifick Truth
Spoke, while the glowing Ardour *John* retain'd
Of Heav'n, where the Inflammatives were gain'd:
Hymnotheo thus heard all the Goſpel out,
And turn'd it into Nouriſhment devout;
But when lov'd *John* tow'rds the Concluſion told,
How to keep *Peter*'s Love from growing cold,
JESUS thrice ask'd him, *Simon, lov'ſt thou me?*
My *JESUS*, ſaid *Hymnotheo*, I love thee:
That *lov'ſt thou me*, a wondrous Force diſclos'd,
He thought the Queſtion to himſelf propos'd:
I love thee, Lord, he thrice like *Peter* cry'd,
And gladly will for thee be crucify'd:
Our Lord, to fix his Love, a Reliſh gave
Of thoſe high Joys the Saints in Glory have;
A Reliſh, which ſhould raiſe entire Diſguſt,
Againſt the World and ev'ry flatt'ring Luſt:
Hymnotheo from that Moment all forſook,
A ſolemn, ſteddy Reſolution took,
Himſelf to God entirely to devote,
God's Glory, Man's Salvation to promote:
JESUS, of *Peter*'s Love the Fruits to reap,
Commanded him to feed his Lambs and Sheep:
Hymnotheo had like Zeal for *JESUS*' Fold,
Among his Shepherds long'd to be enroll'd.

BOOK X.

LOV'D *John*, when to ſupernal Views (he ſoar'd,
Learn'd how in Bliſs the Saints great (God ador'd;
How Love by beatifick Viſion fir'd,
And how that Love ecſtatick Hymn inſpir'd;
Wrapt with the Youth, pray'd God his Hymns to (bleſs,
In raiſing Love celeſtial with Succeſs:
His Bleſſing then he gave to all the Quire,
Which made them to their ſev'ral Cells retire:
John to the Youth made Viſits ev'ry Day,
The Youth was juſt each Viſit to repay;
With Love divine *John* warm'd *Hymnotheo*'s Heart,
Who ne're without a Hymn let *John* depart:
The Youth a Viſit made him, to entreat
His Aid, his good Intentions to compleat;
Enlightned *John*, who his Propenſions weigh'd,
And the Proficience he in Love had made,
To Holy Orders ſweetly him invites,
And to prepare himſelf for ſacred Rites:
Devout *Hymnotheo* overjoy'd to find,
That with his own Deſires *John* co-inclin'd,
With the lov'd Vot'ry's Counſel gladly clos'd,
Himſelf for Prieſthood zealouſly diſpos'd:

He,

He, *JESUS* like, made forty Days Retreat,
That nothing of the World might damp his Heat,
Or interrupt his recollected Thought,
With heav'nly Meditations fully fraught:
Bleſs'd *John* alone his Solitude frequents,
His ferv'rous Zeal guides, tempers, or foments,
His Sins and his backſlidings he reviews,
And all his penitential Vows renews;
In Tears, Pray'rs, Faſtings, Alms, ſpends Day and Night,
Imploring Sacerdotal Love and Light;
His Thoughts on *JESUS*' ſpotleſs Life reflect,
His own by that Idea to direct;
Bleſs'd *JESUS*' Paſt'ral Love to his loſt Sheep,
Upon his Spirit made Impreſſions deep,
And humbly he beſought the Throne on high,
That *JESUS* like he might live, love, and die;
His Thoughts, as they dear *JESUS*' Motions trace,
Convince him that the truly Chriſt-like Grace,
Is to ſave Sinners; and his fix'd Intent
Was, that his Life might in that Grace be ſpent:
When his ſet Time was finiſh'd, he appear'd,
Knew by his Love enflam'd, his Pray'rs were heard;
And on the Day kept holy to God's Name,
He with Devotion to the Temple came,
Where *John* invok'd the holy Spirit's Aid,
His Apoſtolick Hands upon him laid;
Then with lov'd *John* he to the Altar went,
Himſelf a whole Love-off'ring to preſent;
Of Love divine he there full Influence felt,
JESUS in him, and he in *JESUS* dwelt.

As

As *Paul*, when humbly he his Sins confeſt,
And was with all the Joys of Pardon bleſt;
Had for his conterraneous Kindred Zeal,
That they the like tranſporting Joys might feel;
And rather than thoſe Joys they ſhould not gain,
Wiſh'd on himſelf Tranſlation of their Pain,
Would gladly the Excluſion undergo,
From the Communion of the Saints below:
Hymnotheo thus had an intenſe Deſire,
That his dear *Smyrneets* might to Heav'n aſpire;
Content himſelf, ſo God would them forgive,
In a perpetual Martyrdom to live.

By this the Youth reach'd *Smyrna*, and took Care
With Rev'rence to ſalute the Faithful there;
All hymn'd God's Grace, gave him the holy Kiſs,
O'rejoy'd at his recover'd Hopes of Bliſs;
There by his Brother's unexpected Fate,
He was the rightful Heir to an Eſtate;
The Tidings he diſintereſted heard,
And no Complacence in his Look appear'd;
His Love of God exhauſted his whole Mind,
No worldly Joy could there Admittance find:
He publick Notice gave that all ſhould meet,
Who had from him receiv'd injurious Treat;
There he his wealthy Patrimony ſold,
Zacchæus like, reſtor'd to all four-fold;
Decreed the Poor the Overplus ſhould have,
Sway'd by the Counſel which bleſs'd *JESUS* gave
To the young Man, whom he ſaw Wealth admire,
To ſell his All, and heav'nly Bliſs acquire;

His

His own Expence he from that Day confin'd,
To the ſmall Portion to each Prieſt aſſign'd.
Unclog'd from Wealth, he now had nought (to do,
But *JESUS* Imitation to purſue;
The Charity which out from *JESUS* beam'd,
When Sinners he inſtructed, bleſs'd, redeem'd;
He moſt implor'd, that to his native Place,
He might be Herald of ſalvifick Grace;
And to keep *JESUS* lively in his Mind,
He of his Love in Song this Draught deſign'd.

JESUS, O that dear Name, I cannot ſpeak,
But into rapt'rous Love and Praiſe I break;
'Twas *JESUS* deign'd frail Nature to aſſume,
To ſave loſt Sinners from eternal Doom;
His Love, firſt loving, Sinners Love prevents,
And to all Needs has boundleſs co-extents;
His Miracles propitious Bleſſings were,
The Soul and Body both had gracious Share;
The Hungry he convicted, whom he fed,
Quickned a Sinner when he rais'd the Dead.
He, when from Souls He Devils diſpoſſeſs'd,
Offer'd himſelf within thoſe Souls to reſt;
He cur'd the Sick, Lame, Lepers, Deaf and Blind,
To cure the like Diſtempers of the Mind;
He was ſtill ready in Diſtreſs to ſave,
Upheld his ſinking Vot'ry on the Wave;
To do all Good he daily went about,
And un-implor'd ſearch'd piteous Objects out;
Mens Miſeries he feelingly bemoan'd,
At his Friend's Grave his troubled Spirit groan'd;

Great

Great Alms he gave out of his ſlender Stock,
Paternal Care took of his little Flock;
Wept for Mens Sins, and for the Publick Woes,
Was conſtant Benefactor to his Foes;
Innocuous, patient, condeſcending, ſweet,
And humble to waſh clean his Vot'ries Feet;
Of Temper ſoft, compaſſionate and mild,
To Anger ſlow, prone to be reconcil'd;
Among the *Jews*, wherever he convers'd,
He brighteſt Rays of heav'nly Truth diſpers'd;
He to all Perſons would Addreſſes ſute,
Invited Sinners vileſt in Repute;
Toil, Travel, Care, he Night and Day endur'd,
He taught, call'd, warn'd, upbraided and adjur'd;
Compliance gracious to Man's Frailty ſhew'd,
And on his Shoulders laid no heavy Load;
Beneficent to the obdurate *Jew*,
While in the Face he of his Saviour flew;
He *Judas* long with Gentleneſs could bear,
And the falſe Kiſs which train'd him to the Snare;
To Heav'n, for Pardon of his Foes he cry'd,
A painful Death for his Tormentors dy'd;
Such Charity benigneſt *JESUS* taught,
Which more than Miracles Converſions wrought.

This ſung, he laid his tuneful Harp aſide,
And to himſelf, each Line he ſang, apply'd;
Smyrna's Salvation was his ſov'reign Care,
For that he made reiterated Pray'r.
As good *Hilkiah*'s Son, by Heav'n inſpir'd,
Had in his Bones his very Marrow fir'd;

The

The Flame Celeſtial circled through each Vein,
And he his Tongue could not from Speech reſtrain,
But out it brake for Honour of his God,
And warn'd the Land of his avenging Rod:
Hymnotheo felt himſelf thus overpower'd,
A Zeal for God his Faculties devour'd,
His Body ſeem'd by a new Soul inform'd,
With Sacerdotal Love his Spirit warm'd,
Impatient till he could fit Objects find,
To vent the Conflagration of his Mind;
He loving *JESUS*, long'd with utmoſt Might;
To *JESUS* Love his *Smyrneots* to excite;
Bleſs'd *JESUS* of his ardent Love approv'd,
And to exert it, thus his Lover mov'd.

When his next Lauds devout *Hymnotheo* ſang,
All *Smyrna* Streets of famous *Homer* rang;
It was his Feſtival *Hymnotheo* knew,
His Zeal had thence a providential Cue;
The *Smyrneots* *Homer*'s Temple crowd that Day,
And to his Image Adoration pay;
To their God Poet ſacrifice a Goat,
And Poets their Firſt-Fruits of Verſe devote:
The *Homeriſts* there take their wonted Seat,
And ſinging to their Harps, his Songs repeat:
The *Iliadiſts* in Scarlet Robes are dreſt,
The *Odyſſeiſts* in Sea-colour'd Veſt;
And either, as they take their Turns, hold Wands,
Of Colour like their Veſtments, in their Hands:
Both by their Inſtitution were deſign'd,
To picture what they ſang of to their Mind:

That, Wars, and Blood of *Greeks* and *Trojans* ſlain,
This, *Odyſſean* Risks upon the Main;
Hymnotheo jealous for his God appears,
Full of that Love which caſts out ſervile Fears;
Upon a riſing Ground himſelf he plac'd,
Which at ſmall Diſtance *Homer*'s Temple fac'd:
There on his Harp he play'd with Maſter's Skill,
And drew the *Smyrneots* round about the Hill,
His Voice then on a ſudden join'd his Strings,
And thus to the attentive Throng he ſings:
Your Ears to me, my deareſt *Smyrneots*, lend,
I a juſt Song of *Homer*'s Name intend:
The nobleſt Genius which our *Grecia* knows,
Who his high Birth to happy *Smyrna* owes;
You him of mortal Man a God have made,
You aggrandize your ſelves, and him degrade;
To make a God ſhews a diviner Might,
Than the made God with his precarious Height;
But if the Model of the God you make,
You from our conterraneous Poet take,
You ſink him lower than he was before,
And ſhould the Poet, not the God, adore;
The Gods, of whom our native Poet ſings,
Are vile, mean, worthleſs, deſpicable Things;
Are Drudges to Mankind, feel Pain, and weep,
Beget and are begot, eat, drink, and ſleep;
Are jealous, live in a perpetual Feud,
Treat one another with inſultings rude;
Adulterous, inſatiate in their Luſt,
Ill-bred, injurious, ſpiteful and unjuſt;

Are

Are captivated, wounded, bound in Chains,
And ev'ry odious Vice among them reigns;
Our greateſt Sages have condemn'd of old
The Tales, which of the Gods, our Poet told;
Plato from his Diſtrict would him expel,
Pythagoras devoted him to Hell;
Even *Jove* is not from fouleſt Crimes exempt,
And Follies, which expoſe him to Contempt;
Even *Jove* himſelf ſubjected is to Fate,
Such Gods as theſe you may at Will create;
They are the Dotages of human Brain,
And Men to Vice, not to Religion, train;
They are infernal Ghoſts, they Men delude,
And from our Thoughts the one true God exclude:
If *Homer* you to ſuch a God debaſe,
And herd him with ſo profligate a Race,
Within their Brothel-Heav'n, much rather I
Would be the Mortal, than the Deity.
Our Poet had a Genius too ſublime,
To prize ſuch Gods, or deify a Crime;
To *Egypt* he, to cultivate his Mind,
A Voyage made, his Knowledge there refin'd;
There of the Books inſpir'd he had a View,
Which at the firſt our God vouchſaf'd the *Jew*;
Traduc'd from them to Chriſtians, who behold
That now fulfill'd, which Prophets there foretold;
You of thoſe Books have often heard the Fame,
They in each Page the One true God proclaim:
And 'tis from them our noble Poet drew,
All that of Vertue, or of God he knew;

Which he in Fable clouded, to engage
Attention, in a looſe, deluded Age:
But, when he pleas'd, he could the Cloud diſperſe,
Truth oft betrays its Splendor in his Verſe;
To *Jove* alone he gives the Sov'reign Sway,
And makes all Men and Gods his Throne obey;
And the true Knowledge of the God ſupream,
Shall of my Songs be the perpetual Theme.

Then o're the Throng *Hymnotheo* caſts his Eyes,
There Atheiſts, here Philoſophers deſcries;
There Poets, here promiſcuous Crowds, who came
Out of miſtaken Zeal to *Homer*'s Name:
The Rumour ſtrait the Temple flies about,
And Curioſity allures them out;
Forth one by one his next Companion calls,
The *Homeriſts* ſat ſinging to bare Walls;
The liſt'ning Crowd charm'd with his Voice and Lyre,
With univerſal Vote a Song deſire:
God ſteer'd their Thought by an Impulſe unſeen,
That ſaving Truths they from his Songs might glean;
Upon *Hymnotheo*'s Lips their Ears were hung,
Who touching his harmonious Strings, thus ſung:

Great God, of all Exiſtence boundleſs Source,
Of thy own Being help me to diſcourſe;
That *Smyrneots* may thy glorious Godhead own,
And pay due Adoration to thy Throne!

Sweet *Molos*, near your Banks, the ſolar Beam
Firſt *Homer* kiſs'd, his Nectar was your Stream;
No Poets who on fork'd *Parnaſſus* dwell,
And take large Draughts of the *Caſtalian* Well;

Or

Or drink their Fill at the *Beotian* Spring;
Songs ſo ſublime as he could ever ſing:
He blind himſelf, by his Idea's bright,
Gave to the World and his dear *Smyrna* Sight;
Had *Athens*, diſputatious, noiſy, proud,
To our great *Homer*'s Maſter-Genius bow'd;
As *Rome* his Imitator once rever'd,
When he at publick Spectacles appear'd;
They had long ſince illuminated grown,
And rais'd no Altars to the God unknown.
Kind Heav'n, which *Homer* form'd, in Song to ſtrive,
The ſinking Senſe of Deity to revive;
The Herd of Gods, which his *Olympus* ſtor'd,
He mean'd, ſhould moraliz'd be, not ador'd:
And when he ſings the Vices of thoſe Gods,
As all great Wits are wont to do, he nods;
Or to their Vot'ries he expos'd their Shame,
Mankind from ſuch foul Idols to reclaim:
And when he ſang the Truth from Fable freed,
One independent Being was his Creed;
The one great God, and his ſole ſov'raign Reign,
He pictures lively in *Jove*'s golden Chain;
His Care Paternal, Wiſdom, Power divine,
Throughout his Verſe illuſtriouſly ſhine:
Ah, had he known the glorious Truth inſpir'd,
His Songs all *Greece* with heav'nly Love had fir'd;
All Schemes in Atheiſtick Schools devis'd
He skill'd, and all their Dotages deſpis'd;
Dotages rais'd by Hell upon the Stage,
The impious World's Credulity to gage.

Some immaterial Being would diſclaim,
Since they of that could no Idea frame;
They might as well material Things deny,
Since Matter ne're was naked to the Eye;
By Attributes alone Men Matter know,
And God's ſeen Works his unſeen Being ſhew.

(Birth

Some Dotards dream'd, that Fortune could give
To all this goodly Frame of Heaven and Earth;
That Atoms, next to nothing in Degree,
Should riſe from nothing in Vacuity;
And fluttering in a *Vacuum*, ſhould by chance
All jump into a World, and end their Dance:
Fools, who from God Omnipotence detract,
Think Atoms can omnipotently act:
Can what they never had, profuſely give,
Lifeleſs themſelves can make their Creatures live;
Inſenſible themſelves can Senſe create,
Thoughtleſs themſelves can Thought communicate:
To think ſuch Order, Texture, Beauty, Art,
Apparent in the whole and ev'ry Part,
That Plants and Inſects Rarities contain,
Beyond the utmoſt Search of humane Brain;
That all Things ſhould harmoniouſly agree,
In a reciprocal Subſerviency;
To think all made by Chance, betrays a Mind,
As much as Chance it ſelf to Knowledge blind.
Some Dotards Godhead in dull Matter own,
On Purpoſe their Creator to dethrone;

Dream

Dream that Things Being from themſelves deriv'd,
That Animals ſelf-born were yet ſhort-liv'd:
Sure Fontal Men, who to themſelves were Sires,
Might have ſtill kept ſelf-kindled vital Fires;
They frightful Death as little lov'd as I,
What Fools were they ſpontaneouſly to die?
Atheiſts, who all myſterious Truths deny,
Yield up their Faith to ſome notorious Lie;
Matter ſelf-form'd, ſelf-mood, ſelf-ſteer'd, exceeds
The Myſteries in all the Chriſtian Creeds:
Thus Men unlearn what God and Nature taught,
To ſpawn proud, novel, crude, bewildred Thought;
To form a Faith which patronizes Ill,
And to believe, not with their Mind, but Will;
God's holy Laws, not Myſteries, Atheiſts grieve,
Would God indulge their Luſts they would believe.
Nothing could be, had nothing ever been,
Since from pure nothing, nothing can begin;
Something then always was, which Being gave
To all the Wonders in Air, Earth, or Wave;
That Fontal Being can no other be,
Than the One all-creating Deity;
Men, when the Sun ſhines in full Splendor out,
More juſtly may of his Exiſtence doubt;
Then God's Exiſtence diſputable deem,
While cheriſh'd by his providential Beam;
Our intellectual Certainty tranſcends
All that on Senſe more fallible depends:
We in his wondrous Works our Maker find,
His Deity he graves on humane Mind:

Through the whole World, Men, though moſt (ſavage grown,
Some kind of God, ſome kind of Worſhip own:
Or ſhould Impiety God's Fear efface,
They are *Anomala's* of humane Race;
All who conſider may as clearly know,
This World muſt from ſome Fontal Being flow,
And could not make it ſelf, as we can tell,
Some Mortals built this *Smyrna* where we dwell;
A Being good, wiſe, powerful, ſince all three
We in the admirable Syſtem ſee.

Man's Spirit with Perplexities oppreſs'd,
In a firſt all-wiſe Pow'r can only reſt;
When guilty Conſcience laſhes him within,
Whence all thoſe Horrors, if no God, no Sin?
What makes him in the Midnight Darkneſs quake,
And his proud Heart at Death's Approaches ake?
In Sickneſs, Storms, and Dangers, Heav'n invoke,
And when it thunders, tremble at the Stroke?
To ſtifle God, ſuch Violence undergo,
And yet believe whether he will or no?
In radiant, inextinguiſhable Lights,
God on our Souls thus his Exiſtence writes.

The Deiſts, who of Atheiſm grow aſham'd,
To ſuit their Vices, a fit *Numen* fram'd;
One who exacts no Worſhip, gives no Laws,
Who Sinners with no Fear of Judgment awes;
Who while he ſnores in intermundian Eaſe,
Precarious Vot'ries act whate're they pleaſe:

Thus

Thus by the God they for themſelves have made,
They Deity, not honour, but degrade;
This modern Idol Helliſh Fraud contriv'd,
Deiſm is ſinking, Paganiſm reviv'd.
Glory to God, who on each humane Breaſt
The Knowledge of his Deity impreſs'd;
That all who with themſelves acquainted are,
May offer up to Heav'n due Praiſe and Pray'r.
With that *Democrito*, who, pert and bold,
In *Epicuro*'s Sect himſelf enroll'd;
The Sect which in the Schools *Athenian* roſe,
The Doctor of the Gentiles to oppoſe;
Who other Sects of Sages diſ-eſteem'd,
And humane Soul a Heap of Atoms deem'd;
Hymnotheo warmly with this Queſtion ply'd,
Where and when he the Souls Idea ey'd?
Hymnotheo to the impudent rejoins,
I ſaw it well deſcrib'd in *Homer*'s Lines;
In him you of *Patrocle*'s Soul have read,
Appearing to *Achilles* from the Dead;
From ſacred Books our Poet this deriv'd,
That our immortal Souls our Fleſh ſurviv'd:
What *Homer* ſang, the *Smyrneots* all confeſt,
Of the immortal Soul a Song requeſt:
He mildly yielding, took his Harp again,
And ſang this new, and this inſtructive Strain.
Great God, who at Creation didſt inſpire,
With an immortal Soul, our Fontal Sire;
O breath on me, that with my Pow'rs combin'd,
I may adore thee from my heav'n-born Mind.

My

My Soul, by thy ſweet Influence I ſing,
Thou of my Thought art the connat'ral Spring;
Thou art my Intimate, my nobler Part,
By thee I know, yet know not what thou art;
Thou God's bright monumental Lamp doſt burn,
Doſt warm and lighten my terreſtial Urn;
My Bulk is Sepulchre, is only Shell,
And what within inhabits, cannot tell;
'Tis by thy Rays all other things I ſee,
And yet thoſe Rays are moſt obſcure to me;
The Sun unſeen, is felt by one born blind,
I thus perceive my immaterial Mind;
Something that thinks within me I ſtill feel,
Which cannot its Activity conceal,
Which in my Fleſh ubiquetary dwells,
Works Wonders which corporeal Power excels.
Brutes ne're reflect, they only things deſcry
Corporeal, ſingle, preſent to the Eye;
They not by Choice, but duct of Nature ſteer,
Their Souls no Heav'n deſire, no God revere;
Have with their Bodies ſympathetick Tye,
With them they flouriſh, ſink, decay, and die;
Whether they act by Souls from Matter free,
Form'd narrow, ſenſual, mortal by decree;
Lodg'd in the Blood enflam'd, there kept alive,
From which all their Senſations they derive;
Or by a Force impreſs'd on ev'ry kind,
By the firſt *Fiat* of the boundleſs Mind:
A Power, Inſtinct, Impulſe, by which they tend,
In all their Motions, to their proper End;

And

And Reaſon ape, no Mortals can define,
Who in themſelves feel ſomething more divine.
Our Souls, Effects to their prime Cauſe purſue,
And by Abſtraction Univerſals view,
From Ages paſt antique Memoirs derive,
Dead Heroes from their Monuments revive;
Improve old Projects, and then new Deſign,
And Things to come, from what they ſee, divine.
Lick into Shape the Notions which were rude,
What they ſeek out, from what they know, con-
In craſie Bodies active are and free, (clude.
Exulting in their Independency:
Curb all the Paſſions when rebellious grown,
Force proſtrate Senſe their Soveraignty to own:
With ſteady Thought o'er fickle Will preſide,
Its undetermin'd Choice to Virtue guide:
Chooſe ſacred Duties, which low Senſe abhors,
With carnal Will are at perpetual Wars.
The Univerſe ſway, Temper, and outwit,
Make fierceſt Tygers to their Rule ſubmit:
Set the whole World a working, conquer Fate,
Animate Kingdoms, ſound the Depths of State:
With ſailing Caſtles, the proud Waves controul,
Meaſure the vaſt Expanſe from Pole to Pole;
The Heights and Orbits of the Stars compute,
Erroneous Judgments of the Senſe confute;
Which not by Reaſon guided, but the Eye,
Eſteems them little Spangles in the Sky:
Leap from their Organs, higheſt Orbs ſurmount,
All Orders in the Sphere Angelick count:

Up

Up to the awful Throne much higher ſoar,
See God like Ocean, where Men ſee no Shoar;
Riſe up with ſtrong Enthuſiaſtick Spring,
In lofty Numbers God's Perfections ſing;
And bright Idea's to their Cells confin'd,
Into one Co-harmonious Syſtem bind;
No Atheiſts Brutes to Poets could refine,
All own that Grace for Matter too divine;
As Heat and Light, a Fire when hidden ſhow,
Thus by ſpiritual Acts we Spirits know,
Which active, ſimple, thinking, pure, exiſt,
They of no diſagreeing Parts conſiſt;
Immortal, indiſſolvable abide,
What has no Parts, Time never can divide;
Their Beings no Corruption can devour,
Annihilable by ſole boundleſs Power.

Should ſmooth round Atomes in apt Concourſe
In Order exquiſite, in Texture fine; (joyn,
And form a Compound never ſo exact,
Who from Inſenſibles can Senſe extract?
But that thoſe Atomes ſhould Man's Soul compoſe,
In the Idea of a Godhead cloſe;
Should up to pure ſpiritual Worſhip riſe;
Should teach the World to offer Sacrifice;
For Vice and Virtue, ſtanding Laws create;
Act with Free-Will, expect a future State;
Believe God-man for Sinners ſhould attone,
And hymn trine Godhead on his glorious Throne,
Are Dreams, which like their Atomes Men advance,
Whoſe Thoughts meet not by Reaſon, but by Chance.

We

We feel, we think, and we by Thought retain
The Images of Objects in the Brain;
What are those Images, or how impreſs'd,
How various, and how drawn, is vainly gueſs'd;
Or how thoſe lively Images are wrought,
And paſs the Labyrinthal Ducts to Thought;
How when arriv'd, thoſe num'rous Forms we there
Minutely judge, ſort, lodge, review, compare;
Something within we feel, all this tranſacts,
And Knowledge from thoſe Images extracts;
Something within us conſcious that it knows,
And as it pleaſes, can theſe Forms diſpoſe;
Something from Bulk diſtinct, which in us reigns;
Matter and Motion quickens or reſtrains:
Something which Immaterial in us ſways,
Which can imbibe God's immaterial Rays.

This Life is our Probationary State,
We till the next for our Awards muſt wait;
Juſt God the Guilty never will acquit,
Cannot the Sin approve he may permit;
May reſpite a Saint's Bliſs, or Sinner's Grave,
But both at laſt ſhall their due Meaſures have;
Strange Inequalities we ſee below,
Good Men are empty, while the bad o'reflow;
We are aſſur'd, a future Judgment muſt,
God's Retributions in both Lives adjuſt,
And Souls ſhall be Immortal, that they may
Feel the laſt Sentence of that righteous Day;
God here free Option will to none refuſe,
And juſtly gives to Sinners what they chooſe.

Life

Life oft is loaded with afflictive Trains
Of Cares, Vexations, Sickneſs, Sorrows, Pains;
Should God no Hope of Bliſs eternal give,
Not to exiſt, were better than to live;
Juſt, Wiſe, Good God would never Life beſtow;
For no one Cauſe, unleſs to work our Woe;
All other Creatures Providence befriends,
With the Fruition of appropriate Ends;
From boundleſs Aims, which God ne're gave in vain,
We know Souls form'd a boundleſs Bliſs to gain;
As we conclude the Brutes for Earth deſign'd,
By their Propenſions earthly and confin'd.
Father of Spirits, from thy Breath alone,
Their Origin immortal Spirits own;
From Thee they ſtream'd, and languiſh here in Pain,
Till to their Fountain they flow back again:
O may we mindful of our glorious Stem,
Aſpire to native Heav'n, this World contemn.
Think Sirs, e're long you muſt to Death ſubmit,
This mortal Life for an immortal quit,
Till how you may eternally be bleſs'd
You learn the Way, your Souls ſhould never reſt.
A Sage then ſtanding up, with Aſpect grave,
Who nice Attention to *Hymnotheo* gave;
Who Stagiritick Errors had imbib'd,
And to the World Eternity aſcrib'd;
Whoſe Origin *Hymnotheo*'s Song maintain'd,
Could keep no longer Pagan Zeal reſtrain'd;
With a compos'd, but yet contemptuous Look,
Asks when, and how, the World Beginning took.

From

" From God, ſaid he, all things which are proceed,
The when, and how, 'twas God alone decreed,
The Works of God, tho' darkly are reveal'd,
In Baſſe-relievo on *Achilles*'s Shield;
The Sun, Moon, Stars, Heav'n, Earth, and Ocean's Waves,
Our Poet there with Art Poetick graves,
While he ſtiles *Hector*'s Carcaſe ſenſleſs Earth,
He knew the Oar which gave our Bodies Birth;
From Paradiſe, which God for Man prepar'd,
E're by infernal Ghoſts he was enſnar'd,
Our Poet borrow'd his Poetick Flowers,
To grace the pleaſant Pheacenſian Bowers;
You by thoſe Views may riſe to nobler Light,
And by inſpir'd Ideas clear your Sight;
All felt of Curioſity the Heat,
And begg'd a Song ſhould of Creation treat;
Hymnotheo readily the Crowd obeys,
And thus began to ſing his Maker's Praiſe.

Father, Son, Holy Ghoſt, great God Triune,
Whom Saints believe, adore, and importune;
Who out of nothing freely didſt decree
That Heav'n and Earth ſhould con-created be;
Heav'n with Angelick Orders overſpread,
Earth a meer Chaos, dark, confus'd and dead,
Till from thy pow'rful Word to rude dull Maſs,
Life energetick ſhould diffuſ'dly paſs;
Speak in my unform'd Mind, that by thy Might
I of thy Works may humble Songs endite;
Thoughts, Words, and Numbers, O create in me,
Thoughts, Words, and Numbers, all ſhall ſing of Thee.

When

When God ſat from Eternity alone,
Self-knowing, Self-complacing on his Throne,
Coeval Time, Exiſtence, Place he gave (Wave;
To Matter, which form'd Heav'n, Earth, Air and
God ſpake, and dark confus'd vaſt Heaps appear'd,
A diſmal Chaos out of nothing rear'd;
As o're her Eggs, a Bird in her ſoft Neſt,
Hovers with tender Wing and downy Breaſt;
Patient ſhe ſits, forgets her daily Food,
Leſs pleas'd to live herſelf, than hatch her Brood;
Her Incubations by Degrees diſpence,
Parts, Form, Life, Motion, Nutriment and Senſe;
Till they full grown, their Priſons open fling,
And Shelter ſeek in their glad Mother's Wing:
The mighty Spirit thus his Plumes dilates,
In Chaos plaſtick Influence creates
Kind Lovelineſs, and Order to diſperſe
Through ev'ry Part of the wide Univerſe;
All the Expanſe, as he purſu'd his Flight,
Was ſtraw'd with Rays of ante-ſolar Light;
Which when the Sun in Heaps, unſhapen lay,
With the preceeding Dark, made Night and Day.

God ſpake again, the great Abyſs obey'd,
And in its Waters Separation made;
The heavier Parts to the dull Earth ſubſide,
The lighter into Air were rarify'd;
Some rais'd by God, aſcend a nobler Height,
Where they above the Firmament unite,
Which on the ſecond Day our Maker fixt,
Leſt thoſe high Waters ſhould with low be mixt.

God

God ſpake, and into Seas the Waters ſwell,
Earth into Tremblings and Convulſions fell;
Its lab'ring Bowels up whole Mountains throw,
To open Chanels where the Waters flow;
They to repay the hoſpitable Shore,
As to their Rendezvous they haſt, leave Store
Of Springs and Streams, which with kind Moiſture
The infant Plants, and nurſe the *Embrio* Seed, (feed
Bedeck the Ground with Herbs, Trees, Flow'rs and
As to their Mother Sea they ſporting paſs; (Graſs,
Whilſt other little Fountains gently ſtrain
Through ev'ry hidden, ſubterraneous Vein;
Which marry'd to the diff'rent Earths they wet,
Stones, Metals, Gems, and Minerals beget.

This was the third Day's Work, God ſpake again,
And the bright Parts of the Etherial Main
Concenter into Stars, from ev'ry Star
Our Maker choſe the brighteſt Beams by far;
Which ſheau'd up in one Orb, the Sun produce;
Who for his borrow'd Light ſtill pays them Uſe;
Plac'd in the Firmament by God's own Hand,
The Stars in moſt harmonious Order ſtand:
Stupendious Orbs, which though the Vulgar deem
But little Specks, ſo ſmall to us they ſeem,
All this terreſtrial Globe, by juſt Account,
In a Proportion wonderful ſurmount:
Vaſt Canopy, which ſhrowds ſo great a Store
Of ſpacious Orbs, and yet has Room for more!
But vaſter far, the Waves in which it rolls,
Vaſt above all the Sphere of happy Souls:

The Moon and Stars are form'd to rule the Night,
They on wide Seas guide Pilots by their Light;
The Sun reigns o're, and cheers the welcome Days
With Heat benign, and fertilizing Rays;
The Annual, Monthly, and Diurnal Space,
Spring, Fall, Heat, Cold, are measur'd by their Pace;
Wise Goodness thus the fourth Day's Work con-
(triv'd,
And Earth from Heav'n kind Influence deriv'd.
God spake, and strait the Waters Being gave
To all Inhabitants of Air and Wave;
Leviathan, and all his scaly Train,
First take Possession of the watry Plain;
And up towards Heav'n the Airy Legion soars,
Rowing themselves aloft with feather'd Oars.
God spake again, and all things to compleat,
From Earth fermented by the solar Heat;
Beasts, Serpents, Insects, ev'ry living thing,
All in a Moment into Being spring;
He bless'd them all, and as first Air they drew,
All by instinct, their Food and Station knew;
O'rejoy'd with Life themselves, each courts its Mate,
And in their Young themselves perpetuate:
Thus the sixth Day, God this great World prepares
For Man's Reception, chiefest of his Cares.
Amazing 'tis to a short-sighted Mind,
That God should form such Glories for Mankind;
Yet boundless Love gave infinitely more,
The Blood of God, vile Sinners to restore;

Lord,

Lord, all the Creatures thou for Man haſt made
Sould fire our Zeal, and Coldneſſes upbraid;
My God, make all thy Works I daily ſee,
Incentives and Memorials to love thee!
The Bleſſed Three conſulting, co-decreed
Man's fair Idea, while with awful Heed,
Angels the Throne attending whiſpering ſay,
What mighty thing intends our God to Day!
All other Things God into Being ſpake,
But Man, the trine Creatour deign'd to make
With his own Hand, who of the glorious Three,
The Maſter-Piece, and Image was to be.
A Lump of reddiſh Earth our Maker choſe,
That Lump tow'rds manly Figure to diſpoſe;
He hardens firſt, then parts that humane Ore
Into Three hundred various Bones and more;
All theſe he ties, he rivets, he cements,
With Sutures, Griſtles, and ſtrong Ligaments;
With Muſcles then the Skeleton he cas'd,
In fibrous Tendons faſtened and enchas'd;
To expedite their Motions he anoints,
With Balſam mucilaginous, the Joints,
O're them he mantles throws of ſofteſt Skin,
And all the great Vacuities within
He fills with Bowels, with the Brain and Heart,
And with Canals which run to ev'ry Part;
Nerves, Veins, and Art'rys, which ſhould ev'ry way,
Life, Spirits, Motion, Senſe and Blood convey;
So curious was the Casket, ſo refin'd,
Where his own brighteſt Image God enſhrin'd;

Into the perfect Form, God breath'd a Soul,
Which all the Parts ſhould actuate and controul;
In ev'ry Limb it kindles vital Heat,
The warm Blood circulates, the Pulſes beat;
The Lungs to draw freſh Air, their Lobes extend,
The Muſcles move, the Joynts all plyant bend;
Through all Life's Chanels vig'rous Spirits flow,
He riſes up, and then attempts to go:
He ſees, he hears, he thinks, and he deſires,
And the new Being which he feels admires;
And well he might, each Motion had ſuch Grace,
So full of Empire was his manly Face;
Such healthy Vigour, ſuch Majeſtick Air,
Which yet had ne're known Sorrow, Pain, or Care;
Quick Senſe, which nothing could delude or 'ſcape,
Such ſprightly Youth, ſuch well proportion'd Shape;
And ſo erect, Ambitious ſtill to View
High Heav'n, from which his Soul ſo lately flew;
Majeſtick Mein, and Lovelineſs exact,
Both Awe and Love from Creatures to attract.

Thrice Happy Man! When coming from the (Mint
Of God's Similitude, the lovely Print;
He his immortal God-like Spirit felt,
In different Parts which undivided dwelt;
He God the Author of his Being knew,
And all that was to his Creator due;
Such Grace Victorious fortify'd his Will,
Which down from him ſhould to his Race diſtil;
All that is dark to us, to him was clear,
He knew the Stars and Motions of each Sphere;

What-

Whate're Earth, Water, Fire, or Air produce,
He knew their Natures, Properties, and Uſe;
All Creatures God preſented to his Eyes,
That proper Names he might for all deviſe;
Each Name, each Creature, in one Word explain'd,
And fully its Phyloſophy contain'd;
No vain Deſire he yet had e're commenc'd,
With no undecent Thought had e're diſpens'd;
O're all his Paſſions Reaſon ſovereign reign'd,
All the firſt Springs of Action it reſtrain'd:
A perfect Harmony his Soul poſſeſs'd,
His Will, tho' free as Air, ſtill choſe the beſt;
Yet to chooſe Ill, full Freedom he retain'd,
That Bliſs by due Probation might be gain'd:
Our Maker mutable would Man create,
That his Obedience might be Choice, not Fate;
His Spirit with Co-eval Love was fir'd,
His Pow'rs connat'rally to God aſpir'd;
Love the true Pondus of his Soul, ſtill weigh'd
His Soul tow'rds Heav'n; Love, God's Commmands (obey'd;
Love never ceas'd his Wonders to adore,
But was of God himſelf enamour'd more:
Bleſs'd Innocence! e're our perverted Will
Felt a Temptation, or committed Ill?

BOOK XI.

NOthing could happy Man now happier make,
But one who of his Bleſſings ſhould partake;
A Native longing ſtill he felt to ſee
One like himſelf, to keep him Company;
Birds of their Conſorts, he obſerv'd made Choice,
And Angels in Society rejoyce;
All wanted mutual Helps, and 'twas for none
But Self-ſufficient God to live alone;
That *Adam* then might have entire Content,
God grateful Slumber to his Eyelids ſent,
And as he ſlept, without or Wound or Pain,
Took out a Rib, and clos'd the Side again;
Like Virgin-Wax, he ſoft'ned the hard Bone,
And wrought it till to female Shape 'twas grown;
In her, when all her Organs finiſh'd were,
As firſt in Man God breath'd immortal Air;
He more Majeſtick was, more lovely ſhe,
They both were tun'd with equal Sympathy,
To Heav'n her Eyes at her firſt Riſing roll,
For with his Love God prepoſſeſt her Soul,
Within her Lips a *Hallelujah* hung;
God had the Firſtlings of her Heart and Tongue;

Soon

Soon as she rose, Man wakened by her Side,
And God presented him his beauteous Bride;
From hence we Marriage deem a Thing divine,
Since God himself would the first Couple joyn;
Both with God's Love and Praises overflow'd,
To whom they Lives and Loves much dearer ow'd;
As Aromatick Spices most refin'd,
When they in hallow'd Ointment were combin'd;
Cynnamon, Calamus, and Cassia bruis'd,
Their Odours interchangably transfus'd;
So the first Kiss their Virgin-Lips e're press'd,
Transfus'd their Souls into each other's Breast;
Bone of my Bone, Flesh of my Flesh, he said,
Of two, we now one compound Soul are made;
All but our dearest God, who made thee mine,
I will forsake, to be entirely thine:
Dear fair one, view these Ribs, how near my Heart
Thou layst before, but now thou nearer art:
Kind pow'rful Heav'n, which from one Rib didst
So fair a Creature, which my Arms has fill'd (build
With such a Consort; and has charm'd my Sight
With such rare Mixture of pure Red and White;
Your Love, fair Dear, all but God's Love excels,
In you my Love Ubiquetary dwells:
O mighty Pow'r, which Heav'n to Beauty gives,
It conquers the first Moment that it lives!
Sir, the young fair One said, to God I know,
Much more for you, than for my self, I owe;
God has a Part made equal to the Whole,
Equal in Love, not equal in Controul;

If equal Loves, in Lovers Hearts can reſt,
For in our Love, each loves each other beſt;
My deareſt ſelf our God deſign'd in you,
All other earthly Bleſſings to outdo!
God then preſents a Garden to their Sight,
Enrich'd with Plenty, Beauty and Delight;
By Heav'ns high Fav'rites fit to be poſſeſt,
And e're they enter'd, thus the Couple bleſs'd:
Be fruitful, lovely, pair, and fill the Earth
With Innocent, ſucceſſive num'rous Birth;
You my Vicé-gerents I henceforth ordain,
And o're all Creatures give you Right to reign,
O're all that ſwim in Air, or on Earth creep,
O're all that plough their Paſſage in the Deep;
Your Food ſhall be Fruit, Herbs, and what the Field,
By Nature, Art, or Induſtry can yield;
One little thing I to your Uſe deny,
That I may your intire Obedience try;
'Tis a Command you may obey with Eaſe;
Amidſt the num'rous Store of pleaſant Trees,
I one except, which in the Middle ſtands
Of the whole Garden, lay on that no Hands;
For I have ſolemnly decree'd no leſs
Than that you mortal be, if you tranſgreſs;
And that to all imaginable Woes,
You ſhall your Selves, and your whole Race expoſe;
And now of that fair Place Poſſeſſion take,
Which I on Purpoſe planted for your ſake;
Look to my Garden well, and happy live,
For Wages I'll my daily Bleſſings give.

This

This ſaid, they Proſtrate glorious God reveer'd,
And with twin'd Arms they to the Garden ſteer'd;
Naked they walk'd, but had no baſhful Senſe,
Shame on the Ruins roſe of Innocence;
Both entring in, from the firſt Tree they found
Their Supper cropt, and eat it on the Ground:
Then a ſweet Bed of Violets they choſe,
Yielding themſelves to undiſtur'd Repoſe.
Thus God one World created in ſix Days,
Who in one Moment could a Thouſand raiſe;
He each Day's Wonders ev'ry Night ſurvey'd,
Saw all was Good, which boundleſs Goodneſs made.
Men, who to ſearch the Eye, or Ear intent,
In that ſole Study, a long Life have ſpent,
At laſt acknowledge Ignorance profound
Of the true Nature of or Light or Sound;
All in Extenſion of a Line agree,
Yet none know how its Parts connected be;
All Men in Bodies Gravity confeſs,
Yet its true Nature none could ever gueſs;
Proud Atheiſts then their Ignorance ſhould own,
Who cannot ſolve the Falling of a Stone.
Vain Men bind God to low mechanick Rules,
To the abſurd Conjectures of the Schools;
They boldly ſecond Cauſes would aſſign,
Which ſhould co-operate with Pow'r divine;
Scepticks the World, and their own Souls amuſe,
And Doubts may to Eternity infuſe;
They in their Fancies various Schemes revolve,
Which intricate the Truth they ſtrive to ſolve;

Would

Would they own God, that Truth all Doubts would (clear,
Nothing would then abſtruſe or hard appear;
Our Reſt would be the univerſal Cauſe,
Which gives to ev'ry kind its ſtated Laws;
We ſhould not then how things were made enquire,
But to adore our Maker ſhould aſpire;
They all Phænomena can ſolve, who know
God Good, Wiſe, Pow'rful, will'd and made them ſo;
Our Thoughts are ſhort, imperfect, and obſcure,
Till we know God we are of nothing ſure;
Led by the Streams, the boundleſs Spring we reach,
The firſt Truths known, all Truths depending teach.
For the form'd World, thou Lord haſt Laws de-(creed,
And now all Propagation is by Seed;
But Thou Almighty, to no Laws confin'd,
Doſt all Things work by thy eternal Mind;
How thy bare Word the Chaos firſt diſpos'd,
How into Animals rude Maſſes clos'd;
How e're the Sun had Being, there was Light,
And Alternations of the Day and Night;
How thou by Force impreſs'd, wiſe Laws didſt give,
By which all Things ſpring, grow, encreaſe and live;
We vainly ſtrive the Knowledge to acquire,
And only learn thy Greatneſs to admire;
Silence may Admiration beſt become,
Could Man ſurvey thy Bleſſings and be dumb;
Thy Glory on mute Creatures is impreſt,
Man thou haſt made to ſing for all the reſt;

The

The more thy Works Aſtoniſhment excite,
OurHymns of thee ſhould reach the nobler Height.
Scarce from the Morning's Womb Sabbatick Day
Began to ſhed abroad its Infant Ray;
But num'rous Angels earthwards flew to ſee,
Thoſe living Pictures of the Deity;
Aſleep they on their flow'ry Couch were laid,
Her radiant Head upon his Boſom ſtaid;
O're her white Neck his Arm he gently threw,
Both ſweeter breath'd, all the ſweet Air they drew;
Her ſcattered Treſſes vail'd her from their Eye,
Which ſoftly they to ſee her Face put by;
Her Form they view, with Pleaſure and Amaze,
Thought they could ne're enough upon them gaze,
And with their Features rapp'd, try all they can
To mould up Air in Vehicles like Man,
Till ſtrait a new extemporaneous Race
Of thoſe Man-Angels peopled the whole Place;
And ever ſince, all who from Heav'n have gone
On God's high Errands, that lov'd Shape put on;
With Zeal they for a Sabbath Hymn prepare,
Some in three Parts compoſe the heav'nly Air;
Down to the four clear Channels others ſpeed,
To gather Bundles of hard hollow Reed;
All theſe they ſize, then voice them with the Wind,
And in green Twiggs them up together bind;
In due Proportions all the Pipes aſcend,
And o're the Compaſs of the Scale extend;
The Heav'nly Harpers then tun'd each his Lyre,
That their ſweet *Strings* might with the *Pipes* conſpire;

Both

Both Harps and Organs then began to play;
A Prelude to the Anthem for the Day.
The plyant Air mov'd by the warbling Sound,
All the whole Garden circulated round;
While the ſoft Ears of the fair two, who ſlept,
The quavering Vibrations intercept;
Which beating firſt the Drum, through the Nerves
And play the Tune all over in the Brain; (ſtrain,
The Soul which all Night long its Motions ceas'd,
Sun of the little World brake from its Eaſt,
And rais'd by theſe ſweet Notes, the Miſts diſpell'd,
Which in deep Silence had the Senſes held;
The Sound ſeem'd to grow louder by Degrees,
The more they wake, the more the Concords pleaſe;
At laſt they riſe, and with complacing Look,
Shew what Delight in Harmony they took;
Sweet Harmony, Delight of the moſt High,
Of God Triune the binding Unity;
When in your Airs God's Praiſes we rehearſe,
With God in his own Language we converſe;
Angels and Man in this with God agree,
That Muſick is connat'ral to all Three;
Nature, without the Help of any Art,
Taught each of theſe fair two to ſing their Part,
And they whene're their Voices they would join,
Would in ſweet Chords harmoniouſly combine;
Juſt as they wak'd, their Wonder to prevent,
One Angel ſpake for all to this Intent:
From Heav'n fair Creatures, we are come to
Divinity exemplify'd in you: (view,
Belov'd

Belov'd of God, our Wonder and our Care,
For all the Heav'nly Hoſt your Life-guard are;
Your Souls are to us Spirits near ally'd,
We to aſſume your lovely Shape have try'd;
That Heav'n and Earth this Day may make one (Quire,
And in the Praiſe of our great God conſpire.
This Day, when from Creation God takes reſt,
And for the future each ſeventh Day has bleſs'd;
Angels then touch'd their Harps, and Organs blew,
While with the Songſters, ſang the happy two.
" Triune Creator, Glory to thy Name,
Thy Works, thy Wiſdom, Goodneſs, Power pro- (claim;
Wiſdom projected what thy Power begun,
And Goodneſs gave the Bleſſing when 'twas done.
This ſung, the Angels make pathetick Prayer
For Benedictions on the lovely Pair;
Adieu, dear Couple, ſaid they all, adieu,
As the Ejaculation from them flew;
Rending their aiery Veſts, they nimbly riſe,
Swift as the Lightning through the yielding Skies;
Their Shapes into the aiery Deep reflow'd,
Their little Organs all the Garden ſtrew'd;
Adieu, reply'd the two fair Friends, Adieu,
In Heav'n, we hope, one Day to viſit you.
As to their native Heav'n the Angels ſoar'd,
The fair ones for their Viſit God ador'd;
Then Hand in Hand they ore the Garden ſtray,
The Pleaſures of their Empire to ſurvey;

No Thunders, Lightning, Storms, or Earthquakes (there,
Nothing that Man could trouble, hurt or ſcare;
'Twas painted and perfum'd all o're with Flowers,
The Trees embrac'd each other into Bowers;
Sweet Chryſtal Floods waſh'd it with Morning Dew,
And to their Chanels ſilently withdrew;
Paid for the Pearls which o're the Ground they ſhed,
With odrous Tinctures from each flowry Bed;
In thoſe ſweet Streams they bath their Iv'ry Limbs,
While each glad Fiſh, to bid them welcome, ſwims;
Tigres with Lambs for their Diverſion play'd,
And no meek Doves of Vultures were afraid;
To watch their Motions, Birds in Ambuſh lay,
And ſang in Concerts as they paſs'd that Way;
The bowing Fruits ſtrove which ſhould firſt be (crop'd,
Bees without Stings pure Virgin Honey drop'd;
Sweet Roſebuds on unprickel'd Buſhes blew,
On Earth uncurs'd no Plants empoyſon'd grew;
The Sun not ſcorch'd but kiſs'd them with his Beams,
Sound was their Sleep, and undiſturb'd by Dreams;
Tranſporting Sights around them charm their Eyes,
Which join'd, up to tranſporting Landskips riſe;
Till Admiration all the Soul o'reflows,
And from admiring Poetry aroſe;
They both at once enthuſiaſtick grow,
Their Words into harmonious Meaſures flow;
The Man on Heav'n fix'd his conſid'rate Eye,
Which ſeem'd through all the Glories there to pry;

And

And from that Proſpect his full freighted Thought,
Back to his Tongue, Hymn, and Heroick brought.
((Great God, in all Perfections unconfin'd,
Thy bright Idea raiſes, fills my Mind;
I all thy wondrous Works in Rapture weigh,
Which Power, Love, Wiſdom infinite diſplay;
All Plants, all Flowers, all Inſects I behold,
A confluential Lovelineſs enfold;
My Admiration runs all Creatures o're,
All teach me their Creator to adore:
From Earth to the Celeſtial Spheres I fly,
The glorious Bodies there tranſport my Eye;
But when my Thoughts on my own Being reſt,
And on thy lovely Image there impreſs'd;
When on my deareſt Conſort I reflect,
Her Graces, and her Beauties recollect;
When with all Creatures I us two compare,
See how they all to us ſubjected are;
Our Empire o're the Univerſe diffuſe,
How all things are created for our uſe;
How our capacious Souls are form'd to reign,
O're all on Earth, in Air, or watry Plain;
How we with ſoveraign Intellects bear ſway,
How all the Animals our Will obey.
How we the Heav'nly Orbs can comprehend,
What Influences they to ſerve us ſend;
How by Great God our Spirits are inſpir'd,
With Love divine connaturally fir'd;
When all theſe Wonders in my Thought unite,
Thy boundleſs Love, exſtatick Praiſe excite;

It

It ſhall below be my perpetual Aim,
To love my Maker, and to Hymn his Name.
Sweet Paſtoral, as *Adam*'s current ſtopp'd,
From his fair dear Companion ſweetly dropp'd.
All Praiſe, all Glory be to God above,
By whom we live, by whom we ſing and love;
This Air perfum'd, Plains verdant, Chryſtal Flood,
This glorious Sunſhine, and this ſhady Wood;
Theſe ſweet melodious Birds, theſe flowry Beds,
Theſe pleaſant lovely Fruits which bow their Heads;
Be they as fair, as ſweet as they can be,
What are they all, beſt Life, when wanting thee;
No Sweets, no Beauties can with thoſe compare,
Which in my deareſt Self concentred are;
And yet as dear, as dear to me thou art,
A Dearer far, attracts from thee my Heart;
From earthly Joys to thee my Paſſions riſe,
From thee to Gracious God my Spirit flies;
In God all Beatificals conſpire,
And leave no room for any new Deſire;
All Praiſe, all Glory, be to God above,
By whom we live, by whom we ſing and love.
Thus they made Hymns, and ſang them in ſweet Chords,
And Reign'd below the univerſal Lords;
All Joys they reap'd, when Joys were in their Prime,
Freſh Pleaſures meaſur'd, and endear'd the Time;
Their Loves unſully'd, join'd in ſweet conteſt,
Which lov'd each other, or their Maker beſt.
A Stoick then, whoſe ſupercilious Pride,
His Idol Self had vainly deify'd;

Who

Who brag'd he had Perfection full attain'd,
Deſpotick Empire o're his Paſſions gain'd;
Asks why he ſhould not Paradiſe enjoy,
Since he of human Droſs had no alloy:
Hymnotheo mild his Inſolence repreſs'd,
Himſelf a Sinner humbly he confeſs'd;
And told, how by primeval Lapſe Mankind
Had a diſtorted Will, and clouded Mind;
That Pride, audacious Pride, gave Birth to Vice,
Sin, Shame, Death, Hell, had coetaneous Riſe;
The Angels fall, ſaid he, who Man beguil'd,
And ever ſince all humane Race defil'd,
Our Poet paints, when Jove he feigns to throw,
Curs'd *Ate* down from Heav'n to Shades below;
To *Tartarus*, or the unfathom'd Deep,
There of her Crimes the due Rewards to reap;
That at which *Homer* made a tranſient Glance,
All pray he would to a juſt Song advance;
Soon o're the Youth their warm Deſires prevail'd,
And in ſad Chords he thus the Lapſe bewail'd.

Curs'd *Satan* ſpies from the infernal State,
Diſpatch'd what paſs'd in *Eden* to relate;
Told him the Story of the lovely Pair;
He ſwell'd with Rage, ferments the ſulph'rous Air;
His dire revengeful Looks made Tophet quake,
He foaming, thrice blaſphem'd, and thus he ſpake:

Now draws the fatal wiſh'd-for Minute near,
When we'll on God revenge our Doom ſevere;
His Fav'rite Man, ſince he has made him free,
I'll make revolt, and ſerve no God but me;

We bravely fell, and Heav'ns great King defy'd,
And Man shall fall by our trajected Pride;
'Tis glorious Malice to infect the Root,
And all its numerous Cyons to pollute;
Curse, curse this humane Race, we now will try
Who this new World shall govern, God, or I.

This said, to Paradise he swiftly flew,
Took of the Place, and of the fair ones view;
Then he a fiery flying Serpent chose,
Whose Shape he best might for his Guile dispose;
A Crown-like Crest stood on his Head erect,
His Scales the Sun-Beams dazlingly reflect;
Himself into the glittering Form he darts,
And with new Motions actuates its Parts;
High on his Wings he hovers in the Air,
To watch which of the two he might ensnare;
While *Adam* drest the Trees, *Eve* o're the Ground
Pick'd Flowers, Herbs, Fruits, their Dinner to compound;
The Fiend saw *Eve* alone, his Wings he clap'd,
And then flew down, his Malice to adapt;
There's the blest Tree exultingly he cry'd,
I'll eat my Fill, till I grow deify'd;
With that to the forbidden Tree he flies,
His Voice and Shape attracts the Females Eyes;
She out of Curiosity drew near,
Who till she sinn'd, was undisturb'd by Fear.

The Tree was a large Vine, which widely spread,
Into a pleasing Shade, its loaded Head;
Clusters of gen'rous Grapes hung all around,
Exceeding those the Spies in *Eschol* found;

No

No Tree in the whole Garden could produce
A more ſpirituous and exalting Juice;
No Tree was then more bulky than the Vine,
Needing no Prop, on which it ſhould recline;
Till by Intemperance debas'd it joyn'd
To other Trees, and on Supporters twyn'd,
To teach fallen Men, who ſurfeit on its Juice,
The Weakneſs they contract by its Abuſe;
With Guſto *Satan* the full Cluſters gnaw'd,
And thus began his Banquet to applaud:

Faireſt and beſt of Trees, the Angels Food,
For human Race too noble and too good;
While 'twas my Courſe on Godhead to attend,
On the ſeventh Day I ſaw whole Hoſts deſcend;
All when they ſang their Hymn full Cluſters crop't,
Their Re-aſcent till they devour'd them ſtopt;
When they return'd, I ſoon perceiv'd the Odds,
I was but Angel ſtill, and they were Gods;
Soon as my Courſe was out, I flew in haſte,
Of this immortal heav'nly Food to taſte;
By ev'ry Grape I grow the more ſublime,
I'll Eat, till I of Gods become the Prime;
I'll eat till I the Tree of Fruit bereave,
Of Godhead I'll for Man no Reliques leave;
Man, who with Foggs of ſervile Fleſh oppreſt,
Forbears to taſte, unworthy to be bleſt.

Eve lay in ſhady Covert all the while,
She thought her ſelf unſeen, and ſuck'd the Wile;
Then riſing up, that ſhe might *Adam* ſeek,
The Fiend, who feign'd Surprize, began to ſpeak;

Are you come hither, fair One, for this Fruit,
Which into Gods us Angels can tranſmute?
No other Tree, ſhe ſaid, God us denies,
Of this, whoever eats moſt ſurely dies:
You ſhall not ſurely die, the Fiend reply'd,
But if you eat, you ſhall be deify'd;
Your Eyes will open, and your Spirits fill
With Notices divine of good and ill;
God knows this well, and envies you this Tree,
Leſt you from Subjects ſhould his Equals be:
Eat, and be Gods, and then you're ſure to live,
And if you ſin, you may your ſelves forgive;
It cannot our All-gracious God diſpleaſe,
To ſee his Fav'rites taſte the beſt of Trees:
But raviſh'd w th the Fruit, I've ſaid too much,
We Angels wiſh you may no Cluſter touch;
The Fruit is only to us Angels due,
It is a Food too much divine for you;
But the Temptation ſoon ſhall diſappear,
At my Return I'll all the Branches clear;
To Heav'n I'll take an Inſtantaneous Flight,
And to the Tree Angelick Friends invite;
We'll all be Gods by this high juicy Fruit,
And for the Throne with regnant God diſpute.
Eve lick'd the Poyſon which the Fiend inſtill'd,
And in Angelick Vehicles unskill'd;
She him an Angel heedleſly ſuppos'd,
In that crown'd, volant, radiant Shape inclos'd;
Her Appetite, not Reaſon, was her Guide,
On her own Judgment wholly ſhe rely'd;

Would

Would not conſult her *Adam* firſt, leſt ſhe
Should by his Counſel undeluded be;
Thus charm'd, ſhe on the Tree caſt longing Eyes,
Fain would ſhe glorious be like God, and wiſe;
The Beauty, Virtue, Smell, poſſeſt her Brain,
At laſt ſhe grew impatient to abſtain:
A Bunch ſhe crept and kiſs'd, made haſte to eat,
As breeding Women a much long'd for Meat;
Her Heart exalted ſeem'd, Pride Empire gain'd,
She the plain Garb of Nature pure diſdain'd,
And pick'd the gaudieſt Flowers along the Ground,
Which ſhe with Woodbine in two Garlands bound;
Hung on her Arm, to deck her ſelf and Dear,
That both the more illuſtrious might appear;
As ſhe by *Piſon* paſs'd, ſhe made a Stand,
Pleas'd with the Gold which glitter'd in the Sand;
The Onyxs and Pearls look bright and gay,
Waſh'd by the River down tow'rds *Havilah*,
She coveted the Riches of the Stream,
For Gold and Gems began to have Eſteem;
As much ſhe graſpt as either Hand could hold,
One had the Gems, the other had the Gold;
Then ſhe with ſpeed to buiſy *Adam* flew,
Come Dear, ſhe ſaid, you ſhall be Happy too;
Firſt ſhe the Garland plac'd around his Head,
Then crown'd herſelf, and on her Conſort led.
Sin, like the Plague, feels Diabolick eaſe,
In furth'ring Guilt, and ſpreading the Diſeaſe;
She kiſs'd him oft, and in her Arms enchas'd;
Her Kiſſes ſeem'd to have unuſual Taſte;

While under their Probation both remain'd,
Both were pure Virgins, and all Luſt reſtrain'd,
And had they ſtood, Luſt they had never known;
Chaſt Love had kept right Reaſon on the Throne;
Mov'd not by Luſt, but Off-ſpring to embrace,
To propagate a God-adoring Race;
On *Piſon*'s Sands, ſaid ſhe, theſe Gems I found,
Inſtead of Flow'rs, I would with theſe be crown'd;
The Flowers ſoon fade, but theſe will always ſhine,
O think how theſe I may together joyn;
When at the precious Tree we both arrive,
Their Union thou, my Deareſt, ſhalt contrive;
I'll wear them for thy ſake on Neck and Wriſt,
Thou for each Jewel ſhalt be ten times kiſs'd;
Both walking on, to meet their dol'rous Fates,
She the Adventure paſs'd at large relates;
Haſte, haſte, ſhe cry'd, loſe not this happy Hour,
Leſt Angels coming all the Fruit devour.
Soon as the Fruit ſhe ſaw, know Dear, ſaid ſhe,
All Paradiſe is couch'd in that one Tree;
Adam the Tree conſiderately ey'd,
'Tis the forbidden Tree, my Love, he cry'd,
We ſhall our ſelves and Off-ſpring all pollute,
And murder too, if we but taſte that Fruit;
God, ſhe ſaid, ſomething of not eating ſpake,
But we the Tree, or God, muſt needs miſtake;
Truſt me, who the Experiment have try'd,
I taſted it, ſweet Taſte, and have not dy'd;
Eat Deareſt, and commence a God like me,
I would not be a God, unleſs with thee;

We'll

We'll both rife Gods from this rare Fruit to day,
She kiſs'd him then, as by the Tree he lay,
Charm'd with ſoft Love, and with keen Hunger bit,
His nobler Powers to lower Senſe ſubmit;
With uncurb'd Appetite, both eat that Meal,
Whoſe deadly Poyſon all their Off-ſpring feel;
Both with like ſenſual Pleaſure eat their Fill,
Intoxicating Mind, and ſtaggering Will.
In Rebel Fleſh they felt unknown Deſires,
The Calenture of Luſt their Paſſions fires;
No Thought of Off-ſpring, but impure Delight,
Low, ſenſual, brutiſh, mov'd them to unite:
As to their Children, Men we ſee tranſmit
Their Humours, Features, their Defects, and Wit;
Diſeaſes too, hereditary are,
And Lepers generate a leprous Heir;
Concupiſcential Fomes, which poſſeſs'd
The Parents thus, was on their Race impreſs'd;
The Source impure, outflowing Streams defiles,
Pride, Gold, Wine, Woman, Luſt, Man ſtill be-guiles;
Luſt, the Diſtemper Penal of Mankind,
The Pain, not Pleaſure, of a Heav'n-born Mind;
Sated with Luſts, o'repow'rd with vinal Steams,
They dropt aſleep to rue their Guilt in Dreams.
Curs'd *Satan* flew to the infernal Shade,
Inſulting boaſts of the Succeſs he made;
Bragg'd with what Wile the Woman he depray'd,
And Guardians watching Paradiſe outbrav'd;
Of the damn'd Ghoſts, about him flew a Crowd,
Yell'd his Applauſe with Acclamations loud;

They to immortalize the curſed Deed,
The Name of Murderer to him decreed;
All vow their utmoſt Force and Guile to bend,
The Bounds of their new Empire to extend.
Wiſe God was pleas'd the Angel to ſelect,
Appointed Dreams inſtructive to project;
In Heav'n by Name of *Phylonar* well known,
Commanded to approach the awful Throne,
Ideas of the future World to view,
There from God's Preſence lively Schemes he drew;
Of ev'ry Age, of all the grievous Woe,
That laps'd Mankind for Sin ſhould undergo;
Him to the ſleeping Pair, God ſent to frame,
Dreams which ſhould raiſe pale Dread, Remorſe, (and Shame:
Within ten Pulſes down the Angel flies,
And views them with abominating Eyes;
Then from the Forms his Intellect enfolds,
He num'rous Phantoms into Landskips moulds;
Which through their Nerves he to their Brains con-
Where Sin, in its true Colours was diſplay'd; (vey'd,
For both he painted the afflicting Scheme (Stream.
Of Laps'd Mankind, who from their Loins ſhould
They ſaw their Race from God apoſtatiz'd,
By righteous Vengeance variouſly chaſtis'd;
The frightful Judgments, and the helliſh Crimes,
Should in all Periods reign, and in all Climes:
Their Firſt-born *Cain* with ghaſtly Look they view'd,
With reeking Hands in Brother's Blood imbrew'd;

They

They Creatures ſaw againſt their Offspring arm,
Sin gave them Licenſe ſinful Man to harm;
They ſaw the Elements their Bounds diſdain,
And grow impetuous, to work human Bane;
How Oceans with loud dreadful Noiſes roar,
And threaten Deluge to the curbing Shoar;
They ſaw the Poyſons which on Earth abound,
And ſtinking Exhalations vail the Ground;
The ſubterraneous Mines of Sulphur fir'd (ſpir'd,
Vaſt Mountains, which dire Hell-like Flames tran-
The Atmoſphere with noxious Vapours fill'd, (kill'd;
And with the Air they breath'd, their Children
How univerſal Nature ſeem'd unfram'd,
How Creatures all Apoſtate Man proclaim'd;
How in its Motions, Heaven excentrick grew,
And mouruing Clouds o're all its Glories threw;
And with dark Spots the radiant Sun beſpread,
Which damp'd his Luſtre, and the Beams he ſhed;
To teach loſt Man, by that inſtructive ſight,
How Sin eclips'd their pure coeval Light.

They ſee the Terrors of the aiery Sphere,
There they tremendous Claps of Thunder hear;
See the Bolts ſhot, and bearded Comets flame,
And with dire Vengeance vindicate God's Name;
Dread Lightnings there flaſh in their trembling Eyes,
And Fires from Heav'n outragious Sin chaſtiſe;
Fierce Hurricanes from thence with Fury blow,
Striving the Globe terraqueous to o'rethrow;
They inward Horrors ſee which Sinners fright,
Who toil all Day, are ſcar'd with Dreams at Night;

The

The num'rous Troubles breaking their repoſe,
How they with Sun are ſcorch'd, with Winter froze;
Pierc'd with keen Winds, drown'd in tempeſtuous (Rains,
With Earthquakes ſhiver'd, and convuls'd with Pains;
With Flattery gull'd, with Diſappointments croſs'd,
Shipwreck'd with Storms, and on proud Billows toſs'd;
Cares to get Wealth, Dread to loſe what they have,
The Terrors of pale Death, and gaping Grave;
How the curs'd Ground Cockle returns for Grain,
Baffling the Labour of the moiling Swain;
They ſee Deliriums which beſot the Mind,
Lame, Ideots, Lunaticks, Deaf, Dumb, and Blind;
The Maladies which every Limb torment,
The Deaths, the Tortures, Tyrants could invent;
Impoſthumes, Cancers, Leproſies, and Scabs,
Sore ulcerous feſtring Wounds from ſpiteful Stabs;
Some Wretches roaring under Stone and Gout,
Others their loathſome Ordure ſpewing out;
The Luſtful rotting, ſtinking while alive,
Empoyſoning thoſe from whom they Help derive;
Some ſnatch'd away, ſome dying by degrees,
Some by Self-murder ſeeking a falſe eaſe;
Some broil'd by Fevers, by Conſumptions worn,
Enſlav'd by Senſe, with violent Paſſions torn;
With Anger chaf'd, with Luſt ſet all on Flame,
Chill'd with pale Fear, daſh'd with confounding (Shame;
Waſted with Envy, wrinkled with ſad Care,
With Malice ranker'd, rack'd with black Deſpair;
Enrag'd

Enrag'd with fierce Revenge, to Quarrels prone,
Below the Beaſt by foul Intemperance grown;
Fed with vain Hopes, with lingring Sorrows pin'd,
Fool'd with falſe Joys, in all Elections blind;
Blown up with Pride, the Prelude to a Fall,
And cheated with Fruition moſt of all.

Here Plagues with Carcaſes whole Kingdoms (ſpread,
And ſcarce leave Living to entomb the Dead;
There Nations with pale Famine are diſtreſs'd,
The Mother eats the Babe who ſuck'd her Breaſt;
Here bloody Wars Swords mercileſs unſheath,
Which Murders, Rapes, and Devaſtations breath;
The Brutes uſurp o're laps'd Mankind a Power,
To vex, to rob, to torture, to devour;
Vile Inſects work, and then inſult their Woes,
While they want Force to quell their feeble Foes;
Loud crying Sins through Empireum break,
Outragious Sinners God's dire Vengeance wreek;
Strait he the heav'nly Floodgates open throws,
The Deep ſupernal then its Banks o'reflows;
Down on the Earth it in Atlanticks rain'd,
As if God will'd, Seas heav'nly ſhould be drein'd;
On higheſt Hills no Plummets reach the Ground,
The Atmoſphere ſeems in the Billows drown'd;
Till the Celeſtial Waves, by Will divine,
Roſe to their Reſervoir, like Spouts Marine;
Thus the whole World o'rewhelm'd in Ocean lay,
The Sinners periſh'd, Sin yet reſum'd its ſway;

Apoſtate

Apoſtate Spirits ſat like God enthron'd,
And Men for Gods infernal Devils own'd;
They ſaw their Race in Temples them adore,
And drench their Altars oft with human Gore;
The Iſra'litick Tribes God only choſe,
To whom Himſelf and Laws he would diſcloſe;
But them they ſaw God's Patience oft aſſault,
And of twelve Tribes, to Satan ten revolt;
And of the two remaining, few appear'd,
But their own Dreams above God's Law rever'd.
Down to Death's Region then the dreaming Pair
Feel themſelves lead, to ſee the Horrors there;
The diſmal Land of Graves then there behold,
Their Offspring turn'd to their primeval Mold;
Into the num'rous Coffins as they pry,
Worms and Corruptions there afflict their Eye;
They of their Generations ſmell the Stink,
Too late of Death and threatned Terrors think;
Next the laſt Trumpet they loud ſounding hear,
See how their wicked Race reunion fear;
See human Aſhes forc'd by God to join,
In priſtine Form, which they would fain decline;
Hear how in vain to Marble Rocks they cry'd,
From God's fierce Wrath their guilty Bulks to hide;
See Hell wide gaping, and the Torments dire,
Which Sinners feel in everlaſting Fire;
See God's Tribunal, which ſtrikes Saints with awe;
See Devils to the Bar the Guilty draw;
Hear the laſt Sentence, ſee damn'd Wretches thrown
Into Eternal Pains, and hear their Groan;

Gainſt

'Gainſt their firſt Parents, how they Curſes yell,
Who by their Sin rais'd Death, and open'd Hell.

With that they in a general Horror wak'd,
They ſigh'd, they wept, and every Member quak'd,
Againſt each other their Paſſions vent,
He blam'd her Charms, ſhe his too looſe conſent;
They both each other's naked Body ſhun,
And neither durſt reflect on what was done;
Fig-leaves with Twigs they both together ty'd,
That both their Shame might from each other hide,
Anguiſh, Confuſion, Terror, and Deſpair,
Impell'd them to and fro, they knew not where;
Without, God's Vengeance they each minute dread,
Within, freſh horror they each Minute bred;
They ſtartle at themſelves, themſelves they hate,
Fain from themſelves would fly, to fly their fate;
But all in vain, Sin ſtill is in their Views,
Faſter they fly, the faſter it purſues.

The Voice of God then reach'd their conſcious Ear,
And both into a Thicket ran for fear;
So ſtupid were they grown, to think to lye
Hid in a Buſh, from God's all-ſeeing Eye;
Curs'd Sin had dimm'd their intellectual Sight,
'Till the bleſs'd Seed deign'd to become their Light;
With that God louder call'd, *Adam*, where art?
Then both came trembling forth with aking Heart;
With down-caſt Eyes, and Looks as pale as Death,
And half-form'd Words, like one who gaſp'd for Breath;

They

They own that they God's awful Voice had heard,
But seeing themselves naked disappear'd:
Who told you you were naked, God rejoin'd,
Have you to eat forbidden Fruit combin'd?
Both with Heart-breaking Sighs their Guilt pro-
(claim'd,
Adam the Woman, *Eve* the Serpent blam'd;
Just God then their appropriate Dooms declar'd,
The Serpent first in Condemnation shar'd;
Among brute Beasts be thou most curs'd of all,
Dust shalt thou eat, and on thy Belly crawl;
Of Legs and Wings, and of thy radiant Crest,
Thou for the future shall be dispossess'd;
Thy Seed and Man eternal hate shall feel,
'Tis he shall bruise thy Head, and thou his Heel;
Reptile it thence became, and all its Kind,
Of his Debasement, to put Man in Mind;
And teach proud Satan his enfeebled spite,
Who when repuls'd, could fix no mortal bite.
Thou, O proud Dame, forward to be beguil'd,
In Pangs, said God, shalt rue it when with Child;
His Love, thou whom thou temptedst shalt implore;
He'll be thy Lord, who equal was before;
And thou fond Man, who thus without dispute,
To Female Charms thy self wouldst prostitute;
And mad'st thy God so cheap, curs'd be the Soil,
Curs'd for thy sake; and to augment thy Toil,
Thorns, Thistles, Weeds, its Furrows shall o're-
(spread,
In Sweat and Sorrow shalt thou eat thy Bread;

Till

Till from a painful Life, thou to that Earth
Shalt moulder, which first gave thy Carcase Birth.
Such was their Doom, but left each guilty Wretch,
To the Life-giving Fruit their Arms should stretch,
From Paradise God drave them cloth'd in Skins,
New moulted to do Penance for their Sins;
And Guards of mighty Cherubin he plac'd,
Who in their Wings the Tree of Life enchas'd;
Each brandish'd every Way his flaming Blade,
No Mortal can immortal Fruit invade.

The mournful Exiles wail their woful State,
Caus'd by their Choice, not by impulse of Fate;
Both try'd the Evening with a Hymn to close,
For Verse and Musick give sad Souls repose;
But they in neither could their Woes condole,
Sin Discords rais'd, and quite untun'd the Soul;
The Soul untun'd, a War within it felt,
Two mortal Foes which in one Body dwelt; (hal'd,
One drew towards Heav'n, towards Hell the other
Flesh oft o'repower'd the Spirit, and prevail'd; (in,
Foul Errors, impious Thoughts, and Doubts crept
All Hell's Artillery to heighten Sin;
Sin grew the constant Pondus of the Will,
The Needle turn'd from God, to point at ill;
Thus Man defac'd the Image God ingrav'd,
To Heav'n antarctick, and to Hell enslav'd.

Some necessary Notions yet were left,
Of their full native splendour much bereft;
Temper'd by God the humble Mind to guide,
And disappear to disputacious Pride;

Great

Great God's Exiſtence, and a future State,
The Power, by which we Vice and Virtue rate,
Are in themſelves congenial, certain, clear,
That by theſe Lights, all might their Courſes ſteer;
When we know God, we learn his Will divine,
By Thoughts in which all human Race combine;
I certain am I muſt the Godhead fear,
Since all Men unbrutis'd ſome God revere;
The univerſal Morals all approve,
Though they in Practice diff'rent compaſs move;
Virtue and Vice diſcriminate as well,
As they can various Wines by Taſt and Smell;
The ſober Heathens are for Virtue fam'd,
The Bad, are with Diſgrace in Story nam'd;
Ill Men do ill, with Terror, Shame, Regret,
They on good Actions real Value ſet;
They highly wiſe, benign, juſt Men eſteem,
True Copies they of God's Idea ſeem;
Sad Lamentations for good Men are made,
Men honour Virtues which their Crimes upbraid;
No Liars chooſe a Liar for their Guide,
In juſt Men only the Unjuſt confide;
But Men, who Vice for their great Idol own,
God, their tremendous Judge, would fain dethrone;
And to indulge their Vice, without control,
From Immortality degrade the Soul;
They choke the Thoughts of God's Eternal Ire,
They live like Beaſts, and would like Beaſts expire;
Immenſly ſome, the worſt of Beaſts out-act,
They a Monſtroſity in Sin contract;

Commit

Commit that Outrage which Beasts never knew,
Which Showers from Heav'n of Fire and Brimstone drew;
To such Effronteries Apostates rise,
Who Souls, first made like God, Diabolise.
In Morals crooked we discern and right,
As clearly as in Lines, by native Sight;
Yet being free, we freedom may abuse,
Instead of Strait, we may the crooked choose;
Our Wills perverse, congenial Light may damp,
And Works of Darkness may put out the Lamp;
But when we think, our Conscience then revives,
We blush when we recal our impious Lives;
The worldly Wise delirous grow sometimes,
God sends judicial Folly for their Crimes;
Mothers by Nature love the Babes they bear,
Yet some unnatural and cruel are;
In humane Race corrupt, a monstrous Mind,
As well as monstrous Shape, we sometimes find;
But we must Nature's universal Law,
From Patterns regular, not Monsters draw;
Prime Truths at their first hearing are believ'd,
Into the Texture of our Nature weav'd;
They gain Assent from a Well-meaning Soul,
As much as that a Part is not the Whole;
But Disputacity the Mind confounds,
And of the firmest Truths, destroys the Bounds;
Truths in which Minds connaturally rest,
By vain Philosophy unprepossess'd;
They of long Disquisitions had no need,
Till Atheists question'd our connatural Creed;

The ſinful Pair from Paradiſe caſt out,
Diſconſolately rov'd the World about;
Long they in vain ſought quiet Seats to find;
While Senſe of Guilt unquiet kept the Mind;
Till tir'd with Wandring they an Oak eſpy'd,
Which ſhot its Arms into a Shelter wide;
Like what the Angel ſent to *Gideon* choſe,
Beneath its Shade, at *Ophrah* to repoſe;
There they reſolv'd a while to make abode,
And Griefs into each other to unload;
Their Guilt at firſt had their Affections ſowr'd,
But Love at laſt their Variance overpow'r'd;
Near to the Oak there graz'd a pretty Lamb,
Wean'd newly, and forſaken by its Dam;
Pleas'd with *Eve*'s ſtroaking it, it meekly bay'd,
And ſhe co-pleas'd, the Lamb her fondling made;
Near to the Oak there glided a clear Rill,
Down from its Fountain on a neighb'ring Hill;
Fruit-bearing Trees and Vines grew all around,
Green Buſhes, and ſweet Herbs, beſpread the Ground;
Upon the Branches perch'd two Turtle Doves,
Whoſe ſolemn Notes, and ſympathetick Loves,
And pretty Shape, the two ſad Mourners pleas'd,
And they themſelves, by like condoling, eas'd;
Their Drink was from the little Chryſtal Brook,
Their Food they from the Trees, Herbs, Buſhes (took;
But Fruits, Herbs, Berries, all inſipid were,
None could with *Eden*'s noble Juice compare;

The

The Vines they in abomination held,
Whoſe Grapes them both from Paradiſe expell'd;
Between the Oak and Rill, there was a Stone,
With a thick ſpreading Buſh all overgrown;
On a like Stone *Jacob* at *Bethel* lay,
When God appear'd to him in gracious Ray;
To a like Buſh his Eyes once *Moſes* turn'd,
Amaz'd to ſee it flaming, and not burn'd.
One Day as *Adam* walk'd the Place to view,
The Doves at *Eve*'s inviting to her flew;
While on her Lap the Lamb repos'd his Head,
Seem'd of his Rivals to betray a dread.
The Doves ſtood on each Hand with Bills adverſe,
And Notes co-mournful mutually rehearſe;
Both mov'd by Heav'n that *Eve* their Notes might (hear,
To melt her into penitential Tear;
Eve ſoftned by their moan, her Guilt laments,
Heav'n gracious Wonders works by ſmall Events;
Dear Birds, ſhe cry'd, from whence this mournful (Tone,
You innocent, no Sin have to bemoan;
Your winged Neighbours, who inhabit Sky,
In cheerful Sonnets with each other vye;
'Tis for my Sin you thus condoling ſit,
Which forc'd me ſweet dear Paradiſe to quit;
Ah! ſhall you ſinleſs Doves bewail my Soul,
And I not mine and *Adam*'s Guilt condole!
Flow down my Eyes till Tears in Rivers glide,
Which may exceed this Streaming by my ſide;

But ah! I fear my weeping would be vain,
Will God forgive our Sin, remit our Pain?
We both muſt die, of Death I am afraid,
In our late Dreams its Horrors we ſurvey'd;
One of us two, ſhould God vouchſafe to ſpare,
Since I in Guilt have the much greater Share,
I much the more unworthy am to live,
I'de die, ſo God my *Adam* would forgive.

The Man returning to their dwelling Shade,
O're heard the Wiſhes his kind Conſort made;
Each Wiſh to her his Paſſion more endears,
Both with their Kiſſes mix their mutual Tears;
My Life, ſaid he, for you I ſtyle my Life,
A dearer Self God gave me in a Wife;
How can I torn from my beſt Self ſubſiſt,
We two one Self, may ſtill I hope exiſt;
For ſince from you my Life, Joy, Love, I ſtray'd,
I God's Benignity devoutly weigh'd;
His Threatning, ſince he ſtill prolongs our Breath,
Implies Mortality, not actual Death;
With Life prolong'd, we num'rous Bleſſings reap,
Which God on both is daily pleas'd to heap;
Which though they reach not happy *Eden*'s height,
Retain kind force to nouriſh, and delight;
Theſe Plants, theſe Fruits, and this refreſhing Rill,
Sweets influential which from Heav'n diſtil;
The Comforts which our mutual Loves create,
Bright Angels who commiſerate our State;
This cheerful Sun, and this balſamick Air,
Glad Symptoms ſeem of God's Paternal Care.

But

But when I call to mind the promis'd Seed,
Which gracious God upon our Lapſe decreed;
Its full import I cannot comprehend,
God ſeems our Conſolation to intend;
What greater Bleſſing can our God deſign,
What worthier of Benignity divine,
Than to forgive; but we, bedew'd with Tear,
Muſt as low Suppliants at his Throne appear;
Ah! ſhould all Earth be with our Tears o'reflow'd,
Tears are too mean Exchange where Life is ow'd;
Death, only Death, can for our Guilt attone,
And Life is God's peculiar, not our own;
A ſtrong Impreſſion on my Spirit ſeiz'd,
That God would by a Victim be appeas'd;
O 'twas from God, for it becalm'd my Fear,
Rais'd cheerful Hope, and penitential Tear;
Since yet we o're the Creatures keep ſome ſway,
And both our Deaths in kind we cannot pay;
Think on what Creature moſt we ſet our Heart,
With which we moſt unwilling are to part;
His Blood for our Atonement ſhall be ſpilt,
That God offended may remit our Guilt;
It no Proportion bears to our Requeſt,
But God ſees it our deareſt and our beſt;
My Love, ſaid *Eve*, where e're you caſt your Eyes,
You may of num'rous Victims have Supplies;
Make your free Choice, I Doves and Lamb except,
The Doves, ſaid he, ſhall die; with that ſhe wept;
The dearer we, he adds, our Off'ring deem,
The more God will our Sacrifice eſteem;

Strait then for two ſharp Stones he ſearch'd the Ground,
Such as the Conſort of meek *Moſes* found,
With which ſhe circumcis'd her tender Son,
Adam and *Eve* held either of them one;
Of Doves he had the Male, the Female, *Eve*,
When they ſhould cut their Throats, they ſtop and grieve;
At the intenerating Sight relent,
Both wanted Hearts to perfect their intent;
The Doves they freed, who to their Tree reflown,
Joy'd for Deliverance from the murd'rous Stone.
The weeping Pair for Victims ſearch'd the Place,
While *Eve* held faſt her Lamb in her embrace;
Soon as the Man to tenderneſs gave way,
His Mind could on no Commutation ſtay;
All Creatures ſeem'd indiff'rent, till his Eye,
Saw in *Eve*'s Arms the pretty Fondling lye;
Dear, to them both, our Lamb, ſaid he, we'll give,
By his vicarious Death we both may live:
More dear 'tis than our Doves, much more, ſaid *Eve*,
Rather take Doves, and ſafe my Fondling leave:
Our Lamb, ſaid he, the deareſt Thing we have,
We'll offer, that his Death our Lives may ſave:
Eve ſtrait the Air with Lamentations fill'd,
My dear, dear Lamb, ſhe cry'd, ſhall not be kill'd:
It ſhall be kill'd, ſaid he, becauſe 'tis dear,
'Twill eaſier free us from our Doom ſevere;
Adam with *Eve* condol'd, yet Grief ſuppreſs'd,
The Lamb he tore from his dear Conſort's Breaſt;

His

His Guilt could love and pity overcome,
The Lamb was carry'd to the Slaughter dumb,
Submitting meekly to his dying Pain,
To picture the immaculate Lamb ſlain;
The Scene was all by Heav'ns Direction laid,
As the Lamb died, *Adam* inſpir'd thus pray'd.
Great God! we our outragious Guilt deplore,
We thy Forbearance gratefully adore;
The Bleſſings we enjoy, ſome Hope excite,
That in our Woe thou takeſt no delight;
Accept the Blood vicarious we now ſhed;
With-hold thy Wrath from falling on our Head;
Should we the Lives of all the Creatures join,
They Victims are too mean for Wrath Divine;
'Tis thy immenſe Benignity alone
Can make our Offrings grateful at thy Throne;
Thy Goodneſs on our Minds thou deep haſt grav'd,
On that we found our Hopes of being ſav'd;
And hopes, thou ſome Atonement wilt ordain,
To free our Children from entail of Pain;
I ſome preſaging Dawns of Mercy ſee,
The promis'd Seed will that Atonement be;
For the Seeds ſake, Lord, hear our ardent Prayer,
Forgive our fontal Sin, and Offspring ſpare.
Strait from on high a radiant Lamp of Flame,
Down on the Buſh upon a ſudden came,
Such as made faithful *Abram*'s Victim flame,
And to aſſure God's Promiſe, was the Sign;
The guilty Pair took *Item* at firſt View,
On the fir'd Buſh and Stone, the Lamb they threw,

Of Sacrifice thus Heav'n acceptance taught,
Which never elſe had enter'd human Thought;
Our Altars and Burnt-Offerings thence aroſe,
Men gladly would on Brutes tranſlate their Woes;
But All-wiſe God a nobler End deſign'd,
To paint God crucify'd to human Mind:
When they had thus their deareſt Off'ring made,
They felt their Conſcience eas'd, their Fear allay'd;
Yet knew they were in infinite Arrears,
Which they liv'd paying all their Days in Tears;
Lord, as we Guilt from our firſt Parents drew,
May we like them, ſhed penitential Dew!

BOOK XII.

AS the young Man to Jeſus once addreſs'd,
To learn how to aſcend to endleſs reſt;
Eugenio thus, who long had ſilent ſtay'd,
And ev'ry Line *Hymnotheo* utter'd, weigh'd;
For ſacred Truth felt a Propenſion ſtrong,
And humbly begg'd to hear another Song,
A Song which ſhould to Souls the Way explain,
The Bliſs, Man loſt in *Eden*, to regain;
Hymnotheo then Celeſtial Truth to clear,
With a freſh Song thus entertain'd their Ear.
God, who all Things for his own Glory made,
By Brutes can have no Adoration paid;

And

And in the Temple of the World, Mankind,
By the Creator, was his Prieſt deſign'd,
To offer daily Sacrifice of Praiſe,
Due from all Creatures cheriſh'd by his Rays;
Men by their native Light firſt underſtood,
To worſhip God, Juſt, True, Wiſe, Mighty, Good,
That God of all their Fruits ſhould have the Prime,
Should have devoted Perſons, Places, Time;
But Sin and Error which the World benight,
Damp'd and eclyps'd our firſt connat'ral Light;
The Senſe of Deity on Man engrav'd,
Which could not be extinguiſh'd, was deprav'd;
Men, when they robb'd God of his Worſhip due,
Unnumb'red Counterfeits of Godhead drew;
Activity, and influential Uſe,
Which God was pleas'd in Creatures to produce;
The Sun, Moon, Planets, Stars, which Heav'n o're-
(ſpread,
Brute Beaſts, and Plants in their own Gardens bred;
The Elements, Earth, Water, Air and Fire,
A Benefactor, or a famous Sire;
Authors from whom they needful Arts receiv'd,
Or Martial Heroe's who bold Things atchiev'd;
Theſe, and the like, laps'd Men their Numens made,
Their great Creator's Worſhip to evade;
Forſaking Truth, which ſteddy is and one,
They ſoon were to the height of Dotage run;
'Gainſt Reaſon they God's Unity diſclaim'd,
And Gods they of their very Paſſions fram'd;

Each

Each odious Vice, Luſt, Avarice, and Pride,
And damn'd Infernal Ghoſts were Deify'd;
Dumb Images of ſtupid Wood and Stone,
More ſtupid Men, for Deities would own;
Their Gods were all immoral and impure,
Their Oracles falſe, dubious, or obſcure;
Magick prefligious, Divinations vain,
Their Superſtitions ſenſeleſs, wild, profane;
Virtue had no fix'd Rule, Reward, Eſteem,
Of future Life all they imbib'd was Dream;
Their Worſhip, like their Gods, was ſpawn'd in Hell,
Whole Maſſacres of Men for Victims fell;
Their Rites top foul, too horrid to be nam'd,
Our human Nature vilify'd and ſham'd;
All their Religion, ev'ry Step they trod,
Was Diabolick Outrage to ſpite God;
I would uſe ſofter Words, but nothing leſs
Such groſs Abominations can expreſs.

When Man was grown impure, Apoſtate, Blind,
All-gracious God in Revelation ſhin'd;
None but Great God Himſelf could Man inſtruct,
And ſafely to Eternal Bliſs conduct;
The Patriarchs Truth from Fontal Truth deriv'd,
Which Nature's Light exalted and reviv'd;
But God his Will at large to *Moſes* taught,
And to confirm it, glorious Wonders wrought;
That Law was only to the Jews confin'd,
One Temple was too little for Mankind;
Days, Circumciſion, Sacrifices, Meats,
And Waſhings, waſted their religious Heats;

That

That was in outward Ceremonies ſpent,
Their future happy State to repreſent;
They all dim Shadows are, and Sketches rude,
Which no internal Holineſs include:
God ne're was pleas'd with outward pompous Rites,
Devoted Hearts are only his Delights;
To fix verſatile Minds God them ordain'd,
They by thoſe Curbs were from falſe Gods reſtrain'd.
Our *JESUS* they foreſhew'd, and ſtill atteſt,
With earthly Joys their Zeal was chiefly bleſs'd;
Their vain Traditions now God's Law oppoſe,
Their Virtues are mere Phariſaick Shews:
They had a dusky, a faint Lunar Ray,
Which is abſorp'd by Evangelick Day;
Meſſias all Moſaick Types fulfill'd,
Much nobler Laws, much nobler Hopes inſtill'd.
God his eternal Son for Sinners gave,
Ah! none but he, apoſtate Man could ſave;
He humbly to aſſume our Nature deign'd,
And we our Hopes of Heav'n by him regain'd;
The Law he taught, its Author God diſplays,
The Sun is leſs notorious by its Rays;
He taught to worſhip God, and God enjoy,
Our Zeal in his ſole Service to employ;
In his Almighty Goodneſs to confide,
To chooſe his boundleſs Wiſdom for our Guide;
He Law congenial brightens and ſublimes,
Teaches all Virtues, and forbids all Crimes;
Shews laps'd Mankind their Sickneſs and their Cure,
A peaceful Conſcience, and a Conſcience pure;

An-

Angelick Praiſes, filial Love, and Fear,
Our Pow'rs enlarging to their utmoſt Sphere,
Gives true Idea's of all worldly Things,
Traces effects to their eternal Springs;
For private, and for ſocial Life gives Rules,
Which far tranſcend all philoſophick Schools;
Controuls the Heart, our Inclinations reins,
The Eye, Ear, Hand, the very Thought reſtrains;
God's Image ſtrives on Man to re-impreſs,
To pleaſe great God by God-like Lovelineſs,
Makes Men Juſt, Holy, Merciful and Wiſe,
Beneficent to all by due Supplies;
God nought of God more worthy, more divine,
Than his own Likeneſs can to Man enjoyn.
(Reach,
God-man taught Heights above all human
Which none but God could comprehend or teach;
Which not at Truth alone, but Goodneſs aim,
And by that Union ſhew from whom they came;
All with themſelves, and all with God agree,
In ſweet harmonious Uniformity;
All are contriv'd, could we no Heav'n enſure,)
Our worldly Peace, Health, Safety to procure;
God can nought greater than himſelf beſtow,
The boundleſs Source, from whom all Bleſſings flow;
To Lovers God himſelf is pleas'd to give,
They all in his Fruition happy live;
They ſhall to all-ſufficient Joys aſpire,
Of Souls immortal the immenſe Deſire;

Joys,

Joys, which Imagination far tranſcend,
Joys, which, like God himſelf, ſhall never end.
God with no heavy Yoke, Man fall'n oppreſs'd,
Strive to be good, and you are truly bleſs'd;
Guilt, Error, Scandal, proſtitute Mankind,
Who by Repentance will not be refin'd;
They ſhut their Eyes againſt that glorious Light,
Which cannot by their Blindneſs grow leſs bright;
Men Sin, as well as Error, muſt abjure,
That will facilitate the other's Cure:
God-man upon the Croſs God's Wrath aton'd,
Our Sins as ſoon are pardon'd as bemoan'd;
God to our Weakneſs gives Almighty Aid,
All his Commands with Pleaſure are obey'd;
His holy Spirit, Faithful Vot'rys cheers,
Afflictions to their Good—eternal ſteers;
He ghoſtly Wants ſupplies, gives inward Joys,
Which moſt minacious Croſſes overpoiſe;
Think how becoming God, God's Counſels are,
Rebels to laſh, and Penitents to ſpare;
Repent, and in God crucify'd believe,
You'll happy be beyond what you conceive.
The bright, the native Goodneſs of God's Laws,
All who right Reaſon hear, to *JESUS* draws;
Yet he by Miracles our Faith aſſures,
And Love more irreſiſtably allures;
By Miracles perform'd in publick View,
Strong Demonſtrations what he taught was true;
By Miracles benign, in needful Hour,
Which ſhew'd a Goodneſs glorious as his Pow'r;

God

God-man infernal Spirits diſpoſſeſt,
They forc'd by him, his Deity confeſs'd;
Sick he made whole, Deaf hear, and Lame to walk;
Wretches born blind to ſee, and dumb to talk;
With Five ſmall Loaves, above Five thouſand fed,
Cleans'd Lepers, Tempeſts calm'd, and rais'd the Dead:
Theſe in a Moment *JESUS* could effect,
And Pow'r divine, by his bare Word traject;
He all fulfill'd which Prophets ſpake of Old,
When taught by Heav'n, his Coming they foretold;
His Virgin-Mother, Time, and Place, and Birth,
His Doctrine, Wonders, and Converſe on Earth;
His Proſecutions from *Judaick* Rage,
His Croſs, God's dreadful Anger to aſſwage;
Hell aw'd, his riſing the third Day again,
His Flight to Heav'n with his Angelick Train:
All theſe in our great God incarnate meet,
Prophetick Inſpirations to compleat;
With Motives ſo divine, our Faith is grac'd,
Ne're by infernal Pow'rs to be eras'd.

Bleſs'd *JESUS*, e're he Entrance made on High,
Promis'd his Spirit ſhould his Room ſupply;
At *Pentecoſt*, the gracious Dove came down
With fiery Tongues, his Votaries to crown;
All Languages they in an Inſtant ſpake,
Of various Nations Proſelytes to make;
All ſaving Truths entirely to reveal,
And make them of each Truth the Virtue feel;
Strait they began Truth ſaving to proclaim,
Wrought God-like Miracles in *JESUS* Name;

Till

Till o're the World, Celestial Truth prevail'd,
To worship God, who to the Cross was nail'd.
Think how Mankind by Hell was captive led,
In Rites Idololatrick born and bred;
Those Rites enforc'd by Custom, Law, and Fear,
Which ev'n the Wise were zealous to revere;
Nature corrupt let loose, Vice unrestrain'd,
Pride, Avarice, Revenge, which lawless reign'd;
Lust pradis'd by their Gods to baffle Shame,
Their Detestation of the Christian Name;
Philosophers, who loudly Faith decry'd,
Magicians, who their Pow'r with *JESUS* vy'd;
Orators, who with Eloquential Might,
Blacken'd bright Day, to guild infernal Night;
Fierce Tyrants, with their utmost Rage intent,
The Faithful to revile, destroy, torment;
Think in the World, what wondrous Change was (made,
Soon as bright Truth dispers'd the deadly Shade;
Curs'd Fiends, late idoliz'd, were chas'd to Hell,
Their Sacrifices ceas'd, their Temples fell;
Orators scorn'd, Magicians over-rul'd,
All Philosophick Follies ridicul'd;
Impostures of their Priesthood open laid,
Fam'd Oracles which their own Cheats betray'd;
The *Jewish* State entirely overthrown,
In the same Manner *JESUS* had foreshewn;
Inveterate Lust subdu'd, wild Passions tam'd,
All Vice abhorr'd, all Errors foul disclaim'd;

Think

Think of Men mov'd Things worldly to forſake,
The ignominious Croſs to undertake;
How the Saints gain'd by Perſecutions Ground,
How tortur'd, they could Torturers confound;
Without all Force, ſuch mighty Torrents ſtem'd,
By Men poor, mean, illit'rate, and contemn'd;
On the bare Hope of future Bliſs untry'd,
On Truſt repos'd in a God crucify'd;
Weigh all together, and great God you'll praiſe,
Who in pure Weakneſs ſuch a Pow'r diſplays.
Deceivers may a while Impoſtures ſpread,
Gain Proſelytes by meer tyrannick Dread;
May let Luſt looſe, and Luſt for Bliſs propoſe,
Foul Men may with the beaſtly Offer cloſe;
God's Votaries, who on God alone depend,
Pure Godlike Virtue only recommend;
God infinitely Good, and True, and Wiſe,
Can ſuch Credentials ne're permit to Lies,
Which Men at his Tribunal might produce,
And for a falſe Belief plead juſt Excuſe:
God's Wiſdom, Goodneſs, Truth, when we revolve,
We into theſe our Faith divine reſolve.

A *Grecian* then, who *JESUS* Croſs revil'd,
And our Redemption a meer Folly ſtyl'd;
Cry'd out, as he ruſh'd tow'rds him thro' the Ring,
What ſtrange new God does this loud Babbler ſing:
I ſing that God, *Hymnotheo* made reply,
Whom when you know, you'll ſing as well as I;
He's ſuch a God, whom all the World muſt own,
Muſt love, deſire, adore, as ſoon as known;

Had

Had all Mankind full Liberty to ſay,
What ſhould that *Numen* be they would obey;
Love infinite they for their God would chooſe,
None to that Choice could their Conſent refuſe;
All muſt Love God, who ſtudy God to know,
Muſt to the Source of Love re-overflow;
Our God is boundleſs Love, whom we adore,
Our God is perfect Lovelineſs all o're;
A Love, and Lovelineſs Immenſe, incloſe
All the Attractives which to Love diſpoſe;
To love Almighty, we in Dangers fly,
On Love immenſly tender we rely;
Love All-ſufficient in all Needs, and prone
To ſuccour all who make to Him their moan;
To love God here below with utmoſt Might,
Is our Souls Duty, Element, Delight;
In Love all our Religion is contain'd,
By Love it o're the World the Conqueſt gain'd;
Saints of the Realm, of Love muſt Subjects be,
And ſing Love Hymns to the co-lovely Three;
If to the Criſtian Church you'll with me go,
The Dwelling-place of Heav'nly Love below;
You there ſhall learn Love boundleſs to revere,
And of the Realm of Love the Graces hear;
Our God has now Love infinite diſclos'd,
To Lovers, all Heav'ns Treaſures are propos'd;
We thus firſt lov'd, ſhould love the Love divine,
And with his Church, in Hymning Love combine.
The Name of Love Immenſe, made all the Throng,
To hear a Hymn of that dear Subject, long;

To the Church Porch they follow him, and there
He takes his Stand, and ſounds p'eludial Air;
Ord'ring the ſacred Quire to interpoſe
Their Hallelujahs, when each Hymn ſhould cloſe;
Ejaculations for Celeſtial Aid
He ſent to Heav'n, e're to his Hymn he play'd.
Father, Son, Holy Ghoſt, to whoſe great Name
I offer'd my baptiſmal Virgin Flame;
How ſhall I love, and hymn Thee as I ought,
Who doſt exceed the utmoſt Flight of Thought;
My Song would fly much loftier, could my Heart
More clearly ſee how amiable thou art;
Faith can reach farther, than Thought comprehends,
Aſpiring Love our feeble Faith tranſcends;
Love, thou immenſeſt Power of humane Race,
Teach me of God Triune the Love to trace.
Great Godhead, Thou couldſt never idle be,
Thou art eternal, pure Activity;
Of Life created Motion is the Sign,
And Act co-eval is with Life divine;
Couldſt thou one Moment from pure Act deſiſt,
Thou, Lord, wouldſt ceaſe that Moment to exiſt;
What hadſt thou from Eternity to do?
What wond'rous boundleſs Thing didſt thou purſue?
Immenſe, Eternal, purely Active Might,
Muſt needs exert ſome Act that's Infinite;
That Act eternal muſt be from within,
All out of Godhead muſt in Time begin;
That Act, we Self-Communication call,
For nothing leſs exhauſts thy boundleſs All;

O nothing but thy Self could Thee employ,
When by thy Self, Thou didſt thy Self enjoy;
Juſtly we then, Great God, aſcribe to Thee
Infinite Communicability;
What thus Thou always couldſt, Thou muſt effect;
This from thy Active Nature we collect;
Thy neceſſary Acts eternal be,
Thou always art outflowing Deity;
Communication a Diſtinction makes,
For where one gives, another from him takes;
The Self-originated Father gave,
All that a Co-eternal Son could have;
The Son deriv'd, could not the Fountain be,
Though in the Self-ſame Godhead both agree;
Strange Generation this! Father and Son
Co-eval, two diſtinct, and yet but one!
As Light from Light, thus God from Godhead (ſtreams
God ſtill from God deriving is his Beams;
God flowing out, and God deriving join,
In Deity Complacing, and are Trine;
As the two Eyes, two Species entertain,
Which both make but one Species in the Brain;
Father and Son, by love Co-unal fir'd,
The gracious Co-eternal Dove co-ſpir'd;
He with both co-exiſtent, from both flows,
And unto both co-equal Godhead owes;
God ſhines his Son, the Son God's ſhine reflects,
Love co-immenſe flows from their co-reſpects;

God Flows, Derives, Loves, is three Acts diſtinct,
A Three co-eval in one Eſſence link'd;
God can exiſt, nor more, nor leſs than Three,
'Tis Self-complacence bounds Infinity;
In our own Souls, which way they e're incline,
We may experiment how Three combine;
Soul actuates, Soul in deſire propends,
Soul thinks on that, to which its Paſſion tends;
Co-eval Actuation, Thought, Deſire,
In the ſame Soul, unmultiply'd conſpire;
Thus Three Co-eval Acts, we God believe,
Three, which in God diſtinctly we conceive;
Thus ſhould three Suns break out by Will divine,
They would emit diſtinct triunal ſhine.
The Power of God's Paternal filial Love,
The over-ſhadowing of the Heav'nly Dove;
To Honour humble *Mary*, all combin'd,
When for the Mother of God-Man deſign'd;
Thou Father, Word, and Spirit ever-bleſs'd,
Thy Unity in Heaven doſt co-atteſt,
With thy Triunal Name all Saints are ſeal'd,
At the Immerſion of God-man reveal'd;
The Father's Love, the Son's redeeming Might,
And holy Spirit's Grace in Saints unite;
By Triune Rays, thy Union we diſcern,
By Life, Light, Love diffus'd, thy Preſence learn.
Triune *I am*, forgive me if I aim,
In boumded Song to Hymn thy boundleſs Name;
I a firm Faith, yet Ignorance confeſs,
Faith that ſhall Curioſity ſuppreſs;

How

How the bleſs'd Three are one, how they proceed,
Are Myſteries appropriate to my Creed;
Each Plant, Worm, Mite, each Pebble we behold,
Strange Wonders unexplainable enfold;
And when God's meaneſt Works our reach tranſcend,
Shall we to fathom God Himſelf pretend?
Man here, Lord, darkly at a Diſtance ſees
Thy Nature, thy Perfections, thy Decrees;
We Thee incomprehenſible adore,
The Saints in Glory know, and hymn Thee more;
In being Infinite, Perfections are,
Of diff'rent Kind to what the Finite ſhare;
Acts immanent, Modes, Perſons, which in vain,
We ſtrive by our own Model to explain;
For one born Blind, ſhould you make labour'd (Schemes,
And paint direct, reflex'd, refracted Beams;
Light he ne're ſaw, and though he lends you Ear,
Can of thoſe Beams have no Idea clear;
Though he perceive not what by Sun is meant,
Gives to the Being of the Sun Aſſent;
Thus we to God our ſcanty Terms apply,
Unable to explain Triunity;
We uſe them only the true Faith to fence,
Of Godhead Trine, unſpeakably Immenſe;
One boundleſs God, whom all Mankind believe,
They can as little as Trine God conceive;
Enough we know, Love heav'nly to excite,
The more we Love, the more will be our Light.

Thou thrice thy Self, thrice loving to Mankind,
Thou thrice belov'd of each enamour'd Mind;
Fontal, Deriv'd, Co-effluent, One, Trine,
Mind, Mem'ry, Will, to hymn Thee ſhall combine;
To the Co-une, Co-amiable Three,
Co-ardent Love, Co-equal Praiſes be.

The Faithful then, who in the Temple ſtaid,
Which they endur'd no Pagan to invade;
Triſagian ſang in full harmonious Quire,
'Till good *Hymnotheo* re-aſſum'd his Lyre.

"Paternal God, Thou Fontal Love immenſe,
To love laps'd Mortals graciouſly propenſe;
From thy free Love, all Gifts, all Graces flow,
To that I all my Joys of Pardon owe;
Since all I am, have, hope for, Lord, is thine,
Exalt my Powers to hymn thy Love divine.

Great God, who all Things good and lovely made,
And with Complacence all his Works ſurvey'd;
When in laps'd Man, and Angels he foreſaw,
Audacious Violations of his Law;
His Order in the Univerſe diſturb'd,
The Outrages of Rebels when uncurb'd;
When he beheld his Image quite defac'd,
And all the Lines of Lovelineſs eras'd;
His Love, which he engrav'd on human Mind,
Turn'd oppoſite to all that he enjoin'd;
While in his Place, Self-love the Heart poſſeſs'd,
And to maintain its Empire held conteſt;
How ev'ry hard'ned Sinner had the Will
God to dethrone, could he his Wiſh fulfil;

Juſt

Juſt Hatred, Wrath, Diſdain, the Godhead ſeiz'd,
By finite Victims not to be appeas'd;
His Word, which out of nothing all produc'd,
Might ſtrait have all Vitality unſluc'd;
But pure Annihilation would have been
Indulgence, more than Puniſhment for Sin;
And Sinners might ſecurely God offend,
Should no dire Retributions Guilt attend;
God to aſſert his Honour was engag'd,
While by Propitiation unaſſwag'd;
God might, when He both Bands of Rebels ey'd,
To both have Bliſs unmerited deny'd;
But while his Juſtice the fall'n Angels dooms
To live tormented in Sulphureous Fumes;
Pure boundleſs Pity yearn'd on Man alone,
On Man, full Ripe for his Averſion grown;
O wond'rous Love, beyond all Hope or Thought,
Which for fall'n Man ſuch great Salvation (wrought!

Lord, what is Man, compos'd of equal lay
With vileſt Worms, but far more Vile than they!
Brutes by Inſtinct, their Nature's Law fulfil,
And 'till abus'd by Man, effect no ill;
Man, who has nobler Reaſon for his Guide,
Corrupts himſelf, and all the World beſide;
Lord, what is Man, Thou ſhould'ſt his Sight endure,
Vain, frail, abominable, proud, impure!
Lord, what is Man, Thou ſhould'ſt this diff'rence (make,
And ſave him worthleſs for pure Mercy's ſake!

Should thy ſoft Pity Angels raiſe from Hell,
Their nobler Make, would Man in Hymns excel.
But Thou who canſt create unnumb'red Kinds
Of purer, nobler, God adoring Minds;
Who Men and Angels ſhould in Hymns exceed,
Of Praiſe from Men, and Angels hadſt no need.
Angels were pitch'd, at a celeſtial Height,
They ſaw thy Glory by their Morning Light;
Men form'd of Earth, to live on Earth deſign'd,
Steer'd not by Sight, but Faith, were leſs refin'd;
They at Creation were of Heav'n poſſeſs'd,
Man languiſh'd here, to be with Angels bleſs'd;
They out of wilful Malice were defil'd,
Man by the ſubtle Tempter was beguil'd;
They free from Clogs of Fleſh, which Man depreſs,
Fell from a greater Grace, and Man from leſs;
They had converſe with the ſupernal Quire,
Might from their Ardors have refreſh'd their Fire;
Man was alone 'till God his Conſort made,
Who tempted firſt by Satan, Man betray'd;
The Angels Sin, each ſingular reſpects,
No Angel's Guilt Impurity trajects;
But by the Guilt of the primeval Pair,
All their Deſcendents in their Ruine ſhare; (ſeiz'd,
They when they ſinn'd, with Rage, not Grief were
Were for their Loſs, not for their Sin, diſpleas'd;
Man having fall'n, felt Conſcience him upbraid,
To fly from God, he ſeeks the thickeſt Shade;
Remorſe, Dread, Shame, the guilty Two torment,
They their reſiduous Days in Mourning ſpent;

When

When thus fall'n Man and Angels I compare,
Men methinks moſt commiſerable are.
Lord, what is Man, who could ſuch Love reject,
The moſt thy providential Love neglect;
Some who their Cure well know, will not be heal'd,
From Lands brutis'd Salvation is conceal'd;
None ſhall be damn'd, but who have Love deſpis'd,
The more Degrees contemn'd, the more chaſtis'd;
And Chriſtians, who redeeming Love oppoſe,
Shall groan in moſt accumulated Woes;
Of boundleſs Love Thou doſt free Offer make,
'Tis our own Fault, if we our Bliſs forſake;
To Angels fall'n, hadſt Thou ſuch Love proclaim'd,
Such Love might the worſt Devils have enflam'd;
Their penitential Tears had quench'd Hell-fire,
Had ſtrove loſt Heav'n, and Love to re-acquire;
Thou, gracious Lord, in thy Omniſcient View,
Saw that thy boundleſs Love would gain but few;
And of the Few, who Love for Love return,
Many are oft Lukewarm, and rarely burn;
May I among thoſe Lovers be enroll'd,
Who feel an ardent Love, which ne'er grows cold.
Apoſtate Spirits had juſt God blaſphem'd,
Had he without a Ranſom Man redeem'd;
God Filial, who in Mercy takes delight,
With Fontal God in Love co-infinite;
Offer'd himſelf at his dread Father's Throne
A Sacrifice, his Juſtice to attone;
God's Juſtice then, and Mercy had full Scope,
To work his Glory, and the Sinners Hope;

Paternal

B. XII.

Paternal God, with complacential Eyes,
Accepts the free, the boundleſs Sacrifice;
Unfathom'd Love and Wiſdom then decreed,
Incarnate God ſhould for the Sinner bleed:
Though thy Perfections, Lord, no Limits know,
Thou couldſt not greater Love on Man beſtow;
The Infinite could nothing greater give
Than his Co-infinite, that Man might live.
To ſave us by pure Love, was thy Intent,
Pure Love, my God, which ſhould our Love pre-
(vent;
Pure boundleſs Love, which ſhould our Love exhauſt,
And nobler Love excite, than that we loſt;
Since 'twas much greater Love fall'n Man to ſave,
Than that which firſt unſpotted Being gave.
In Man's Formation all Things Thee obey'd,
The pliant Clay no Oppoſition made;
But when Thou would'ſt a-new create Mankind,
Concupiſcence, which had enſlav'd his Mind,
All the ſoft yearnings of thy Love repell'd,
Againſt pure, infinite, free Love rebell'd;
Thy Attributes, by Sin were all defy'd,
Thy Love, by Man's Reſiſtance magnify'd;
Love, which from nothing would our Love renew,
And ſtrong Repugnance by ſoft Love ſubdue;
O Love! which would the more to Man abound,
The more it hateful Averſation found;
God could not ſave us a more Godlike Way,
Or more Benignity of Love diſplay.

But

But ſince Love ſhould be free, our Love to gain,
Thou, Lord, wouldſt Love attract, but not conſtrain;
Thou didſt the chief Inflammative provide,
Which ever kindles Love when 'tis apply'd;
To keep Love always tender, free, in Tear,
Meek, humble, watchful, and in filial Fear;
Reſign'd and Patient under thy light Yoke,
Abhorring Sins, which thy dread Wrath provoke;
Thou of our Fall haſt left ſad Marks behind,
For conſtant Exercíſe of Love deſign'd;
Toil, Miſery, Sickneſs, Death, Temptation, Care,
Of Sin, and of thy Wrath, Memento's are:
And inbred Luſt, which wars againſt the Mind,
Which only Love divine in Chains can bind;
All ſweet'ned, and all conquer'd by thy Aid,
All of victorious Love the Trophies made;
All to the endleſs Good of Lovers tend,
Who feel no Pain, but when they Love offend;
All for Contrition, and for Hymn diſpoſe,
Combining our Deliv'rance and our Woes.

When I thy Love revolve, my Soul runs o're,
I love thee, Lord, but fain would love thee more;
Love, which gave filial God for me to die,
To thy true Lovers nothing can deny:
Give me as boundleſs Love as I deſire,
In Love to think, ſpeak, live, and to expire.

The Chorus ſaw *Hymnotheo*'s Song conclude,
And ſounded the harmonious Interlude:
They ſang the Hymn in a ſweet ſolemn Tone,
Which twice twelve Elders ſing before the Throne.

But

But ſtrait *Hymnotheo*, who could never Tire
In hymning Love divine reſum'd his Lyre.
" Eternal Word, when I thy Love remind,
My Verſe, my Thought, my Love, are too confin'd;
I ſtrive to ſing, deſponding I give o're,
In Silence then thy boundleſs Love adore;
Love will not with my Silence reſt content,
I ſtrive again my Love in Hymn to vent;
How to begin my Hymn, I do not know,
This Line too ſcanty is, and that too low;
Love cannot long lye on this am'rous Rack,
Into a melting Silence I fall back;
With *JESUS*' Name I then begin my Strains,
That Name ſweet Soul-tranſporting Love contains;
On that dear Name, my Thoughts inhabit long,
And Admiration ſteals away my Song;
Love, when admir'd, will greater Love excite,
Greater the Love, leſs able to indite;
Yet to indite, it ſtill makes freſh Eſſays,
And when it cannot hymn, it ſoftly prays.
Lord, who the Tongue didſt of the Dumb unlooſe,
The Grace of Hymn into my Lips infuſe;
Hymn is the native Speech of Love divine,
Pure Love and Hymn, in bliſsful Spirits join;
The Prayers of Love, God's tendereſt Bowels pierce,
My Soul brake out into Chriſt-Hymning Verſe.
Great Filial God, who art enthron'd on high,
With Fontal God of equal Deity;

By

By mighty Power Thou all Things didſt produce,
And with Benignity alike diffuſe;
Doſt all thy Works agreeably ſuſtain,
And over Heav'n and Earth extend thy Reign;
The Angels Thee in Songs eternal Praiſe,
Saints ſtrive to emulate their ard'rous Lays;
Nor Saints, nor Angels, can their Subject reach
Above the Force of all ſeraphick Speech;
Each Hymn they ſing, exhauſts their hymning Store;
And they in Silence would thy Love adore;
But Thou, Great Source of Love, doſt feed the (Stream,
Supply'd by Thee, they hymn their glorious Theam;
'Tis Thou alone, who giv'ſt them Pow'r to ſing,
Their little Rills add nothing to the Spring;
Thy Creatures can no Drop to Thee impart,
Thou to thy Self, Lord, All-ſufficient art;
Thou filleſt all imaginable Space,
Earth is thy Footſtool, Heav'n thy Dwelling-place;
What mov'd Thee, Lord, thy heav'nly Throne to (quit,
And on thy Footſtool condeſcend to ſit;
Didſt Thou intend thy Glories to diſplay,
And ſhew this World thy Majeſtatick Ray;
To make low Earth a beatifick Sphere,
And give the Viſion of thy Godhead here;
That all thy Creatures might thy Glory own,
And in loud Hymns pay Homage to thy Throne;
To make Hell-Powers revere thy awful Name,
And their rebellious Outrages diſclaim?

No,

No, Lord, Thou didſt this wond'rous Change em-
Thy Self not to exalt, but to debaſe; (brace,
To wear our mortal Fleſh, was thy deſign,
And humane Nature wed to the Divine.
Lord, what is Man, had he continu'd pure,
Thou ſhould'ſt thy Godhead in his Fleſh immure;
Form'd by thy Self, of like terreſtrial Oar,
Of which vile Worms were form'd by Thee before!
A Thing of nought, than Vanity more light,
But ſince the Lapſe, a foul, a loathſome Sight;
Sin, Frailty, Fear, Luſt, Miſery, and Shame,
Ingredients are of his Apoſtate Frame;
What, O my God, could thy pure Godhead ſway,
To ſtoop to the Aſſumption of our Clay?
Was it from Love, ſuch Condeſcention roſe?
Love, Lovelineſs is wont to preſuppoſe;
And ſinful Man, who his pure Nature ſtain'd,
Not the leaſt Line of Lovelineſs retain'd;
He nothing had, but what ſhould Wrath excite,
And damn his Race to everlaſting Night.
O it was Love, nothing but boundleſs Love,
To ſuch Dignation could thy Godhead move!
Thy Love, all human Thought and Love exceeds,
Infinite Love no Motive ever needs;
Divine Benignity admits no Bound,
And pities thoſe whom Juſtice might confound;
But Thou, All-gracious, didſt a *medium* find,
Which Love and Juſtice amicably join'd;
Thou to thy Father didſt thy ſelf preſent
A Mediator, Vengeance to prevent.

My

My God, when thy Benignity deſign'd,
To take on Thee the Nature of Mankind;
Since in Creation of our Fontal Sire,
The Co-eſſential Three would all conſpire;
Much rather ſhould the Three Co-une combine,
To build a Temple, Godhead to enſhrine;
A Form moſt lovely, glorious, and refin'd,
Like Man Ideal in Eternal Mind;
But, Lord, thy Love had a much humbler Aim,
And choſe a Form expos'd to Grief and Shame;
A Form, which though immaculately pure,
Should all the Wrath due to curs'd Sin endure;
A Form, not of a Sovereign, but a Slave,
Which all Prerogatives of God ſhould wave;
Of Woes Thou hadſt a confluential Train,
Reproach, Contempt, Want, Sorrow, Weakneſs, (Pain;
Perpetual Contradictions were thy Lot,
At Thee all Hell their fiery Arrows ſhot;
Thy Miracles were Diabolick ſtyl'd,
Thy Holineſs unblameable revil'd;
Thy Heav'n-atteſted Doctrine disbeliev'd,
Thy Love by Hearts hard and ungrateful griev'd;
Judaick, Pagan, and Infernal Spite,
To Outrage, to torment Thee, ſpent their Might;
'Till Thou wert nail'd, wert crucifi'd for thoſe,
Thou ſaw'ſt thy Love, and their own Bliſs oppoſe;
What wond'rous Love is this, to ſtoop ſo low?
Too great for any but God-man to ſhow;

Such

Such was the Cup Thou didſt for Sinners drink,
But thy internal Sorrows, who can think?
The boundleſs Load of Guilt upon Thee laid,
God's dreadful Wrath, which down thy Spirit (weigh'd;
And the Infinity of thy Diſtreſs,
In Deity withdrawn, who can expreſs?
In Silence we thy inward Griefs bemoan,
Verſe cannot Sorrows ſing which are unknown.
Such mighty Woes thy Love for me ſuſtain'd,
I'll now recount what Love for me has gain'd;
My Sins are pardon'd, and God's Wrath appeas'd,
My Weakneſs ſtrengthen'd, and my Conſcience eas'd;
My Guilt from everlaſting Torments freed,
All Bleſſings promiſs'd which my Soul can need;
My Sorrows ſweeten'd, inbred Luſt reſtrain'd,
Death conquer'd, and the Tempter's Malice chain'd:
A gracious Anſwer to each faithful Prayer,
Entire repoſe on God's Paternal Care;
My Duty to congenial Frailty fiz'd,
God's ſully'd Image in my Soul repris'd;
The Holy Spirit Templing in my Heart,
All Super-human Influence to impart;
The Joys, the Glories of the Heav'nly Sphere,
Beſtow'd on Love imperfect, if ſincere;
From *JESUS'* Love, theſe Bleſſings take their riſe,
The Purchaſe bears proportion to the Price;
My Lord, what wondrous Things doſt Thou require
Of thoſe, who to thy endleſs Love aſpire?

But Thou doſt nothing difficult enjoin,
We only are to love the Love divine;
And thy own Love, Thou to our Love haſt made,
Reward, Example, Object, Motive, Aid.
Love! thy Infinity to me diſcloſe,
With love to hymn Thee, all my Pow'rs diſpoſe;
Thee only I invoke, Thou beſt canſt teach
Thy own pure Love, tranſcending Angels reach;
Should Seraphs into me their Love inſpire,
I by God-man Redeemed ſhould yet want Fire;
They for creating them love God, but I
Love God, who out of Love would for me die;
O Love, thy Bounty infinite remains,
And human Need thy Treaſure never dreins;
Yet at thy Throne I make but one Requeſt,
And, 'till 'tis granted, ne're will give Thee Reſt;
With penitential Love my Spirit fill,
Such as Thoughts of thy outrag'd Love inſtil;
Which rate my Sin, more from thy dol'rous Croſs,
Than from the Senſe of endleſs Pain and Loſs;
I would weep much, but not for ſelfiſh Fear,
Love only ſheds the true Heart-breaking Tear;
To grieve thy Love, is antedated Hell,
No Torments thoſe of outward Love excel;
I would my Love in Lamentations ſpend,
That I ſo long could boundleſs Love offend;
Hymn with my Lamentations ſhall keep Pace,
When I recal thy dear preventing Grace;
In weeping Love, there Water is and Fire,
Both Elements harmoniouſly conſpire;

By ſweet Antiperiſtaſis they ſtrive
Each other to foment, and keep alive;
All-lovely, and all Love, I live in Pain,
'Till I firſt lov'd, become all Love again;
To riſe from Love to Love ſhall be my Aim,
From Penitent, to beatifick Flame.

BOOK XIII.

Hymnotheo then, a while his Hand withdrew,
The Quire took from his ſilent Strings their Que;
And ſang the Song Saints ſing to the Lamb ſlain,
Which rais'd this freſh inflammatory Strain.

Come Holy Ghoſt, and on my Spirit reſt,
With Love and Admiration fill my Breaſt;
Of ſacred Poetry, the native Springs,
Of ſacred Poets, the appropriate Wings;
Help me, from thy own Breath, in thy own Lays,
At thy own Pitch, thy Love immenſe to Praiſe.

Eternal Spirit, Glory be to Thee,
Third of the Bleſſed Co-everlaſting Three;
By Filial and Paternal God co-ſpir'd,
By Lovers co-ador'd, and co-admir'd;
In Wiſdom, Goodneſs, Power, co-infinite,
Co-hymn'd by all Inhabitants of Light;
Who at Creation didſt from Heav'n deſcend,
Life-giving Plumes o're Chaos to extend;
The great Terraqueous Syſtem co-produce,
To all Things co-aſſign their Place and Uſe;
The various Orbs Celeſtial co-expand,
Adorn'd with Stars by thy Almighty Hand;
And into Man, to Rule this World deſign'd,

Co-

Co-breath a pure, immortal, God-like Mind;
Thee, Lord we praiſe, to our unworthy Race,
Co-effluential Source of Heav'nly Grace;
Thou didſt in ancient Saints and Prophets dwell,
Thou didſt inſpire them *JESUS* to foretel;
Thou Sov'reign Truth, didſt fill each hallow'd Scribe;
Enlarge his Soul, thy Dictates to imbibe;
They rais'd by Thee to ſuper-human height,
Could Sacred Writ infallibly indite;
Thou, when Tradition could not Truth enſure,
Celeſtial Laws by Writing didſt ſecure;
All that of God or Heav'n we clearly know,
We to thy gracious Inſpirations owe.

Thou in the Womb of *Mary*, ever-bleſs'd,
Didſt Form a Temple by God-man poſſeſs'd;
Thy boundleſs Love unmeaſurably fill'd,
With Gifts and Grace, the Temple Thou didſt build;
Thou didſt at *Jordan* reſt on *JESUS* Head,
By Thee He was into the Deſart led;
Thou of the heav'nly Unction waſt the Spring,
To conſecrate him Prophet, Prieſt, and King;
And from the Womb, 'till He his Throne regain'd,
Thy Love his Soul conducted and ſuſtain'd;
With Filial God thy Goodneſs co-inclin'd,
To perfect the Salvation of Mankind;
From *JESUS* Fulneſs Thou in Rills doſt Stream,
To cheriſh all whom *JESUS* Wounds redeem;
Thou, on the Chaos of laps'd Man didſt ſpread
Enliv'ning Wings, to raiſe him from the Dead;
Who lay in Sin and Error dark and rude,
Deform'd, confus'd, 'till by thy Might renew'd;

Thou Fontal Holineſs, doſt Souls incline
To Copy the Original Divine;
By Thee we at the Font are born again,
Thou Ghoſtly Life doſt kindle and maintain;
The vital Love which Souls from Thee derive,
Thy Lovers actuates and keeps alive;
All Praiſe to Thee, our Love, our All is Thine,
Bleſs'd Third of the Co-amiable Trine;
Lord, when thy Wings o're *JESUS* were diſplay'd,
New milky Way through the Expanſe they made;
The Father's Love to his beloved Son,
That complacential Track of Glory run;
Through the ſame Track of Light, on me deſcend,
From Love Paternal, through Love Filial tend;
No Way but this thy boundleſs Love can find,
To paſs the Gulph of Wrath to laps'd Mankind;
Sow in my Heart the Truths thou haſt reveal'd,
That they a Hundred-fold of Love may yield;
O may thy Love all Senſual Love deſtroy,
Raiſe languiſhing Deſire and Heav'nly Joy;
Fervent Devotion and aſſiduous Prayer,
God-hymning Zeal, and a Self-jealous Care;
A deep Contrition, and Heart-breaking Tears,
An humble Self-diſtruſt, and tender Fears;
True Wiſdom, Wiles Satannick to oppoſe,
And underminings of Self-love diſcloſe;
A Faith as firm, as if I walk'd by Sight,
Entire Recumbence on thy gracious Might;
A lively Hope, antipathy to ill,
A perfect Reſignation to thy Will;

Give

Give me a Love meek, lowly, and content,
Soft, Sympathizing, and Beneficent;
Be Thou my Comforter in all my Woe,
Diſpoſe me Martyrs' Pains to undergo;
Be Thou my Advocate, my Cauſe to plead,
With Sighs and Groans for me to interceed;
Check and convince me when I go aſtray,
Lead and uphold me in the narrow Way;
May I thy Motions thankfully receive,
O may I never more thy Goodneſs grieve;
Thy Inſpirations never more repel,
Or 'gainſt thy Love confederate with Hell;
Thy own Impreſſions on my Spirit ſeal,
May I all filial ſoft Affections feel;
Call God my Father, with a Conſcience clear,
And call Thee Witneſs, that I am ſincere.

Thou, Lord, art Heav'nly Fire, by flame divine,
Our Spirits to illumine, melt, refine;
Life-giving Streams from Thee their Fountain roll,
To ſatiate ſacred Thirſt, and waſh the Soul;
Thou precious Ointment art, to eaſe our Pain,
And troubled Souls with Cordials to ſuſtain;
Thou on the Spouſe's ſpicy Beds doſt blow,
'Till od'rous Breathings o're the Garden flow;
Be Thou, my God, Fire, Water, Ointment, Wind,
To warm, cleanſe, ſupple, fertilize my Mind;
My Soul Guide, Quicken, Fix, Support and Heal,
Let me thy Preſence in my Spirit feel;
When I of Heav'n have had this previous Taſte,
Ah this ſhort Life will then too ſlowly waſte!

O may my Love, of *JESUS* ever ſing,
And tow'rds his Throne be always on the Wing;
In Heav'nly Virtues, and in wond'rous Powers,
Thou on thy Saints cam'ſt down in radiant Showers;
No Raptures I, no wond'rous Gifts implore,
O give me Love, and I will ask no more;
Thou from the Father and the Son doſt flow,
To Thee we all Co-equal Praiſes owe;
We to thy Fontal Love, Love-drops repay,
And faint Reflections of thy boundleſs Ray.
When *Solomon* the ſtately Temple rear'd,
A Cloud of Glory through the Arch appear'd;
From *Iſrael*, Lord, Thou didſt thy Glory ſhroud,
They only ſaw thy Preſence in a Cloud;
Enter, my God, unvail'd, into my Mind,
Spirit with Spirit join, leave Cloud behind;
Thou, Lord, wilt drive, at thy firſt gracious Ray,
Sin, Error, and Impurity away;
Soon as Thou in thy little Temple art,
The Sacrifice ſhall be my broken Heart;
Thy Throne my Will, the Incenſe, Pray'r, Alms, (Praiſe,
On pure Intention I'll thy Altar raiſe;
My Fire of Love tow'rds Thee its Flames ſhall point,
Thou wilt my Spirit for the Prieſt anoint;
So ſhall I be all that Thou doſt require,
Prieſt, Temple, Throne, Lamb, Altar, Incenſe, Fire.

Hymnotheo paus'd his Ardours to recruit,
The Saints, the Chorus to his Song to ſute,
Began the Hymn, the Apoſtolick Quires
Sang, when upon their Heads fell Tongue-like Fires;

To

To their laſt Hallelujah when they came,
Hymnotheo re-enforc'd his Heav'nly Flame.
Eternal Spirit, boundleſs Source of Grace,
Help me thy influential Love to trace;
That I in humble Verſe may Heav'n aſcend,
And o're the Realm of Love my View extend.
Paternal God, in Love to laps'd Mankind,
Had his lov'd Son for Sacrifice reſign'd;
And Filial God upon the Croſs had bled,
With human Guilt tranſlated on his Head;
Had dy'd, had been entomb'd, had roſe again,
To perfect Love, nothing could now remain
But that the Spirit ſhould his Beams diſcloſe,
And on the Saints, as on their Lord, repoſe;
The wiſh'd for Morn expanſe began to guild,
When *JESUS* Promiſe was to be fulfill'd;
The Saints all Meeting in the upper Room,
Their Pray'r flew up like odorif'rous Fume;
The Pray'r flew firſt of *Mary* ever-bleſs'd,
Her Love invigorating all the reſt;
To the third Hour they Hymns and Pray'rs extend,
All wait to ſee the Holy Ghoſt deſcend;
With longing they the Kingdom there expect,
Which *JESUS* was by Promiſe to erect;
When He ſent down the Co-eternal Dove,
To found the univerſal Realm of Love;
Down from high Heav'n ruſh'd a ſtrong gracious Wind,
Diſpelling Miſts, unclouding ev'ry Mind; (Wind,
The Holy Ghoſt, in cloven Tongues of Fire,
Fell on the Saints, Truth Heav'nly to inſpire.

God, who *Bezaleel*'s Soul with Wiſdom fill'd,
The Ark for his dread Shechinah to build;
Now for a nobler Work his Vot'ries choſe,
And would with nobler Wiſdom them diſpoſe;
And unto all He to the Work inclin'd,
He proper, choice Celeſtial Gifts aſſign'd;
The Gift, all Tongues to ſpeak, and to expound,
Which roſe at *Babel*, Sinners to confound;
That to all Climates, in their native Speech,
Of Love Triune, they might the Wonders preach;
The Gift of Miracles to help Diſtreſs,
To heal the Sick, and Devils diſpoſſeſs;
In which Benignity, with Power Divine,
To charm Man's Love, ſhould in ſweet Concord join;
The Gift, all human Spirits to inſpect,
And falſe Imaginations to detect;
All Tendencies, all Tempers to deſcry,
All Truths to Time proportion and apply;
To rectifie the Mind propenſe to ill,
And to Celeſtial Love reclaim the Will;
The Gift of Prophecy, which ſhould foreſhew
All needful future Things which Saints ſhould know;
To teach them conſtant Heav'nly-minded Care,
And Lovers for all Trials to prepare;
The Gift of Knowledge fully to conceive,
And to expound the Myſt'ries we believe;
Dim Types, and dark Predictions to explain,
And Souls to love, by lovely Motive's Train;

That

That Lovers, guided by unerring Light,
Should live by Faith, but languiſhing for Sight;
The Gift of Wiſdom, all Things to contrive,
Love to enkindle, heighten, and revive;
And the Apoſtates, who have Love deſpis'd,
To Satan, to yield up to be chaſtis'd;
The Gift of Utterance, Slander to o'recome,
Baffle Blaſphemers, and ſtrike Tyrants dumb;
The Gift, fit Inſtruments of Love to chooſe,
And their own Powers miraculous transfuſe;
Such and all ſupernatural Gifts beſide,
Souls to Illuminate, Convict, and Guide;
Such were the Gifts which down God's Spirit (ſhow'rd,
When He the Heralds of his Love empow'rd.

The wondrous Gift which from the Spirit came,
Serv'd rather to enlighten, than enflame;
Love takes from Love connaturally Fire,
And Lovers Love Divine can beſt tranſpire;
To actuate the Gifts which He inſtill'd,
With Heav'nly Love He then his Vot'ries fill'd;
Love, which ſhould influence their capacious Sphere,
Love, which ſurmounted all degen'rate Fear;
Love, which was warm'd with pure unwearied (Zeal;
Love, which could triumph on the Rack and Wheel;
Love, which concupiſcential Rage could quell;
Love, which victorious was o're Death and Hell;
Love, which kept God ſtill in the Lover's ſight;
Love, which all others would to love invite;

The

B. 4111

The Grace of Hymn all others to compleat,
To ſing God's Love with God-enamour'd Heat;
Which Lambent Love ſhould o're all Regions ſpread,
In Hymns ſhould ſuper-effluences ſhed;
And raiſe in all the World's remoteſt Parts,
A Conflagration of Heav'n-kindled Hearts;
From Love ſoft Souls Inflammatories took,
And living in the World, the World forſook;
All Truths Divine, which Lovers ſang or preach'd,
With gracious Might attentive Hearers reach'd;
Truth fir'd by Love, unnumber'd Conqueſts gain'd,
God-hymning Love in ev'ry Nation reign'd;
Hearts philtred by Concupiſcence impure,
Would not the Force of Heav'nly Love endure;
As when an Arch-Magician tries his Skill,
To make an *Adder* pliant to his Will;
The Brute his warbled Murmurs will not hear,
Nor in his Circle Magical appear;
His Hell-aſſiſted Inchantation ſlights,
And for his Charm the very Charmer bites:
Self-loving Dotards, thus to Heav'n averſe,
Reſiſt that Light which ſhould their Clouds diſperſe;
Enſlav'd by Luſt, their Freedom they abhor, (war;
'Gainſt Love immenſe, which ſhould redeem them,
And by fierce Helliſh Perſecutions ſtrive,
Out of the World Celeſtial Love to drive;
But Love, the more its Empire they oppoſe,
By Oppoſition more Illuſtrious grows;
The impious World unbounded Goodneſs hates,
God, Souls by Love, and not by Number, rates;

He

He in each Age will Lovers have Elect,
Who will his Love with mutual Love reflect.
The Saints inſpir'd, at God's ſole Glory aim'd,
And that the World might be the more enflam'd,
By the Idea which Bleſſed *JESUS* gave, (ſave;
They built the Ark which ſhould laps'd Mortals
At *Salem* they the Realm of Love began,
Of the diffuſive Church they form'd the Plan;
Of Love Divine Saints there the Temple mold,
Which ſhould in Gifts and Grace outſhine the old;
God-man, ſole King, ſits in his Realm enthron'd,
Whoſe boundleſs Love offended God atton'd;
The Love Triune, which to fall'n Man inclin'd,
When the fall'n Angels were to Wrath conſign'd;
God for the great Inflammative decreed,
Which ſhould Man's Love with conſtant Fewel feed;
That no ſtrange Fire their Holocauſts ſhould burn,
And Love for Love they might in kind return;
And as their daily Sacrifice conſum'd, (perfum'd.
Their Pray'rs were with ſweet *JESUS'* Name
All-lovely *JESUS*, none but Lovers choſe
For Subjects, his Empire to compoſe;
He Trials gave of Love to ev'ry Soul,
Whom He vouchſaf'd for Subjects to enrol;
Love is the firſt, the great Command, the Teſt,
The Sov'reign Law, including all the reſt;
The Evangelick Code on Love depends,
That Sylläble all Duty comprehends;
Love's the Propenſive Fontal of our Wills,
From that all Paſſions are but various Rills;

Our

Our Love can never riſe to an Exceſs,
Within no Bounds can ever acquieſce;
Love to Perfection ever ſtrives to ſoar,
When it loves moſt, grieves it can love no more;
Loves God with all the Heart, Soul, Strength, and (Mind,
Loves boundleſs Love, with a Love unconfin'd.
When firſt we to Bleſs'd *JESUS'* Sceptre bow;
To keep the Statutes of his Realm we vow;
We to our King a firm Allegiance Swear,
To love Triune we all devoted are;
We all are ſeal'd with the Triunal Name,
We all the Enemies of Love diſclaim;
Firm Faith we give to ſaving Truths reveal'd,
By Miracles and Reſurrection ſeal'd;
All Truths a correſpondent Love excite,
They as congenial are as Heat and Light;
Paternal Godhead's providential Care,
In which Mankind have the moſt lib'ral ſhare;
The Love of Filial God loſt Man to ſave,
And raiſe him up to Glory from the Grave;
Love of the Spirit, who in Saints abides,
And ſweetly Hearts enflames, refines, and guides;
All who believe muſt Lovers ſtrait commence,
As their Faith ſtrengthens, Love grows more in- (tenſe.
Love is the Badge which *JESUS'* Lovers wear,
Cemented daily by their mutual Pray'r;
To all who from our firſt-form'd Sire deſcend,
Our Loves, like God's ſoft Mercies ſhould extend;

But

But Saints to Saints by Heav'nly Love ally'd,
Are to a nobler Love more ſtrictly ty'd;
The Church like one ſole-Family appear'd,
The young, like Fathers, aged Saints rever'd;
Old Saints of *JESUS* Lambs took tender Care,
Equals, like Brethren, might in Love compare;
For publick Sins they weekly Stations kept,
They Faſted, Pray'd, gave lib'ral Alms, and wept;
What one enjoy'd, was common to the reſt,
One Purſe, one Houſe, one Table they poſſeſs'd;
One Spirit ſeem'd to actuate the Frame,
One Faith, one Love, one Joy, one heav'nly Aim;
All ſtranger Saints found Home where e're they (went,
All would with Tears the Lapſe of one lament;
They nurs'd the Sick, they ev'ry Want reliev'd,
Condol'd and comforted the Souls who griev'd;
With charitable Kiſſes ſeal'd their Pray'r, (pare;
The Rich, Love-Feaſts would for the Poor pre-
Even Infidels their mutual Love confeſs'd,
While they the Grace which they admir'd oppreſs'd;
They viſited the Jayles and Mines, where Saints
Felt loathſome and calamitous Reſtraints; (Chains,
Warm Pray'rs they made for Martyrs, kiſs'd their
Brought Ghoſtly Cordials to allay their Pains;
Meek Martyrs, who no Outrage would provoke,
And for the Villains pray'd, who gave the Stroke;
Saints dreſs'd the Martyrs Wounds, and cleans'd the (Gore,
Honour'd the Marks of *JESUS* which they wore;

They

They fearleſs them attended to the Stake,
Of their dear Reliques ſacred care to take;
With Spices to embalm their hallowed Clay,
And to their Graves with Rev'rence to convey;
Of Death Saints liv'd in View, but not in dread,
Bleſs'd *JESUS* Body was their daily Bread;
They who the ſame both Faith and Love profeſs'd,
Liv'd in dear ſweet Communion like the Bleſs'd;
To Praiſe, Adore, Love, Hymn the Love divine,
Like Saints in Glory, was their chief Deſign;
Hereſies. Faith which Love excites, confound,
Schiſm, Diſcords rais'd Loves Harmony to drown'd.
But *JESUS* in his Realm Vice-gerents plac'd
To keep Faith uncorrupted, and Love chaſt;
Who ſhould of *JESUS* Paſtoral Love partake,
And feed his Flock beloved for Love's ſake;
Who ſhould from Him alone Commiſſions hold,
And be ſucceſſive Paſtors to his Fold.
By *JESUS* Rules, his Subſtitutes ſelect,
The Hierarchy determin'd to Erect;
They all inſpir'd, by univerſal Vote,
Our Lord's own Kinſman to the Chair promote;
The Humble *James* o're *Salem* to preſide,
And for that Flock Celeſtial Food provide;
God to his *Iſrael* one High-Prieſt aſſign'd,
While to one Nation He the Church confin'd;
With Prieſts, the Temple who in Courſe ſupply'd,
And Levites, to more ſervile Stations ty'd;
Of all the Church o're *Paleſtina* ſpread,
Their great High-Prieſt was God's vicarious Head;

His

His hallowed Unction influenc'd the Land,
And of their Union was the ſacred Band;
All the united Members thrice a Year
Commanded were before him to appear;
He was their Oracle, and He alone
Deputed was God's Anger to attone;
One Temple, Prieſt, and Altar, God ordain'd,
Which Unity of Faith and Love maintain'd;
God-man, whoſe Love in gracious Oceans Stream'd,
Which had no Shoars, but the whole World Redeem'd;
Our great, our ſole Archetypal High Prieſt,
When from the Grave his Body was releas'd,
Made through the Vail ſupernal his Aſcent,
His Blood and Interceſſion to preſent;
A numerous High-Prieſthood then decreed,
For ever ſhould His Sov'reign one ſucceed;
In great reſorts to fix a Paſt'ral Chair,
To which the Flock might for due Aids repair;
The Spirit He on the firſt Miſſion breath'd,
To the whole Race, his Truth, Peace, Love, bequeath'd;
They in the Mother Church the Fabrick rear'd,
James firſt at Helm the Church *Judaick* ſteer'd;
Parochial Prieſts were fix'd in ev'ry Vill,
Who under him ſhould ſaving Truth inſtil;
Deacons next choſen were on Prieſts to tend,
And on the Poor their pious Labours ſpend;
All were oblig'd their Paſtor to revere,
The ſole Intelligence who roll'd their Sphere;

And

And while with him in Union they remain'd;
Their Faith, Peace, Love, were ſteddy and unſtain'd.
With the Primeval Church thus *Salem* bleſs'd,
The lovely Model gave to all the reſt;
Soon o're the Empire, and in Lands remote,
High Prieſts were fix'd in all Reſorts of Note;
And while all Souls to their High Prieſt adher'd,
Sweet mutual Love their Spirits co-endear'd;
Each Biſhop had bleſs'd *JESUS*' Keys to lock,
Or open, the Church Entrance to his Flock;
He faithful Care of Catechumens took,
Their growth in Faith and Love to overlook;
And when he thought them for Communion fit,
Would to the Font Love's Candidates admit;
He, that their Faith and Love might grow adult,
Though Luſt, the World, and Hell, ſhould them inſult,
Impowr'd by *JESUS*, to their Souls convey'd,
By Confirmation, ſupplemental Aid;
He Lovers to the Altar would invite,
To raiſe their Love to a Triumphant height;
Their Love by that immortal Banquet fed,
To Torture and to Martyrdom was bred.
When wanton Souls, who brake Baptiſmal Pact,
Would Leagues with Sin, the World, and Hell contract;
The Prelate the Adultereſs would call,
Then meekly mind her of her dang'rous Fall;
It warn'd, the Spouſe of *JESUS* would abjure,
And mourn for her Adulteries impure;

He

He Penances reſtorative enjoin'd,
To mortifie the Sin, and purge the Mind;
True Lovers with their Tears her Lapſe bewail'd,
And for her Pardon humbly Heav'n aſſail'd;
When all her Satisfactions were compleat,
She begg'd her Abſolution at his Feet;
All Lovers ſeeing her rekindled Love,
Joy'd for her here, as Angels joy'd above;
But when bold Sinners wholly Love diſclaim'd,
Gave publick Scandals, and the Truth defam'd,
Defy'd all ſacred Pow'rs, and would endure,
No one Reſtorative to work their Cure;
He, the Apoſtates, jealous for his God,
Devoted to the Sin-avenging Rod;
Againſt their Entrance ſhut the Temple Door,
And to Infernal Fury gave them o're;
Juſt Doom of Souls to Heav'nly Love unchaſt,
Down to the Diabolick State debas'd.

Each Paſtor, that in his large Flock he might
Raiſe and augment Celeſtial Love and Light;
Choice Under-Shepherds carefully Ordain'd,
Their Chief and they the Burthen co-ſuſtain'd;
They Sheep and Lambs with ſacred Doctrine fed,
They nouriſh'd them with Euchariſtick Bread;
They in Aſſemblies offer'd Pray'r and Praiſe,
In ſtudying Holy Writ ſpent all their Days;
They bright Examples of true Lovers gave,
They ſtrove all others to enflame and ſave;
They, as they ſaw the Tempers of their Sheep,
Would Comfort, Warm, Reprove, Pray, Joy, or Weep;

The State of ev'ry Soul they juſtly weigh'd,
And to their Wants due Applications made;
Wont tenderly Saints dying to frequent,
Their Love, by their own Fervours, to foment;
Saints Tears were by their Abſolution dry'd,
And Lovers in their Arms Reſign'dly died;
They of each Soul committed to their Truſt,
Gave their High Prieſt accounts minute and juſt;
Each Biſhop Rules took care, to his own Tribe,
For Decency and Order to preſcribe;
And of his Prieſts a Council oft to hold,
The endleſs Bliſs conſulting of his Fold;
All might adviſe, his Voice Superiour ſway'd,
All to his Negative due def'rence paid;
When needful, he would ſolemn Faſts indict,
Religiouſly obſerv'd in his Diſtrict;
Of all the hallow'd Treaſure he ſtood charg'd,
Which by their Weekly Off'ring Saints enlarg'd;
The Prieſts, Church, Poor, due Portions from him gain'd,
Himſelf he to juſt Competence reſtrain'd;
What Lovers gave, on Lovers he beſtow'd,
But Alms to Lovers in Diſtreſs o'reflow'd;
Pride, Av'rice, Pomp, Ambition, then were fled,
Wealth never was a Prelate's Aim, but dread.
Good Prelates ſhall Love Catholick maintain,
In Ariſtocracy ſpiritual Reign;
'Till the Church Eaſt and Weſt aſunder ſtart,
And into various Subdiviſions part;
Baptiſmal Faith ſhall yet be kept entire,
Though all Hell-Powers to ruine it conſpire;

Some

Some Paſtors their Commiſſions may exceed,
Unneceſſary Things may be decreed;
Mens Minds may differ, yet in Faith agree,
From damning Error, not from Frailty, free;
Two Siſter Churches may have diff'rent Rite,
While in Love Catholick they both unite;
The Saints primeval the Idea are,
By them the Church muſt all her practice ſquare;
They came together, for God's Guidance pray'd,
Choice of *Matthids* for curs'd *Judas* made;
And Paſtors, when they ſaw a vacant Chair,
A Lover for Succeſſor choſe by Pray'r;
And if a Biſhop Faith or Love betray'd,
True Biſhops met, the *Judas* to degrade;
All Vacancies with Lovers they ſupply'd,
Who the lov'd Flock with tender Zeal ſhould guide.
Apoſtles, though inſpir'd, when Doubts aroſe,
A Council ſummon'd, Diff'rence to compoſe;
Conducted by the Spirit they implor'd,
Faith, Peace, and Love, they to the Church reſtor'd;
The future Church ſhall the ſame Method uſe,
When Error ſhall its Peſtilence diffuſe;
And ſhould Inferior Councils ſtrive in vain,
Bold Errors to ſuppreſs, or to reſtrain;
The Synods Catholick were all convene,
Shall ſtill the Storm, and keep the Church ſerene;
For Order's ſake, One Primacy may claim,
But none at a Supremacy muſt aim;
All like Vice-gerents of bleſs'd *JESUS* are,
And in fraternal Love have equal ſhare;

From *JESUS*, Biſhops equal Keys derive,
And *JESUS* like, muſt not for Empire ſtrive.
The Realm of Love ſhall ſoon enlarge its Bound,
Faith arm'd by Love ſhall Helliſh Powers confound;
Love void of Fear, ſhall o're all Tortures reign,
And o're fierce Tyrants glorious Conqueſts gain;
Till the curs'd World, when it of Force deſpairs,
Strives Love to undermine by Wile and Snares;
Baiting the Church with Honour, Pomp, and Gold,
As they prevail, Love Heav'nly will grow cold;
And as Love cools, Zeal for the Faith will freeze,
And Errors Spring by unperceiv'd Degrees;
Prieſts for dumb Images more Zeal will ſhew,
Than to retrieve God's Image, they beſtow;
Looſe Paſtors, void of Love, will fall aſleep,
Love, which their Hearts would ever watchful keep;
And as they ſleep, Mankind's infernal Foe
Among the Corn his baneful Tares will ſow;
Schiſm, Superſtition, Hereſie, and Vice,
Will from the Enemy of Truth take riſe;
Rome will in Time Canonick Bounds diſdain,
Faith Catholick with novel Errors ſtain;
Anathema's againſt the Faithful breath,
Draw *Peter*'s Sword, which *JESUS* bad him ſheath;
Yet holy Souls her Thunders ſhall not fear,
But firm to Apoſtolick Truth adhere;
Vile Intereſt, Novelty, Self-love, and Pride,
May Chriſtians into num'rous Sects divide;

But

But ſtill God's Lovers ſhall the Faith retain,
Inflammatives of Love ſhall ſtill remain;
Sect-Leaders their own Viſions may impoſe,
And the Inſtable with their Dreams will cloſe;
But all that is in their Profeſſions new,
Men muſt conclude is needleſs or untrue;
Should Councils oppoſite Deciſions make,
The humble Souls ſhall not the Truth miſtake;
All-gracious God to all will guide the Way,
Who like *Cornelius* Faſt, give Alms, and Pray;
Weeds may a while ſpring on the Spouſe's Beds,
The Flowers amidſt thoſe Weeds will raiſe their Heads;
And Love will at firſt Glance diſcern thoſe Weeds,
From the ſweet Lillies where the Bridegroom feeds.
All Lovers Souls are to bleſs'd *JESUS* dear,
To them He gives Illuminations clear;
No Lover with God's Love preventing fir'd,
In damning Error ever yet expir'd;
May I upon the World no Love transfer,
I then am ſure ne'er damnably to err;
No Souls God's Truth abandon or pervert,
But they who firſt Celeſtial Love deſert;
Our God, their Father, will be ſtyl'd by none,
But thoſe who his pure Church their Mother own;
May I to both live an obedient Child,
And die to both through *JESUS* reconcil'd;
Hymnotheo's Song the Quire harmonious clos'd,
With the ſame Hymn which *Moſes* once compos'd;

Sung ſtill below, ſung by the Saints on high,
Who o're the Beaſt have gain'd the Victory;
And to their various Manſions all retreat,
As Saints the laſt Doxology repeat;
Love on their Souls ſoft deep Impreſſions made,
Its gracious Force 'twas irkſome to evade;
God Reigns in Hearts below, in Saints above,
Not ſo much by Omnipotence as Love;
When with his double mourneval of Eyes,
Tarantula, a poor *Apulian*, ſpies;
And with a fierce Antipathetick ſpite,
Has gor'd his Muſcles with his venom'd bite;
While by the Gorings in his Muſcles made,
Through all his Joints ſtrong Poiſon is convey'd;
His Friend, a known Muſician to him brings,
To work his Cure by his melodious Strings;
The Skilful Artiſt, e're he ſtrikes his Wires,
The Kind and Colour of the Foe enquires;
And to the Wretch the Notes ſpecifick plays,
Which in his Joints exilient Motions raiſe;
He falls a Dancing to the pleaſing Sound,
And thus perſpires the Poiſon of his Wound;
Hymnotheo thus, with Obſervation nice,
Search'd what foul Fiend, what Error, and what Vice;
Put ev'ry Rank of *Smyrneots* to diſtreſs,
And ſuted Hymns their Rage to diſpoſſeſs;
And while the proper Hymn and Tune he play'd,
Converſions num'rous in each Rank he made;
A Conqueſt nobler than proud Heroes gain,
A Subject worthier of heroick Strain;

Well-

Well-meaning Souls, who the glad Tidings heard,
Felt their Luſts quell'd, and Intellectuals clear'd;
The Serpent's Bite by ſacred Baptiſm heal'd,
Grace, Pardon, Glory, to their Faith reveal'd;
At which their Hearts in Exultation danc'd;
The more their Faith encreas'd, Joy more advanc'd;
Their Love grew more enflam'd the more they joy'd,
And they their Days in hymning God employ'd.

ANODYNES;

OR,

Alleviations of Pain.

My Song ſhall be always of the Loving Kindneſs of the Lord, Pſal. lxxxix. 1.

Anodynes. I.

O PAIN, tho' what thou art I cannot tell,
Yet I by ſad Experience know thee well;
Thy ſtrong Efforts I in my Muſcles feel,
Strong as the Tortures of the Rack and Wheel;
Phyſicians only at thy Nature gueſs,
They cannot reach the Cauſe of my Diſtreſs;
Their Med'cines, which in vain my Fleſh repeats,
Ne're enter their inviſible Retreats:
They my Diſtemper often miſconceive,
And irritate, when ſtriving to relieve;
Vain is their Succour, vain is all their Skill,
They may condole, but cannot cure the Ill.
Since human Aids, me in my Grief forſake,
The Aid divine, I my ſole Refuge make;
Upon my ſelf, when ſadly I reflect,
I of my Anguiſh the true Cauſe detect;
Pain and Diſeaſe, your Origin you took
From Sin, when our Firſt Parent God forſook;

Sin,

Sin, Pain, Diſeaſe all coetaneous roſe,
We read our Guilt in our corporeal Woes.
Good God, who of our Heads counts ev'ry Hair,
Of all our Pains takes a peculiar Care;
'Tis from his Hands we all our Pains receive,
Who cauſeleſly will no one Sinner grieve;
God is my Father, I in him confide,
He ne're Paternal Pity lays aſide;
His Juſtice oft gives an awakening Stroke,
I, while he ſtrikes, paternal Love invoke;
While I invoke, his Love Paternal yearns,
My Soul his Pity in each Stroke diſcerns;
My Sins the Source of Sorrow I bewail,
My Prayers in *JESUS* Name for Aid prevail;
They ſweetly my offended God appeaſe,
He ſends refreſhing Intervals of Eaſe;
He me vouchſafes in Meaſure to chaſtiſe,
Permits not his whole Anger to ariſe;
To but one Sin, if Pains proportion'd were,
No Sinner of one Sin the Weight could bear;
My Pains, tho' moſt afflicting, moſt acute,
His tender Bowels to my Good tranſmute.
Welcome Diſeaſe and Pain, you both deſcend
From God, not to deſtroy, but to amend;
A lively Senſe of Sin, and God's fierce Ire,
Preludial Scorchings of eternal Fire;
My Impotence to my own Soul diſplay'd,
Entire Dependance on God's gracious Aid;
A Charity with others to condole,
Love re-enkindled in my frozen Soul;

Con-

Conjectures at the Woes God-man ſuſtain'd,
When for my Sins, he Victim was ordain'd;
Concupiſcence diſarm'd, Temptations quell'd,
The Love of this vain helpleſs World expell'd;
A Will to God's Benignity reſign'd,
A Spirit from low ſenſual Droſs refin'd;
Pangs momentaneous by God's Goodneſs ſent,
On purpoſe endleſs Torments to prevent:
Gracious Memento's of my latter end,
Pray'rs which to Heav'n with Fervency aſcend;
Soft Languors for ſupernal Eaſe and Reſt;
All theſe the Graces are you have impreſt.
Welcome Diſeaſe and Pain, which God endears,
While you are raging, God my Spirit cheers;
He Patience gives, when he my Pangs prolongs,
I in my Pangs ſing Euchariſtick Songs;
I unrepining his ſoft Strokes endure,
They, while they grieve my Fleſh, my Spirit cure;
Pain your divine Commiſſion then fulfil,
I'll do and ſuffer, *JESUS*-like God's Will.

II.

Pain keeps me waking in the Night,
I longing lie for Morning Light;
Methinks the ſluggiſh Sun,
Forgets he this Day's Courſe muſt run;
O heav'nly Torch, why this Delay,
In giving us our wonted Day?

Sure

Sure ſome new Spots your Face beſmear,
And you're aſham'd to re-appear;
Or Clouds ſurround your Head,
And damp the Rays you would have ſhed;
Or ſome Eclipſe now maſks your Beams,
And intercepts your Morning Gleams.

Or Night your riſing now reſtrains,
Till it the ten Degrees regains
It loſt, when back you went,
And the ſick King learn'd Heav'ns Intent;
Aſſur'd of Supplemental Years,
By your re-meaſuring the Spheres.

I feel my * Watch, I tell the Clock,
I hear each crowing of the Cock;
Ev'n *Egypt*, when three Days,
The Heav'ns with-held the ſolar Rays,
And all in thickeſt Darkneſs dwelt,
Night more afflicting never felt.

With Joy and Light the Saints are bleſt,
Th'ck Night and Pain the Damn'd moleſt;
My Dolours to excite,
Pain and Darkneſs both unite;
Yet in my Darkneſs and my Pain,
Some Gleams of Joy and Light remain.

God's

* *His Watch was purpoſely ſo contrived as that he could by his Finger diſcover the Time, to half a quarter of an Hour.*

God's Favours darkeſt Clouds expel,
By Pains he frights my Soul from Hell;
Melts me to humble Tears,
And his ſoft love each Pang endears;
While gracious God I ſtrive to pleaſe,
I never want or Light, or Eaſe.

Sun, mend not then for me your Pace,
But at your Will defer your Race;
I am refreſh'd by Light,
Than you ten Thouſand times more bright;
I, when towards Chaos you decline,
Shall have both Light and Joy divine.

III.

When Pain me of my Reſt bereaves,
And no one Medicine me relieves;
When in my crazy Frame,
I feel ſtrong ſcorching Flame;
When red hot Needles in my Breaſt,
With confluential Gorings me infeſt;

When painted Flames within me pent,
Rack all my Nerves to force a Vent,
Unable to tranſpire,
Enrage my inward Fire;
Raiſe by compreſſion dol'rous Groans,
And a tremendous Earthquake in my Bones.

My Friends, who with me ſympathiſe,
To *Opium* warmly me adviſe;

Which

Which ſtrongeſt Pain abates,
And Indolence creates;
And far beyond *Peruvian* Balms,
Impetuous inbred Hurricanes becalms.

Opium, alas! may for a while,
By ſtupefaction me beguile;
May rob me of my Senſe,
But can no Cure diſpenſe;
'Tis dear-bought Eaſe my Fleſh wou'd gain,
Shou'd I for that deliriate my Brain.

Opiates my Pow'rs internal doze,
For Pray'r my Spirit indiſpoſe;
I ſhou'd the Graces loſe,
Pains ſanctify'd infuſe;
In a Fool's Paradiſe remain,
And gracious God forget, as well as Pain;

My God, O let it never be,
That I ſhould damp all Senſe of Thee;
'Tis Eaſe in my Diſtreſs,
Sin ſadly to confeſs;
'Tis Eaſe to mention *JESUS'* Name,
And to thy Pity to lay humble claim.

'Twas *JESUS'* Sov'reign Anodyne,
To ſacrifice his Will to thine;
He ſtill is in my Eyes,
And while I agonize;

I oft repeat his filial Pray'r,
And feel the Meltings of Paternal Care.

Let impious Souls, who God diſown,
Who never proſtrate at his Throne,
To Opiates have recourſe,
Of Conſcience damp the Force;
And *inter-mundian* Slumbers take,
'Till they in Hell to full Conviction wake.

Neceſſity may Saints conſtrain
To *Opium* in outragious Pain;
Their Med'cine they lament,
Glad when the Stupour's ſpent;
Contented Anguiſh to endure,
For God their Intellectuals to ſecure.

IV.

Pain, whereſoe'er you change your ſeat,
I ſoon diſcover your retreat;
When you move to and fro,
I your Meanders know;
You cannot march ſo ſwift about,
But I can nicely trace you out.

When you an Ambuſcade project,
I inſtantly the Plot detect;
You can have no reſerves,
In Membranes or in Nerves;

But

But of the Foe, my watchful Senſe
Gives me minute Intelligence;

When a pitch'd Battle you deſign,
To ſtorm a Limb, or ſpring a Mine;
With Number to aſſail,
Or by long Siege prevail;
The Spies I o're my Limbs diffuſe,
In half a Pulſe will bring the News;

Soon as my Soul the Foe deſcries,
I view the Poſt in which he lyes;
I ſeek to foreign Aid,
The Danger to evade;
To the *Galenick* Hoſt I flie,
Auxiliaries to ſupply.

All the Artillery of Drug,
In ſubterraneous Bowels dug;
Or gather'd on the Ground,
Or in the Ocean found,
To carry on the War with Care,
They in their Arſenals prepare.

When my Allies the Foe engage,
To quell his Tyrannizing Rage;
They only Fight by gueſs,
Uncertain is Succeſs;
One while of Pain they get the Field,
One while to Pain are forc'd to yield.

Yet

Yet ſtill with Obſtination I,
To win the Battle reſtleſs try;
I ſtill the Foe purſue,
I ſtill the Fight renew;
All the Elabratories drein,
And uſe all Means the Day to gain;

As thus I with my Pains conteſt,
A ſudden Thought ſtarts in my Breaſt;
Within your Soul repoſe,
More formidable Foes;
They there exert their mortal Force,
You them permit to take their Courſe;

There deadly Sins fierce Ravage make,
And you of them no notice take;
I on the Thought reflect,
Convinc'd of my neglect;
That I ſhould tamely Sin ſuſtain,
Which arms againſt me all my Pain.

I then with a confounding Shame,
The Madneſs of my Conduct blame;
I ſtrive the Cauſe to find,
Which thus perverts my Mind;
Ah! while I outward Opiates quit,
All Ghoſtly Opiates I admit.

My ſtupid Conſcience ſlumb'ring lyes,
While me my Ghoſtly Foes ſurprize;

It Enemies conceals,
And no one Outrage feels;
O! that I thus should take the part
Of God's curst Rivals in my Heart!

But, Lord, now I my Danger know,
And Malice of my inbred Foe;
I'll all my Force employ,
That Rebel to destroy;
I'll from the Heav'nly Magazine
Fetch Arms, to fight the Foe unseen.

With penitential Tears and Pray'r,
I'll War against my Sins declare;
With them the Fight maintain,
Till I the Conquest gain;
And when I shall my Sins disarm,
My Pains can never work me harm.

V.

My Guardian, you I know condole,
With my afflicted Soul;
You with my dol'rous Cries,
Benignly sympathize;
You are my Heav'nly Friend,
Your Comforts to my Sorrows co-extend.

From Pain though you your self are free,
Yet you can pity me;

God,

God, whom you keep in ſight,
In Pity takes delight;
Soft Pity ſprings from Love,
Which from its boundleſs Source you draw above.

Since in your Friendſhip I confide,
And you my Pains have ey'd;
O fly the World about,
Some Med'cine to ſeek out;
And never reſt your Wing,
'Till back a Sov'reign Anodyne you bring.

Fly to the Trees on *Gilead* Hills,
Where od'rous Balm diſtils;
From thence bring precious ſtore,
To cure my angry Sore;
O chafe it on my Breaſt,
And never leave 'till it creates me reſt.

Or if you paſs the Shady Soil,
Which yields Balſamick Oil;
By JESUS' Votaries us'd,
Which on the Sick diffus'd,
Chac'd all Diſeaſe away;
O bring me that, and 'twill my Pain allay.

But neither Balm nor Oil, I fear,
Can my ſad Spirit chear;
Pains from my Sins ariſe,
In them the Anguiſh lies;

And of a broken Heart,
Nor Balm, nor Oil, can ever cure the Smart;

O rather take your Heav'nly Lyre,
Strike your melodious Wire;
Of Love Divine I long,
To hear an Angel's Song;
It will my Soul compose,
Beyond or Balm, or Oil, allay my Woes.

My Blessed Angel me obey'd,
Divinely sang and play'd;
A Hymn he sang well known,
Sung at God's gracious Throne,
When first a Sinner weeps,
And Heav'n a Jubilee that Moment keeps.

O! while I heard his charming Strain,
No trace was left of Pain;
I when he ceas'd rethought,
The Wonder Hymn had wrought;
And when my Pains revive,
From Hymn sweet Mitigations I derive;

VI.

My Guardian, if you cannot tell
What Med'cine will my Pain expel;
Fly swift to Heav'n, and there you'll find,
Some gracious Ray for me design'd.

But

But now I on your flight reflect,
Methinks I your return ſuſpect;
Lodg'd in the Beatifick Sphere,
You'll never more to me appear.

Yet ſince God charg'd you with my Care,
You muſt to me again repair;
Your Fill of heav'nly Joys you'll take,
And not my Guardianſhip forſake.

When you in Heav'n have took your Fill,
Return to execute God's Will;
But while in heav'nly Bliſs you ſtay,
Procure me Joys which Pain allay.

Preſent this Prayer at th' awful Throne,
Bedew'd with penitential Moan,
In *JESUS* grateful Name 'tis made,
And ſues for efficacious Aid.

With that my Angel launch'd in Air,
And carry'd up to Heav'n my Pray'r;
When it was at the Throne diſcloſ'd,
Great God to grant it was diſpos'd.

The Heav'nly Dove to help me flew,
And from his Wings a Viol drew;
Bidding my Angel to make Speed,
With wiſh'd-for Succour in my Need.

Thy Angel flying down I ſpy,
His Splendour and his Haſte deſcry;
Both ſudden Eaſe on me diffuſe,
I knew he brought me gracious News.

See, ſee, ſaid he, the wondrous Dove
Of the Benign Eternal Love;
Your Sins you more than Pains lament,
And God has Oil of Gladneſs ſent;

Like that from Heav'n immenſly ſhed,
On God Incarnate's ſacred Head;
Which all his boundleſs Pangs endear'd,
And on the Croſs his Spirit chear'd.

Then o're my Heart he wav'd his Plume,
Dipp'd in the Lenitive Perfume;
It ſweetly enter'd all my Pores,
It inſtantly cur'd all my Sores.

I felt the Sweets of Will reſign'd,
Celeſtial Joys o'reflow'd my Mind;
And ever ſince, when Pains me ſeize,
The Oil of Gladneſs gives me eaſe.

VII.

While over me Pain domineers,
My Angel my ſad Spirit chears;

He

He takes his Harp, and to his Strings,
With ſweet Harmonious Voice thus ſings;

E're ſince Antediluvian Time,
And Men bewail'd the Fontal Crime,
And God ſhed penitential Grace,
On pious *Seth*'s religious Race;

Kind Heav'n was pleas'd me to engage,
In Guardianſhip in ev'ry Age;
And in my Thought are ſtill compris'd
All Souls which I have patroniz'd.

I mark'd the various Lives they led,
And their allotted States when dead;
I many ſafely lodg'd in Bliſs,
Many fell down to the Abyſs.

I from Experience can relate,
The Cauſes of their different Fate;
They in their Lives Antarctick were,
And muſt antarctick Portions ſhare.

The Souls, which down to Tophet ſank,
Concupiſcential Philtrums drank;
They ſoon intoxicated rav'd,
And to the World themſelves enſlav'd.

Themſelves they to the Snare betray'd,
Plenty and Eaſe their Idols made;

Plenty and Eaſe, which they abus'd,
And Poyſon by degrees infus'd.

Plenty and Eaſe I ſaw gain Ground,
And all the Thoughts of Heav'n confound;
They Pride excite, and ſenſual Joy,
And Myriads of Souls decoy.

I, when I ſaw them in the Toil,
Warn'd them themſelves to diſembroil;
No Notice they of Warnings took,
And I their Guardianſhip forſook.

At laſt, to drein the ireful Cup,
Long-ſuffering God quite gave them up;
And they abandon'd to the World,
Were into endleſs Burnings hurl'd.

But holy Souls, on Heav'n intent,
On whom my tender Care I ſpent,
Of Eaſe and Plenty had a dread,
Leſt they by them ſhould be miſled.

Moſt of the Bleſs'd by Pains were ſav'd,
Unnumber'd Souls by Eaſe deprav'd;
I ſcarce one of a Thouſand knew,
Who from full Eaſe to Glory flew.

God's Children, by inſtructive Pain,
Contemn the World, and Bliſs obtain;

The

417.

The greater Pangs they here endure,
They ſooner grow for Heav'n Mature.

JESUS acquainted was with Woes,
JESUS a Croſs perpetual choſe;
And all who in his Footſteps tread,
By ſome one Croſs to Heav'n were led.

I heeded what my Angel ſang,
Jealous of Eaſe, I welcom'd Pang;
My Pains God's Mercy moſt diſplay,
And are to Heav'n the ſureſt Way.

VIII.

When Pangs my Spirit reſtleſs keep,
And hinder or diſturb my Sleep,
To various Anodynes I fly,
And for my Cure apply;
I ſee the Help of Med'cine vain,
It cannot reach the Seat of Pain.

A Book I oft my Refuge make,
And hope from that ſome eaſe to take;
But ſoon as I begin to read,
I ſcarce one Line can heed;
My pointed Pains their Force exert,
And my Attention ſoon divert.

My Friends, who with me ſympathize,
With their kind Viſits glad my Eyes;
But while my Pains my Spirit waſt,
I ſcarce a Friend can taſt;
And while my Anguiſh they deplore,
They only irritate the Sore.

On Meditation then I fix,
But while with that my Anguors mix,
My Thought will not be long confin'd,
They diſſipate my Mind;
And while I feel theſe fiery Darts,
I cannot pray unleſs by Starts.

When I had other Methods us'd,
On *David's* Anodyne I mus'd;
He, ſore diſtreſs'd with Griefs and Pains,
Compos'd Celeſtial Strains;
I ſtrait reſolv'd that Courſe to try,
To ſee if that would Eaſe apply;

To Hymn I made my laſt recourſe,
Soon felt of that the gracious Force;
I ſome Remiſſion of my Woes
Feel, while I Hymns compoſe;
'Tis ſacred Poetry alone
Gives vent and eaſe to dol'rous Moan.

Sweet

Sweet Poetry, you in Diſtreſs
Devout Affections beſt expreſs;
You Heav'nly Things in Picture paint,
To recreate a Saint;
In you Delight and Duty join,
Hymn is the Style of Love Divine.

Of Hymn, ſince I perceiv'd the Might,
Amidſt my Pangs I Hymns indite;
And when my Pains begin to rage,
I them with Hymn aſſwage;
God in Afflictions Love diſplays,
And I afflicted ſing his Praiſe.

On God I fix my Ghoſtly ſight,
I draw his Love in ev'ry Light;
His Truth, Power, Wiſdom, I revolve,
And into Hymn diſſolve;
'Tis the ſole Eaſe of Spirits bleſs'd,
In Hymning God to take no reſt.

IX.

The Man, who conſtant Eaſe enjoys,
To pleaſe himſelf his Age employs;
To Senſuality he ſinks,
Of God, Death, Judgment, rarely thinks.

Spirits of Slumber him o'repower,
Allow him no conſiderate Hour;

To

To Sin they his propenſions ſway,
And on his Intellectuals prey.

Heart-ſick of worldly Luſts he grows,
Nor his Diſeaſe nor Med'cine knows;
No faithful Friend he can endure,
Who him by kind Reproof wou'd cure.

Sick though he is, he cries he's well,
Deluded by the Wiles of Hell;
To Heav'n he no Petitions ſends,
His Life he in delirium ſpends.

He falls a Singing in his Fits,
And no one ſerious Thought admits;
Such Lives in Eaſe the Senſual lead,
Who feel of gracious God no need.

'Tis Pain can only them revive,
'Tis Pain muſt keep the Sots alive;
Of Dereliction 'tis a Sign,
When Pains with-held by Wrath Divine.

Both Lives, when they in Proſpect are,
Painful and Senſual, I compare;
From Pain Men Heav'nly Life commence,
And ghoſtly Death enſlav'd to Senſe.

Pain to propitiate God invites,
Luſt cheats us with ſhort-liv'd Delights;

Pai-

Pain turns our *Pondus* to God's Laws,
Luſt from our Duty us withdraws.

God is the Centre of the Mind,
Men out of God no reſt can find;
While then they out of God remain,
The Senſualiſts muſt live in Pain.

When I with them Conditions vye,
They live in Violence, not I;
The leſs they feel their Guilt, the more
Incurable abides the Sore.

Luſts me from God and Joy divorce,
Pains guide to God, of Joy the Source;
When Souls are to the World depreſs'd,
They ne'er attain their native Reſt.

The only Eaſe, which Worldlings know,
They to their Obduration owe;
And ſhou'd they from their Stupour wake,
Soon as they ſtart, their Hearts would ake.

Let ſenſual Souls then covet Eaſe,
Pain rather ſhall my Spirit pleaſe;
Eaſe their Eternal Pain will be,
And Pain Eternal Eaſe to me.

X.

Guardian, while on my Bed I lye
Sweetly condoling, you ſit by;
You my ſad Sighs to Heav'n direct,
You holy Thoughts inject.

You kindly give me on your Lyre,
An Air ſet for the Heav'nly Quire;
You gently cheer me while you play,
My Anguiſh you allay.

By your harmonious Sounds, methought,
Pain and Pleaſure in me fought;
But ſoon I felt your Chords prevail,
And Pleaſure turn'd the Scale.

Your Muſick through my Veſſels thrills,
And a tranſporting Calm inſtils;
I'll welcome the return of Pain,
To hear that Air again.

If ſingle Air ſuch Eaſe inſpire,
Add Voice to your melodious Wire;
The Tyrant will be diſpoſſeſs'd,
He'll me no more moleſt.

I long for ſome ſupernal Strain,
Sung on the Lamb unſpotted Slain;
From *JESUS* Souls, when pain'd, derive
Their Sov'reign Lenitive.

'Tis

'Tis you your ſelf, ſaid he, muſt ſing,
And to your Voice I'll join my String;
You your own Griefs can beſt compute,
And Songs to reach them ſuit.

Charm'd by his ſweet Angelick Air,
I Voice and Thought for Song prepare;
Of *JESUS* I this Song deſign'd,
He beſt could eaſe my Mind.

JESUS, who kept his Croſs in Sight,
Was pleas'd upon the Paſchal Night,
The Feaſt Immortal to ordain,
Memorial of his Pain.

He all the future Woes fore-knew,
Which he ſhou'd bear from Hell and *Jew*;
Yet on his Father's Love repos'd,
With Hymn the Feaſt he clos'd;

The Force of Hymn he beſt cou'd tell,
That beſt his Anguors cou'd diſpel,
He ſang his mighty Father's Praiſe
In Soul-ſerening Lays.

O wondrous Force of ſacred Verſe,
All Sorrows able to diſperſe;
By you we ſweetly Pains reſign,
To tenderneſs Divine.

JE-

JESUS was for my Sins oppreſs'd,
And I am for my own diſtreſs'd;
Hymn was the Anodyne he choſe,
Hymn will relieve my Woes.

When raging Pain torments my Limbs,
I'll ſing, like *JESUS*, ſacred Hymns;
Hymn beſt will boundleſs Goodneſs pleaſe,
Hymn beſt procures my Eaſe.

I'll hymn the tender Love of God,
Who for my Good has ſent his Rod;
And ev'ry Pang I feel within,
To mortifie a Sin.

While I ſhall ſing of Love immenſe,
No Pain can over-pow'r my Senſe;
Nothing but Joys from Love can ſtream,
Of Heav'n the conſtant Theme.

My Angel, when my Song I ſung,
His Harp up in my Cloſet hung;
And when my Pains Inſults renew,
With Hymn I them ſubdue.

XI.

Friend, for my Pain your Moan forbear,
It comes from God's Paternal Care;

From

From Pain I ghoſtly Health derive,
It is my Soul's Reſtorative.

When you Obſerve a Father mild,
Correct his dear beloved Child;
You ſee the Yearnings he betrays,
At each ſoft Stripe he on him lays.

If Fathers here, who Sons chaſtiſe,
Thus with their Children ſympathize;
Thence eſtimate the boundleſs Love,
In our bleſs'd Father, God above.

All Love's Paternal here below,
From Fontal Love Paternal flow;
If finite Nature is thus kind,
What is the Love that's unconfin'd?

You by the Rills the Source may gueſs,
You'll then leſs Pity my Diſtreſs;
Love Infinite my Med'cine ſends,
And nothing but pure Love intends.

Let Love Immenſe his work fulfil,
My Pains inſtructive cure my Will;
Love ſaw me cool, I by his Rod
Shall re-enamour'd be of God.

XII.

By Day and Night, in Bed or Dreſs'd,
When from my Pains I have no reſt,
My Fleſh impatient grows,
Deſpairing of Repoſe;
Fain it aloud would roar,
And tell my Anguors all the Village o're.

My Spirit intercepts my Cries,
E're they t'articulation riſe;
My Reſtleſneſs upbraids,
Minds me of heav'nly Aids;
Bids me ſubmiſſive wait,
'Till God is pleas'd my Anguiſh to abate.

Reluctant Fleſh th' Advice rejects,
It leſs on God than Pain reflects;
In my divided Breaſt
Begins an hot conteſt;
Fleſh ſtrive to vent Complaint,
My Spirit keeps my Fleſh in ſtrict Reſtraint.

My Fleſh at the Reſtraint recoils,
And me by ſtriving more embroils;
You, Spirit, have no ſhare
In the Agonies I bear;
And you from Anguiſh free,
Shou'd from our Union learn to pity me.

Dear

Dear Fleſh, my Spirit then replies,
In all your Pains I ſympathize;
Againſt me you rebel,
My Warnings you repel;
From that Rebellion roſe,
All that can cauſe or aggravate your Woes.

I oft in Sin your Madneſs check'd,
You treat my Warnings with neglect;
Conſcience was on my ſide,
You its remorſe defy'd;
You ſtill to God averſe,
Your fond Affections in the World immerſe.

The World you have your Idol made,
See now if that can give you Aid;
If that your Grief forſakes,
And no Compaſſion takes;
Learn then to God alone,
And not to the vain World to make your moan.

My Fleſh, which by Experience knew,
It from the World no ſuccours drew,
Convinc'd of Folly paſt,
To Spirit vail'd at laſt;
Lamenting Rebel Luſt,
Which beards the Darts into my Muſcles thruſt.

My Spirit made my Fleſh relent,
And both conſpiring to repent;

Down from mine Eyes did glide,
Which had till then been dry'd,
Soft penitential Tears,
Bewailing all my paſt rebellious Years.

My Spirit ſaw my dropping Eyes,
And made with Fleſh this compromiſe;
In an outragious Fit,
Cries dol'rous to permit,
Conditioning each Cry;
Couch'd in a darted Pray'r to Heav'n ſhould fly.

Ejaculations Heav'nwards ſent,
Procure ſweet Eaſe, and Sorrow vent;
Pains, fervent Pray'r excite,
Invigorate its Flight;
Saints never pray in vain,
Their Sighs move God to mitigate their Pain.

But when the Pray'rs which Saints rehearſe,
Fly Heav'n-wards vehicled in Verſe;
A Vigour ſweet and ſtrong,
Is in God-Hymning Song;
It Anguiſh beſt allays,
With ſad Petition mixing joyful Praiſe.

My Fleſh then with my Spirit join'd,
Themſelves to gracious God reſign'd;
While their Contentions ceaſe,
I live in charming Peace;

My

My Tears great God attone,
With grateful Hymn I ſweeten ev'ry Moan.

XIII.

O cruel Pain, you break the Truce,
And all your lambent Fires unſluce;
In vain I ſtrive from you to turn,
By Motion you more raging burn;
Ten Thouſand Atoms with ſharp Points
Now poignard my reſiſtleſs Joints.

As in the Night I reſtleſs lie,
I the Watch-Candle keep in Eye;
The Innocent I often blame,
For the ſlow waſting of its Flame.
In Bed Pain makes its firſt Attack,
Ah! you are not my Bed, but Rack.

Reſt heretofore on you I took,
While Pain and Sorrow me forſook;
Now you in Pangs me wakeing keep,
And baniſh all my Hopes of Sleep;
Sweet Eaſe, O whither are you fled?
With one ſhort ſlumber reſt my Head.

My Curtain oft I draw away,
Longing to ſee the Morning Ray;
But when the Morning gilds the Skies,
The Morning no Relief ſupplies.

To me, alas! the Morning Light
Is as afflictive as the Night.

My vig'rous Cries to God aſcend,
Ah! will not God my Cries attend?
Can God paternal Love forbear?
Can God reject a filial Pray'r?
Is there in Heav'n for me no Cure?
Why dol then ſuch Pains endure?

My Fleſh in Torture oft repines
At what God for my Good deſigns;
My Spirit the Repiner chides,
Submiſſive to God's Will abides,
Who Patience for each Pang beſtows,
Which over-weighs the heavieſt Woes.

Pain, then exert your laſt Effort,
Since God proportions his Support,
I your inſulting ſhall not dread,
Though you torment me in my Bed;
The greater Rage you on me vent,
God will his Aids the more augment.

XIV.

The Church, bold Sinners to reſtrain,
Was wont to lay upon them Pain;
They long ſharp Penances endur'd,
Till ghaſtly Health was re-aſſur'd;

And

And when they holy Curch obey'd,
Sin was ſubdu'd, and Pain allay'd.

My Penance God himſelf impos'd,
And to Repentance me diſpos'd;
Strong Pains for Penance he decrees,
That I by them may purchaſe Eaſe;
While to their Rage God me conſigns,
He by their Fires my Soul refines.

I'd rather God my Fleſh ſhould grieve,
Than Pains for mortal Man receive;
My ghoſtly Sickneſs God beſt knows,
His Wiſdom beſt can doſe my Woes;
God my Diſeaſe and Temper weighs,
No Pang ſuperfluous on me lays.

God all my ſad Petitions hears,
Amidſt my Pangs my Spirit cheers;
And when ſtrong Pains my Nerves invade,
Recumbing on his gracious Aid,
He blunts the Point of ev'ry Dart,
Leſt it too deeply gore my Heart.

Why ſhould I then my Pains decline,
Inflicted by pure Love divine?
Let them run out their deſtin'd Courſe,
And ſpend upon me all their Force;
Short Pains can never grievous be,
Which work a bleſs'd Eternity.

XV.

In Trouble pray, I'll hear your Cry,
And you my Love ſhall glorifie;
This Promiſe God to Vot'ries made,
When Troubles their Repoſe invade.

I in that Promiſe claim a Share,
To gain it, ſtrive by humble Pray'r;
While I to God for Succour ſue,
I find God to his Promiſe true.

On Trial of God's Truth fulfill'd,
My Faith on God I firmly build;
I know his Word to be more ſure
Than are the Pains I now endure.

My Faith is on God's Love reclin'd,
His Pow'r, Truth, Wiſdom, unconfin'd;
Who ſweetly pities all my Pains,
And for my Good each Pang ordains.

On Goodneſs, which in preſſing Needs,
All my Petitions far exceeds;
Which tranſitory Woes decrees,
To purchaſe endleſs Joys and Eaſe.

In Pain I on theſe Anchors lean,
And keep in Storms a Soul ſerene.
No diſmal Wo can me ſurprize,
But Rays from God will glad my Eyes.

I, who in Pains experienc'd grown,
Ne're made to God ſucceſsleſs Moan;
Have often wonder'd by what Arts,
Atheiſts in Pain relieve their Hearts.

To Apathy none make Pretence,
Their Cries betray their tender Senſe;
To wiſe good God they cannot fly,
Since his Exiſtence they deny.

Either they ſtrongeſt Opiates drink,
Reſolving never more to think,
Intoxicated to expire,
Regardleſs of God's future Ire;

Or they with Poiſon, Halter, Knife,
End an intolerable Life;
Which when the impious Wretches cloſe,
They ſink into eternal Woes.

When they in Hell their Dooms receive,
They'll then too late juſt God believe:

They'll

They'll meet no Atheists in Hell Flame,
There Devils tremble at God's Name.

The Deists, God in Shew confess,
Yet want Supports in their Distress;
Their God has ne're reveal'd his Will,
No Promise made to help in Ill.

They cannot in a God confide,
Who gives no Promise, Law, or Guide;
They cannot please a God unknown,
Or, should he angry be, attone.

If Opium fail, impunely they
May by Self-Murder Pain allay;
There God is form'd to their Caprice,
They may from Pains themselves release.

Or if they live, and waking lie,
Their God they'll at each Pang defie;
Blaspheme his tyrannizing Reign,
And curse the Author of their Bane.

O Succours, miserable, vain,
Which Souls obdurate have in Pain;
They sharpen Woes which they deplore,
Enrage and eternize the Sore.

On me, when Anguish works its Spite,
To God I take a speedy Flight;

From

From God I Eaſe or Succour find,
And Quietation to my Mind.

O Unbelievers, did ye know
What Suavities from Mercy flow;
With what ſoft Love God deigns to treat,
Pain'd Suppliants proſtrate at his Feet:

How ſurely they in Pray'r ſucceed,
When they the Name of *JESUS* plead,
You would believe, as well as I,
And on good God in Pains rely.

O I could wiſh you Pain like mine,
To make you taſte the Truth divine;
He who my Pains and Succours feels,
Can't disbelieve what God reveals.

XVI.

When I a Heart-quake feel within,
And Pains, Memento's of my Sin,
Kind Friends, like *Job*'s, their Viſits pay,
And ſtrive my Anguors to allay.

They tenderly my Pangs bemoan,
Condoling ev'ry dol'rous Groan;
They Counſels lenitive apply,
To eaſe me as I reſtleſs lie.

Their

Their Viſits me a while relieve,
But I from them freſh Pain receive;
And while each ſweetly me beſpeaks,
My Pain on me its Fury wreaks.

If faithful Friends can do no more,
Than me thus barely to deplore;
Friends, who in all my Sorows ſhare,
And greateſt earthly Comforts are;

Ah! what is all this World below,
Which yields no Help in Time of Woe;
No Help! O it my Pains renews,
When I upon it make Reviews.

Its Memory my Spirit gauls,
To Conſcience it diſplays my Falls;
Its ſenſual Love caus'd all my Ills,
And nought but Horror now inſtils.

When thus the World my Grief foments,
Aud Schemes of endleſs Pangs preſents;
When Friends with Kindneſs ſtrive in vain,
But for one Pulſe to eaſe my Pain;

I then on my beſt Friend reflect,
Whoſe Love I outrag'd with Neglect;
JESUS, who would my Friend be ſtyl'd,
Invites me to be reconcil'd.

His

His Mercies, which my Love prevent,
Incline me ſweetly to repent;
I for my paſt Rebellions grieve,
And beg He would my Tears receive.

JESUS receives me in his Arms,
His Love immenſe my Spirit charms;
Of Guilt He cancels all my Scores,
And to his Friendſhip me reſtores.

I now a mighty Friend obtain,
From whom I tender Succours gain;
Friend, who Himſelf a Ranſom gave,
In Pity his loſt Friend to ſave.

He ſympathizes with my Grief,
He ſuits to ev'ry Pang Relief;
He with my Failings mildly bears,
Bottles my Tears, accepts my Pray'rs.

My Wants I to my Friend diſcloſe,
I on his boundleſs Love repoſe;
His Love, which me in Pain ſupports,
And ſoftens all its rude Efforts.

XVII.

Like various Winds, my circling Pains
Flie all the Compaſs of my Veins;

Yet

Yet while they rend my trembling Frame,
Still at my Breaſt their Pointings aim;
There all the fierce Tornadoes meet,
There Anguiſh fixes its Imperial Seat.

I nicely then the Cauſe enquire,
Why Pains ſhould in my Breaſt conſpire;
Why, ſince they have ſo free a Range,
And may their undulations change,
They all their Fury there ſhould vent,
And chooſe that Region chiefly to torment.

While thus the Cauſe I ſtrive to find,
My Conſcience brings it to my Mind,
That in the Region of my Smart,
Is lodg'd my falſe Backſliding Heart;
My Heart, which is the Source of Sin,
From which all mortal Ills their Courſe begin.

'Tis there all wicked Thoughts ariſe,
There the old Serpent lurking lies;
There Paſſions 'gainſt great God Rebel,
There curſed Leagues are made with Hell;
There Reigns the World, and Luſts impure,
There Sinners their baptiſmal Vow abjure.

Self-Love and diabolick Pride,
And Obduration, there abide;
Concupiſcence the Sceptre ſways,
God's Laws at Pleaſure diſobeys;

There

There God is impiously dethron'd,
And darling Sin the Sov'reign Idol own'd.

My Conscience the true Cause expres'd;
Foul Legions had my Soul possess'd;
Long there they had combin'd their Force,
From God my Spirit to divorce;
A confluential Pain was just,
To dispossess a confluential Lust.

Since that into my Heart I pry,
My Sins to search, arraign, and try;
But their Confusion me obstructs,
I there meet labyrinthal Ducts;
Turnings and Windings, dark Retreats,
Where Sin disguises, or conceals its Cheats.

I sooner cou'd of shifting Wind,
The Rise, Recess, and Wheelings find,
Than of my Heart detect the Wiles,
By which it daily me beguiles;
Its strange reserves black Guilt to hide,
Lest by Repentance it shou'd be descry'd.

Thou, Lord, sole Searcher of my Heart,
Seest all my Thoughts before they start;
Sins which my Observation fly,
Escape not Thine All-seeing Eye;
O guide my Intellectual Views,
To trace the Traytor in all Avenues.

At

At ev'ry Avenue I'll ſtop,
O're ev'ry Sin my Tears I'll drop;
He whom Hydrophoby infeſts,
Fair Water of all Things deteſt;
Thus watry Eye-lids Sin affright,
And force it from the Heart to ſpeedy flight.

Soon as the Traytor diſappears,
And I ſhall cleanſe my Heart with Tears;
Lord, re-devote it to thy Will,
Lord, into it thy Love inſtil;
Love Tempting in my Heart again,
Will quell, allay, adulſe, or hallow Pain.

XVIII.

When I of God a Song deſign,
Pains intercept my leading Line;
My Membranes they ſurpriſe,
My Thought monopoliſe;

The Dolours then which me diſtreſs,
In Lamentations I expreſs;
But Lamentations vain,
Not cure, but quicken Pain.

Fond Man, thy Dolours to declare,
To ſtupid Walls, or fleeting Air;
Yet ſince my Pain will cry,
To God my Voice ſhall flie.

To

To God I will an Hymn begin,
Who Pain inflicts, to chaſten Sin,
Sets to the Fury bound,
Leſt it ſhould me confound.

Jacob receiv'd a halting Slight,
When vying with the Angel Might,
He Anguiſh ſoon allay'd,
By Bleſſings was o'reweigh'd.

I wreſtling with God's Envoy, Pain,
By Pray'r and Hymn a Bleſſing gain;
Endearing all the Woes
My Spirit undergoes.

When I in Hymn God's Loves repeat,
They are ſo charming, numerous, great,
That I in them have Store
Of Cures for ev'ry Sore.

XIX.

In Ignorance I careleſs lay,
And ſquander'd all my Age away;
Amus'd with ſenſual Dreams,
Of Heav'n I had imperfect Gleams;
My everlaſting Good,
And God's dear Love, I little underſtood.

Wife gracious God was pleas'd to ſend
Afflicting Pain me to attend;
Pain ſtreight my Teacher grew,
Expos'd me to my own Review;
It ev'ry Duty taught,
Neglected Truths to my Remembrance brought.

From Pain I heav'nly Light deriv'd,
It Faith, Hope, Love, in me reviv'd;
At God's celeſtial Stroke,
All my internal Pow'rs awoke;
It gave Idea's juſt
Of Sin, the World, Damnation, Death, and Luſt.

One Day of Pain improves me more,
Than Years of Eaſe could do before:
By Pain God me inſtructs,
By Pain to endleſs Bliſs conducts;
Reſembling the Lamb ſlain,
I by my Croſs ſhall heav'nly Joys obtain.

In Pain God's Juſtice I revere,
My Will I by his Wiſdom ſteer;
To boundleſs Love I fly,
On Love omnipotent rely;
By Promiſes fulfill'd,
Firm Faith on Love Infallible I build.

Pains

Pains me of all Self-Love diveſt,
My ſelf they move me to deteſt;
Things worldly to deſpiſe,
And for Eternity grow wiſe,
In Pains the more ſevere,
I the more firmly to my God adhere.

XX.

I oft had in my Mind revolv'd,
How *Paul* ſhould long to be diſſolv'd;
Death is of Terrors the Supream,
How could it ſuch a Bleſſing ſeem;
That longing of Deſire, the utmoſt Height
It ſhould in Souls excite?

Thus on my Bed in Pain I mus'd,
And the Solution Pain infus'd;
While in continued Pang I lay,
Felt dol'rous Night, and tedious Day;
The World to me ſeem'd irkſom, helpleſs, vain,
And rais'd my juſt Diſdain.

I ſigh'd, I panted after Eaſe,
I ſick of Life grew by Degrees;
Ah! were I with my God at Peace,
I then ſhould welcome my Releaſe;
Death would eternal Eaſe create,
And Joys which ne're abate.

Pain, e're I was aware, thus taught,
What ſeem'd a Riddle to my Thought;
For while I in ſtrong Anguiſh lie,
It ſeems an eaſy Thing to die;
Loos'd from the World, where I ſhould take no (reſt,
I languiſh'd to be bleſs'd.

My God, the Pains which thou haſt ſent,
Sweetly conſtrain me to repent;
They elevate to Heav'n my Mind,
They keep me to thy Will reſign'd;
They make the Faithful lingering Death upbraid,
That he their Bliſs delay'd.

XXI.

When all, my God, thou haſt reveal'd
Of Woes, to which the Damn'd are ſeal'd;
Of Worms which gnaw, and ne're expire,
And of eternal Ire,
Flote on the Superficies of my Mind,
And ſlight Impreſſions leave behind:

Thou doſt rheumatick Pains revive,
That I from them might Light derive;
In them the Plagues for Sinners due,
Thou painteſt to my View;
And while I in my Pangs thy Juſtice read,
Smart makes me the Inſtruction heed.

I

I lie imprison'd in my Bed,
Scarce able to erect my Head;
My Curtains drawn exclude the Light,
And make continued Night;
And tho' I hear no neighb'ring Wretches groan,
I yet ingeminate my own.'

I restless in one Posture lie,
In vain to change I often try;
Friends, who with Sighs my Bed attend,
Can no Assistance lend;
Methinks the sluggish Minutes drop too slow,
While I wear out whole Weeks in Wo.

The Sun, which for two Lustres past,
Faint and consumptive Ardours cast;
At present of his sickly Years,
Pays us the full Arrears;
And ten-fold Beams now in his Orbit joyn,
Scarce hotter 'tis beneath the Line.

The scorching *Syrius* too now raves,
Melting dead Bodies in their Graves;
Th' *Horizon* is a Furnace grown,
Fresh Winds away are flown;
The Earth and all its Summer Pride is burn'd,
Men seem to *Salamanders* turn'd.

While others seek for cool Retreat,
I lie condemn'd to dol'rous Heat;

Flames ſcorch without, and Rage within,
Occaſion'd by my Sin:
Of Angry God I now have lively Senſe,
And how I outrage Love immenſe.

The Damn'd, Lord, in their Pains deſpair,
I in thy Mercy hope to ſhare;
Thy Wiſdom all my Pains contrives
For my Preſervatives;
With tranſient Flames thou doſt my Spirit grieve,
My faded Graces to retrieve.

The deepeſt Wound my Heart receives,
Is that it Love unbounded grieves;
Fixt in that Thought, I agonize,
Till Tears flow down my Eyes;
From the firſt Tear my Love ſheds for my Sins,
My Claim to endleſs Joy begins.

XXII.

When Pain rheumatick Onſets made,
And in my Limbs the Tyrant play'd,
At Midnight, when no Reſt I took,
And worldly Succours me forſook,
I ſent to God ſoft Tears and humble Cries,
And he indulg'd ſweet Slumber to my Eyes.

Immers'd in Sleep, methought I ſaw
Two frightful Creatures tow'rds me draw;

A hideous Serpent on me glar'd,
With Sting and Teeth, for Harm prepar'd;
An ugly Fury with the Serpent joyn'd,
And both in my Deſtruction were combin'd.

The Serpent ſtrove to ſting or bite,
And at my Heart ſtill aim'd his Spite;
His ſlimy Carcaſe oft he wreath'd,
His Poiſon on me would have breath'd;
Fain would have on my Bed and Boſom leapt,
But ſtill my Guardian off the Monſter kept.

The Fury then his Room ſupply'd,
And near approaching my Bed-ſide,
Methought ſhe ſtar'd me in the Face,
My Guardian let her take the Place;
In all my Life, no Witch I ever knew,
So ghaſtly as that Fury, to my View.

The Monſter prey'd on either Sex,
Created ſinful Race to vex;
Her Veſt was wove of various Hair,
Which from their Heads the Damned tear;
Torvid her Viſage, threatning was her Eye,
Trajecting Torments in her paſſing by.

She ſeem'd of various Forms compos'd,
Which into female Shape were clos'd;
Gnat, Viper, Adder, Scorpion, Snake,
Young Serpents, Waſps, were in her Make;

Cantharides, Tarantala's, and all (gaul.
Which with their Teeth or Stings laps'd Mortals

All were together ſtrangely knit,
And all each other ſtung or bit;
The Hag all over Wound and Smart,
Fain wou'd to Sinners both impart;
A Girdle round her curſed Waſte was ſlung,
Where all th' Artillery of Torture hung.

Saw, Bodkin, Fiſh-hook, Wimblet, Dart,
To ſtab, tear, jag, or gore each Part;
And Vials fill'd up to the Brim,
Of Poiſons proper for each Limb;
Which through the Pores would to the Muſcles ſtrein,
And Anguiſh raiſe in Artery or Vein.

Deaf Adders lay in either Ear,
That ſhe no dol'rous Groans might hear;
For me a Vial ſhe unſtopt,
The Dregs ſhe on my Members dropt;
With red hot bearded Needles it was mix'd,
Which in my tender Nerves and Fibres fix'd.

This done, I agonizing lay,
While ſhe inſulting flew away;
I to my Angel then complain'd,
That he had not the Hag reſtrain'd;
I muſt obey, ſaid he, what God thinks fit,
Who this Aſſault for Trial would permit.

The

The Serpent's Sin, the Fury Pain,
Both in Confederacy reign;
While I your Soul from Sin ſecure,
You Pain muſt for a while endure;
Till you to full Repentance it incline,
And to propitiate the Wrath Divine.

I waking, call'd my Dream to Mind,
Which to inſtruct me Heav'n deſign'd;
Sin is the Cauſe of all my Smart,
Which I muſt tear out of my Heart;
I inſtantly decreed a ſtrict divorce,
And then began a Penitential Courſe.

For my Sins paſt, ſoft Tears I ſhed,
And as each Tear fell from my Head,
Out of my Joynts a Needle came,
I by degrees tranſpir'd my Flame;
And ſoon as I had all my Sins deplor'd,
I ſweet Vacation gain'd from being gor'd.

Shou'd God renew my painful Days,
He'll Patience give, which Pain outweighs;
Since I my Peace with God have made,
No Anguiſh can my Soul invade;
But his Supports will ſweetly me ſuſtain,
Will conſecrate, endear, and ſoften Pain.

XXIII.

O had I Wings of a ſwift Dove,
That Hov'ring in Expanſe above,
I might ſome Place deſcry,
Inſtantly thither flie;
Where I abiding in ſweet Reſt,
No Pain, no Sorrow, might my Soul infeſt.

But when my Eye the Earth ſurveys,
Sin there th' Imperial Sceptre ſways;
O're all the World around,
Impieties abound;
No Region where Sin Reigns can be,
From its Attendants, Pain and Sorrow, free.

I then would higher ſoar, and caſt
My Eyes o're the Ethereal vaſt;
One Place is in my Thought,
O were I thither brought;
Though my frail Fleſh I ſtill retain'd,
I ſhou'd love God, ſing Hymns, and not be pain'd.

It is the Sphere of endleſs Day,
Where *Enoch* and *Elias* ſtay;
Where they can Sin no more,
Where they great God adore;
There at their ſacred Feet I'd kneel,
And kindle from their Hymns Celeſtial Zeal.

Devout

Devout and happy both live there,
In that Angelick thorow-fare;
Angels, as down they flie,
Or re-aſcend the Skie,
Familiar Viſits to them make,
High mutual Joy they in each other take.

Aſcending Guardians there relate,
Of Saints below the various State;
And Angels, who deſcend,
God's Errands to attend,
Sing of Heav'ns Joys, which never ceaſe,
And how the Number of the Bleſs'd encreaſe.

But O, I fear my feeble flight
Wou'd never gain that rapt'rous height;
No one the Region knows,
Where that bleſs'd Pair repoſe;
I in expanſe may be way-laid,
Or fall into aerial Ambuſcade.

Down then I'll to the Earth return,
'Till God commands me to my Urn;
I'll ſtrive my God to pleaſe,
Chooſe what my God decrees;
I'll at God's Will expos'd remain,
To Sorrow, to Temptation, Care, and Pain.

They are Love's Trials, and excite
Sweet Languors for Eternal Light;

Though

Though they their Force combine,
I'll yet maintain the Line;
Almighty Love will me ſupport,
Though they may ſtorm, they ſhall not gain the Fort;

I'll never envy that bleſs'd Pair,
Saints here on Earth, like Bliſs may ſhare;
Saints free from wilful Sin,
Feel the like Joys within;
And while they copy the Lamb ſlain,
God ſweetens all their Sorrow and their Pain.

XXIV.

Since 'tis God's Will, Pain take your courſe,
Exert on me your utmoſt Force;
I well God's Truth and Promiſe know,
He never ſends a Woe,
But his Supports Divine,
In due Proportion with th' Affliction join.

Though your Stilletoes gore me deep,
And you the Wounds ſtill feſtring keep;
Into my Veins, though you tranſpire,
A circulating Fire;
Though you your Weapons Point,
To raiſe peculiar Tortures in each Joint.

Though I am fraileſt of Mankind,
And apt to waver as the Wind;

Though

Though me no feeble bruiſed Reed,
In Weakneſs can exceed;
And of my Ghoſtly Foe,
Am able no ſlight Shock to undergoe;

Yet I the Conflict will maintain,
You never ſhall the Victory gain;
My God will guide me by his Light,
Give me victorious Might;
My Soul on God relies,
And I your fierce redoubled Shocks deſpiſe.

Patient, reſign'd, and humble Wills,
Impregnably reſiſt all Ills;
And if God wou'd a Soul diſpoſe,
To ſuffer Martyrs Woes;
By uſing him to Pains,
God to endure the Croſs a Vot'ry trains.

XXV.

Thou, Lord, haſt Promiſe made of Old,
To all thy faithful Fold,
When from the Heav'n-ward pointing Line,
Of Duty they decline;
They ſhall a Voice behind them hear,
This is the Courſe the Bleſſed ſteer.

I daily, Lord, from Thee deflect,
To Courſes indirect;

Thy

Thy Mercy ſweetly me recals,
And minds me of my Falls;
My Conſcience with thy Voice conſpires,
To reconfine my looſe Deſires.

Oft I, nor Thee, nor Conſcience, hear,
But towards my Ruine veer;
Thou, Lord, may'ſt juſtly give me o're,
And never call me more;
But Thou in Pity haſt deſign'd,
By louder Calls to rouze my Mind.

Thou haſt my Pains reviv'd, and they
On all my Fibres prey;
By them each Atom in my Make
Is now grown broad awake;
Thy Hand, which heavy on me lyes,
Awakens Mind, Will, Ears, and Eyes.

Pain welcome, while God calls by you,
I give Attention due;
I then warm Pray'rs to God preſent,
And of my Sins repent;
When your Commiſſion ſhall be out,
Full Eaſe may make me indevout.

Lord, when Lethargick I remain,
O rouze me, though by Pain;
Sharp Methods rather I'll endure,
Than want my ghoſtly Cure;

That

That I to Thee may ſtedfaſt cleave,
And need no Pain me to retrieve.

XXVI.

'Tis thou, my God, who doſt reſtrain
My cruel Adverſary Pain;
This Day the Fury ſeiz'd no Limb,
I for my Eaſe thy Goodneſs hymn.

Sweet Eaſe, the Portion of the Bleſs'd,
Who from Tears, Cares, Pain, Labour, reſt;
May I with them employ my Eaſe,
In ſtudying God to praiſe and pleaſe.

Though of my Foe the Coaſt is clear,
Of her return I live in Fear;
Methinks the Fury haunts my Track,
With a freſh Quiver at her Back.

Her evil Eyes rage extremit,
Her Croſs-bow's levell'd me to hit;
Seven bearded Arrows on it lie,
Which at one ſhot ſhe can let flie.

While thus of Pain I am afraid,
My Conſcience oft will me upbraid;
That dread of Pain my Soul ſhould ſeize,
While under Sin I live at Eaſe.

Pain

Pain for a Time may me torment,
But all its Force at Death is ſpent;
Sin, when it domineering grows,
Subjects me to Eternal Woes.

Againſt my Fleſh Pain vents its Might,
Againſt great God Sin vents its Spite;
In Pain my Spirit may have Peace,
Sin Horrors breeds which never ceaſe.

Sin infinitely Pain outweighs,
And ſhou'd proportion'd Terror raiſe;
My Soul true inward Eaſe to gain,
Muſt dread curs'd Sin much more than Pain.

XXVII.

O cruel Pain, I muſt ſubmit,
And for your Rage my Author quit;
You frequently each Day
Upon my Muſcles prey;
If a few Minutes me you leave,
'Tis your ſpent Malice to retrieve.

You on the Couch your Captive throw,
And unprovok'd, create me Woe;
God made my Frame erect,
You downwards me inflect;
Not only force me from my Book,
But wou'd from Heav'n divert my Look.

My

My Soul your Origin well knows,
From Diabolick Sin you roſe;
While you to grieve me ſtrive,
Revenges I'll contrive;
Though to your ſpite I ſubject am,
I'll flie on your Infernal Dam.

With ſtabbing Sighs I'll Sin aſſail,
And to the Croſs the Monſter nail;
There while ſhe gaſping hangs,
Amidſt her dying Pangs,
I'll Gall of bitter Tears provide,
And down her Throat the Potion guide.

Each Wound the Monſter ſhall receive,
Will through her Sides her Offspring grieve;
I, while I Sin ſubdue,
Shall diſenvenom you;
A peaceful Conſcience ſweetens Pains,
And Victory by Patience gains.

While to my Couch you me confine,
I'll importune the Aid Divine;
Each Dart you at me ſhoot,
I'll to a Pray'r tranſmute;
Soon as a bearded Dart I feel,
Redarted Pray'r the Wound ſhall heal.

XXVIII.

Conſcience awake, the Fury Pain,
Who for a while has ſlumbering lain,
Now reaſſumes his Spite,
Her Looks my Soul affright;
Tell me, I charge you, whether ſhe is ſent,
By God for Trial, or for Puniſhment.

If for my Puniſhment, reflect,
My Provocations to detect;
You, of my miſpent Time,
Of ev'ry wilful Crime,
The Records keep, ſay, when you them peruſe,
Of what late Sins you can my Soul accuſe.

Soon as my Guilt you ſhall diſcloſe,
I'll give my Spirit no repoſe;
'Till from my Heart I rend
The Sins which God offend;
I'll then bewail, 'till I my Pardon gain,
A Penitent's warm Pray'r will Eaſe obtain.

If Pain for Trial is deſign'd,
Then I conjure you, call to Mind
What Sins you can deſcry,
To which expos'd I lye;
The Graces which God's Image form, ſurvey,
In each my Non-proficience to diſplay.

God

God Pain employs thoſe to prevent,
And theſe to quicken or augment;
I'll at all Avenues
Entrance to thoſe refuſe;
I'll keep great God in View, I'll guard each Senſe,
And with no one rebellious Thought diſpenſe.

Aided by Heav'n, I'll theſe refine
To the Similitude Divine;
I'll puriſie my Aim,
Chill'd Love I'll re-inflame;
My Charity ſhall more diffuſive grow,
Alms ſhall a larger Compaſs over-flow.

I'll Hymn God more; I'll humbler live,
My Will to God entirely give;
From mortal Sins when pure,
With Graces grown mature;
No matter then, Pain will to work on ſee,
And God my Soul will from the Fury free.

XXIX.

With Will reſign'd, my God, I Pain
'Till now cou'd entertain;
Though it fierce Ranges made,
And choſe what Limb it wou'd invade;
Or wou'd ubiquitary be,
Yet ſtill the Fortreſs of my Thought was free.

Now, Lord, the Tyrant ſtorms my Head,
I its approaches dread,
If 'tis victorious there,
'Twill damp or interrupt my Pray'r;
And if its raging ſhou'd increaſe,
My daily Sacrifice of Hymn will ceaſe.

Hymn, which 'till now has with Succeſs
Reliev'd me in Diſtreſs;
In Hymn I ſhelter ſought,
When Pain and Hell againſt me fought;
Thy Love, Lord, I in Pains perceiv'd,
And ſang thy Love when med'cinally griev'd.

Thy Love, which oft my Spirit chear'd,
And ev'ry Pang endear'd;
Which temper'd ev'ry ſmart,
To wean from Vanity my Heart;
In Hymn and Love to ſpend my Days,
And Languors for thy beatifick Rays.

Shou'd Pangs deliriate my Mind,
And Thoughts rove unconfin'd;
If in acuteſt Pain
I utter Things abſurd or vain;
My Sounds involuntary frame,
To ſpeak no Word injurious to thy Name.

When

When Reaſon re-aſſumes the Throne,
And I the Hours bemoan,
In which I uſeleſs lay,
And nor cou'd Hymn, nor Love, nor Pray;
Look to me, Lord, leſt I repine,
At that diſpoſal of thy Will divine.

Bleſs'd *JESUS* Human Frailties felt,
When in our Fleſh he dwelt;
He Dolours underwent,
Too great for mortal Verſe to vent;
His Fleſh ſtrong Agonies ſuſtain'd,
While his victorious Soul in Peace remain'd.

If, Lord, thy Wiſdom ſhall ordain,
I ſtill ſhould live in Pain;
Like *JESUS*, me chaſtiſe,
And while my Fleſh ſhall agonize,
O may my Spirit keep the Sway,
And make my lower Powers thy Will obey.

But ſhou'd my Pain dam up the Source,
And ſtop my Reaſon's Courſe;
Soon as the Dam ſhall break,
And I conſiſtently ſhall ſpeak;
May Pray'r, Hymn, Love, in ſevenfold Stream
Guſh out, my Hours delirous to redeem.

XXX.

Pain, you your laſt inſult delay'd,
With trebled Force me to invade;
You rack me Day and Night
With recollected ſpite;
You me of Eaſe, Sleep, Food, and Strength deprive,
In vain I to reſiſt your Fury ſtrive.

Though you to torture me intend,
I'll treat you not as Foe, but Friend;
You God's Permiſſion have,
And to your fill may rave;
Though Fleſh abhors you, you'll a Welcome find
From the Submiſſion of a Will reſign'd.

My Friend, this Secret I'll diſcloſe,
You never ſtrove to work me Woes,
But ſtill you left behind,
Some Bleſſing to my Mind;
Of Love, or of Devotion more intenſe,
Of Sin, Death, Hell, a more affecting Senſe.

You nauſeous Bitterneſs infus'd
In ev'ry Med'cine which you us'd;
And I through ev'ry Vein
Felt the loath'd Potion ſtrain;
But ſince for Med'cine 'twas, not Plague decreed,
I God's Paternal Love cou'd in it read.

Amidſt

Amidſt my Pangs to Mind I call,
Bleſs'd *JESUS* Vinegar and Gall;
He drank it with deſign
To damp or temper mine;
His bitter Draught, each gulp I take endears,
Turns my Averſion, my Deſpondence rears.

When *John* devour'd the little Book,
Which from Angelick Hand he took;
The Morſel was as ſweet,
As if he Honey eat;
But ſoon as it cou'd in his Stomach melt,
With ſtrange ſurpriſe its bitterneſs he felt.

Pain moving in Antarctick Ways,
At Entrance bitterneſs betrays;
But when the Soul diſtreſs'd,
Shall humbly it digeſt;
The Patient ſhall from bitterneſs be freed,
And the ſweet Taſte of Love Divine ſucceed.

Pain, whom my Friend, I henceforth ſtyle,
You may torment me for a while;
But your tormentings raiſe
Such Love, Repentance, Praiſe;
I my Friend's Abſence cannot long abide,
Leſt I grow cold, or careleſs, or backſlide.

XXXI.

Since in my Muſcles, O Friend, Pain,
You tyranniſe again;
For Friendſhip's ſake declare,
What your Inſtructions are;
What is that Grace which God deſign'd,
That you ſhou'd now impreſs upon my Mind.

You taught the Origin of Woes,
That all from Sin aroſe;
You oft Memento's gave
Of the devouring Grave;
You by your Anguors made me gueſs,
At the damn'd Souls unſpeakable diſtreſs.

You oft rais'd ſalutary Fears;
And penitential Tears;
My Love you often fir'd,
The Grace of Hymn inſpir'd;
Humility in me you wrought,
You ſympathy with all in Anguiſh taught.

God, you for ſome good Leſſon ſends,
God nought but good intends;
O ſay what Heav'nly Thing
You muſt to Mem'ry bring;
But this ſeems far above your reach,
You may awaken, but 'tis God muſt teach.

God

God taught me all I learn'd from you,
To God be Glory due;
To God I then addreſs'd,
God knows his Pleaſure beſt;
Soon as my Pray'r to God took Flight,
There ſtream'd upon my Soul a Beam of Light.

Beam! which a Proſpect did create
Of the celeſtial State;
No Tear, no Cry, no Pain,
Can there an Entrance gain;
As I with Torture lay oppreſs'd,
It rais'd ſoft Languors for eternal Reſt.

O 'twas that Proſpect God decreed,
I ſhould more lively heed;
Strait off the World I ſhook,
Would give it no kind Look;
And when my Pain makes re-aſſault,
I to eternal Joys my View exalt.

XXXII.

Two Luſtres now are well nigh flown,
Since Pain was my Familiar grown;
She haunts me Day and Night,
Wounds me with Sting and Bite:
She on my tender Membranes preys,
No Med'cine can approach her where ſhe ſtays.

In-

Inviſible the Tyrant flies,
Entrench'd in Nerves and Fibres lies;
Her Magazine of Pains,
Diſcharging in my Veins;
Fierce Perſecution heretofore,
Of Tortures ſcarce had ſuch afflictive Store.

While inward Pain me thus moleſts,
Without the Tempter me infeſts;
My Paroxiſm he eyes,
And then my Ruin plys;
He ſtrive Impatience to inject,
And moves me God's ſure Mercies to ſuſpect.

I to his Whiſpers lend no Ears,
And he confounded diſappears;
Though all Day long I die,
I'll on my God rely;
I his Benignity well know,
My Truſt in God I never will forego.

My God, when he fit Seaſon ſees,
Will give both Fleſh and Spirit eaſe;
I'll wait the happy Day,
He'll make no long Delay;
God's gracious Will is wholly mine,
And I at my own Will can ne'er repine.

Guardian,

Guardian, when God my Wounds to heal,
Draws out the fiery Darts I feel,
Seize upon ev'ry Dart,
Diſlodging from my Heart.
And ev'ry Dart directly throw
At the curs'd Tempter, who deſigns my Woe.

God-man, to free a Wretch poſſeſt,
Drove a whole Legion from his Breaſt,
Which by the Will divine,
Ent'red the filthy Swine;
And when my Fury from me flies,
I wiſh it may God's Foe and mine ſurprize.

All Pain from Sin deriv'd its Courſe,
The Tempter was of Sin the Source;
Inceſſantly all Ill
He labours to inſtil;
And ſince from him my Anguiſh ſprang,
On him I would retaliate ev'ry Pang.

Diſtreſs'd with ſupplimental Pain,
He'll never me aſſault again;
I from Temptation freed,
The Life of Heav'n ſhall lead;
No greater Pains can Lovers ſeize,
Than to be tempted *JESUS* to diſpleaſe.

XXXIII.

XXXIII.

When I, tormented with ſtrong Pain,
Try ev'ry Poſture, eaſe to gain;
Seek in my Bed Repoſe,
My Bed which irritates my Woes;
When to and fro I roll,
And tender Friends my Pangs condole;
Condole, but can no Aid ſupply,
To ſoften Pangs, in which I reſtleſs lie.

When Nature tells my ſad Diſtreſs,
Whoſe Voice I labour to ſuppreſs;
While ſhe my State bemoans,
In uncommiſſion'd Sighs and Groans,
In languid Looks and Eyes,
And in involuntary Cries;
When in each Fibre ſticks a Dart,
And all their Points concentre in my Heart.

You treach'rous World, you helpleſs Thing,
In Need you can no Succour bring;
Dives in loweſt Hell
May a cool Drop expect as well,
As I in my Diſeaſe,
One Moment may from you of Eaſe;
You tranſitory, wicked, vain,
Can work me nothing but eternal Bane.

'Tis

'Tis God alone who Pain employs,
To make me nauſeate ſenſual Joys;
My Strength he nicely rates,
My Pain proportions or abates;
He gives me a Child's Share,
Inflicts no more than I can bear;
His Pleaſure 'tis, I Eaſe ſhall find,
When they have wrought the Good he has deſign'd.

To thee, my God, I drop my Tears,
Bewailing all my miſpent Years;
Lord number not my Pains,
To equal all my wilful Stains;
No Number can amount
To reach the Half of their Account;
O rather let my flowing Eyes
Strive in my Tears my Sins to equalize.

But ſince bleſs'd *JESUS* for me bled,
E're I the thouſandth Part can ſhed,
He will for me attone,
And ſhorten penitential moan;
Forgiveneſs Tears will ſtop,
E're for one Sin enough I drop;
And I no longer ſhall be pain'd,
When Tear for Sin which caus'd my Grief is drein'd.

Soon as my Sins and Pains ſhall ceaſe,
And I with thee am, Lord, at Peace;

I'll

I'll never more offend,
Leſt thou provok'd, freſh Pains ſhould ſend,
Sin is the greateſt Pain,
Which here thy Lovers can ſuſtain;
An Age of Pain I'll rather live,
Than to one wilful Sin Indulgence give.

Saints, who the Clogs of Fleſh diſmiſs,
As they paſs up to heav'nly Bliſs,
Feel Boundleſs Joys and Reſt,
Amaz'd to ſee themſelves thus bleſt;
At their firſt heav'nward ſpring,
They Hymns of Love begin to ſing,
And to Eternity prolong
The heav'nly Grace of Euchariſtick Song.

Heav'ns Joys in Miniature I ſee,
From Pain when a few Minutes free,
Methinks I am entranc'd,
Into initial Bliſs advanc'd,
And big with Hymn I grow,
Wrapt Bliſsfully with God below;
From hence I gueſs th' immenſe Delight
Of the eternal beatifick Sight.

While, Lord, I here in Fleſh remain,
I prone to Sin, am prone to Pain,
But from thy Love intence,
Eaſe and Pardon both commenſe;

For

For both I'll daily pray,
For both a grateful Hymn I'll pay;
A Hymn, which at thy Throne divine,
Shall be my Sacrifice and Anodyne.

XXXIV.

When Pains me waking keep,
And I am tir'd with courting Sleep;
And God at laſt accepts the Cries,
Which from my anguiſh'd Spirit riſe;
Indulging ſoft Repoſe,
Which ſilences my clam'rous Woes.

No Language can reveal
The pleaſing Trance which then I feel,
My Eaſe, my Sleep, ſtrange Tranſports ſeem,
Of everlaſting Joys I dream;
Congratulate the bleſt,
And long to ſhare in heav'nly Reſt.

A thouſand Times with Shame
I my paſt Guilt and Madneſs blame;
I ſought my Reſt on things below,
Which eaſe not, but enflame my Woe,
They fly me in my Needs,
My Heart at their Remembrance bleeds.

Falſe Heart, bleed well you may,
Who thus on Vanities would ſtray;

Should

Should you in penitential Gore
Weep all the Blood you have in Store,
Alas, poor bloody Moan,
Could not for one ſole Sin attone.

'Tis *JESUS* muſt condole,
And with his Blood waſh clean my Soul;
When he one gracious Glance diſplays,
He cheers me by his healing Rays;
No Pang can me invade,
Beneath his Wings propitious Shade.

How can I e're offend
That mighty Saviour, God, and Friend?
Who from Diſtreſs will me ſecure,
Or temper all I ſhall endure;
Who pities ev'ry Groan,
When I to him make humble Moan?

Not ſhort; but endleſs Smarts,
Are the juſt Plagues of Rebel Hearts;
Lord, by my Sins increaſe my Pain,
If I ſhould outrage thee again;
Aſſiſt, wound, rack me here,
To keep me from Hell Torments cleer.

XXXV.

O Pain, you rendezvous your Rage,
With your main Force me to engage;

Re-

Reſolving, I ſhall be ſubdu'd
By Onſets long and rude;
Tho' you employ your utmoſt Might,
'Il be at length Victorious in the Fight.

In vain, in vain, my Fleſh you wound;
My Spirit you can ne're confound;
That your collected Force excels,
And fiery Darts repels;
You in your Magazine can find
No Weapon, that can hurt a Will reſign'd.

I oft have felt my Spirit frail,
With Eaſe you might o're that prevail,
Should I on my own Strength rely,
And wave divine Supply,
Th' Heav'nly Hoſt is on my Side,
I'm leagu'd with God, and I in God confide.

Your Force has Bounds by God's Decree,
In all Attempts you make on me,
You never can your Bounds tranſgreſs,
In working my Diſtreſs.
When you have done your All, that All
Within the Compaſs of my Aids ſhall fall.

Moſt gracious God will Pity ſhew
In ev'ry Pang I undergo;
Omnipotence my Soul ſupports,
When Pain makes fierce Efforts.

And God All-wiſe, minutely knows
Propitious Seaſons for inſtructive Woes.

God aiding me, what can I fear,
Tho' your inſultings are ſevere;
In God's diſpoſe I lodg'd my Will,
He'll keep it ſafe from Ill;
'Tis God's, and 'tis no longer mine,
And God will guard his own with Care divine.

XXXVI.

Pain, you my Duty to me ſhew,
Whether you will or no,
You rudely have my Joynts ſurpriz'd,
In them have tyranniz'd,
And then you make a ſhort retreat,
When you eſteem your Victory compleat.

When you relax, I raiſe my Head,
And ſtrive to leave my Bed;
Stay'd by my Staff, I to and fro,
Try tenderly to go;
You Tremours in my Legs create,
They trembling, ſink beneath their wonted Weight.

Down on my feeble Knees I ſlide,
And while I thus abide,
My Soul unwilling is to riſe,
On Heav'n I fix my Eyes;

I'm

I'm into praying Poſture thrown,
And my Reſtorative by Pain is ſhewn.

O happy Leſſon Pain has taught,
And its own Ruin wrought;
I on my Knees my Cure commence,
With Ardency intenſe;
Anew my Will to God reſign,
Adoring the Benignity divine.

Th' Advantage which from Pain I drew,
My Guardian joy'd to view;
With grateful Hymn me to inſpire,
He ſtrait took up his Lyre;
He play'd an Euchariſtick Air,
I ſtrove in Song my Part with him to bear.

All-lovely God, Love is thy Name,
Thou doſt my Heart enflame;
O could I flame to that Degree,
Thy Holocauſt to be,
To Souls to thee when reconcil'd,
All thy Diſpoſals gracious are and mild.

I worthleſs fear'd that thy Diſdain
Made Mixture in my Pain;
But by Experience ſweet I find,
My Pains by Love deſign'd;
From Weakneſs I new Strength acquire,
From Pains I to tranſporting Joys aſpire;

O I can feel of Love immenſe,
The dear, dear Influence;
But when I Love immenſe would praiſe,
My Pow'rs I cannot raiſe
To make a Hymn, which may expreſs
The leaſt Affulgence of thy Lovelineſs.

XXXVII.

Fain I would more have read,
But Pain has forc'd me to my Bed;
While here entomb'd I lie,
I to all Buſineſs ſeem to die;
What's all the World to me?
It from no Pangs my Limbs can free.

When in my Grave I reſt,
Ten Thouſand Worms will me infeſt;
They on each Muſcle prey,
Tear from my Bones my Fleſh away;
I, while my Joints they ſeize,
In my dead Sleep ſhall be at Eaſe.

While on my Bed I'm thrown,
I have quick Senſe, the Grave has none;
My tender Fleſh ſuſtains
A Shoal of gnawing, ſtabbing Pains,
Which while they me o're-pow'r,
Torture my Fleſh, tho' not devour.

The

The Spirit is releas'd,
While Worms on my dead Body feaſt;
That leaves its mortal Mate,
To ſpring into th' immortal State;
That mounts above the Skie,
And Hymns th' adored Trinity.

While Pains my Fleſh ſurprize,
And to all Good it uſeleſs lies;
O may my Soul abide,
From all terreſtrial Clogs unty'd;
And while it freed remains,
Praiſe God in elevated Strains.

I then ſhould welcome Pang,
Endear'd by ev'ry Hymn I ſang;
T'would me more uſeful make,
Than if it ſhould my Limbs forſake;
No Pains my Soul affright,
Which to Devotion me excite.

I then Ideas clear,
From ſuch glad Separations here,
Should of that Moment gain,
When Death my Spirit ſhall unchain,
Which ſoon as 'tis unloos'd,
Shall into God be retranſfus'd.

There Pain ſhall be no more,
In Raptures high I'll God adore,
Zeal there ſhall feel no Chill,
I'll love, and joy, and hymn my Fill;
What here is tranſient Song,
I'll there eternally prolong.

XXXVIII.

Long, O my God, my ſtubborn Will
Perſiſted in Defence of Ill;
My own Defence declin'd,
My own ſelf undermin'd,
I ſtrove thy Goodneſs to oppoſe,
To gratifie infernal Foes.

Thou, gracious God, me to reform,
My Fleſh with Colick Pains didſt ſtorm:
Pain humbled all my Pride,
Which God in Eaſe defy'd;
Soon as thou hadſt thy Batt'rys rear'd,
My Woe and Impotence appear'd.

Pains me at firſt Attack ſubdu'd,
Submiſſively for Peace I ſu'd;
I out of God in vain
Sought to allay my Pain:
The World was total blank to me,
Nothing but God could ſet me free.

JESUS

JESUS with Cure and Pardon bleſs'd,
The Paralytick ſore diſtreſs'd;
He ſpake to his glad Ear,
My Son, be of good chear,
I from thy Sins thy Soul releaſe,
Take up thy Bed, and go in Peace.

Thus God on me caſt gracious Eyes,
Heard all my penitential Cries;
Pain inſtrumental made,
To glorifie his Aid,
He damp'd my Pangs, my Soul reclaim'd,
And by ſharp Pain Love re-enflam'd.

I God by ſweet Experience know,
I'll love, I'll hymn him here below.
'Tis God my Soul reviv'd,
Pains for my Good contriv'd.
Lord, if my Love ſhould grow remiſs,
Send Pain to re-aſſure my Bliſs.

XXXIX.

If to love God we are enjoin'd,
With all our Heart, Soul, Strength and Mind;
When we to Hymn his Love intend,
All Four ſhould their Aſſiſtance lend.

When *David* God's high Praiſe would ſound,
He ſent his little World around;
Conjuring all his Pow'rs to join
In ſinging Hymns to Love divine.

In Benedictions all had Share,
And ſhould their Parts in hymning bear;
He ſuffer'd nothing to lie mute,
Awaked both his Harp and Lute.

I, who in Anguiſh long have lain,
Griev'd with diſſeminated Pain;
Since mighty Goodneſs Eaſe reſtores,
And now no Pains my Muſcles gores.

Of Pains I ſummon all Reſorts,
With all their moſt intenſe Efforts;
Nerves, Tendons, Fibres, Art'rys, Veins,
To ſing with me God-hymning Strains.

My Heart I for my God prepare,
That Love immenſe may temple there;
My Powers there Angel-like ſhall ſing,
And Hymns for daily Off'rings bring.

My Pow'rs, you oft God's Love have try'd,
You ſee his Promiſe verify'd;
Contend, now you from Pain are freed,
Which ſhall the reſt in Hymn exceed.

Bleſs'd

XL.

Bleſs'd Guardian, you with me abide,
You watch'd by my Beds ſide,
Condoling Pangs which I endur'd,
By humane Skill not to be cur'd;
You on the Walls your Harp up hung,
And during my long Woe, 'tis now unſtrung.

My Heav'nly Friend, ſtring it again,
And play a charming ſtrain;
Compoſe an Air with utmoſt Art,
To reach the Motions of my Heart;
Which may Love, Joy, and Praiſe expreſs,
For my Deliv'rance from my late Diſtreſs.

But now I think on't, how can you,
Who Dolours never knew,
Contrive juſt Chords my Soul to ſuit,
Eas'd by my God from Pains acute?
Yet this ſuggeſtion but admit,
And you may then my full Exilience hit.

Remind how the Apoſtate Crew,
Up in Battalia drew;
How you with th' Heav'nly Hoſt engag'd,
The Fiends, againſt great God enrag'd;
How you then trod them down to Hell,
In endleſs and tormenting Flames to dwell.

Of

Of Guilt and Torture, ſacred Fear,
Seiz'd then your happy Sphere;
Left you, like them, ſhould God forſake,
And plunge in the infernal Lake;
'Till God advanc'd you near the Throne,
And you ſince that impeccable are grown.

Of Sin and Pain, in that ſuſpence,
You had a lively Senſe;
From that you may my Dolours rate,
And form an Air to reach my State.
Play me the ſame which you them play'd,
When you high Praiſe for your Deliv'rance pay'd.

'Tis noble Air, but yet I find,
It reaches not my Mind;
'Tis lively, and my Spirit chears,
Yet is not ſoft enough for Tears;
No Chords you play have yet expreſs'd,
The penitential Meltings in my Breaſt.

They give a Force to Love, Joy, Praiſe,
And tender Paſſions raiſe;
Which Angels, guilty of no Breach
Of God's dread Law, can never reach;
Lend me your Lyre, and I'll aſſay
To ſing a grateful Penitential Lay.

O gracious God, who Love art ſtyl'd,
Beneficent and mild;
Two Rivers from my Eye-lids fall,
When I my Outrages recall;
That I ſhould boundleſs Love reject,
And Heav'n for falſe evanid Joys neglect.

In Pity my moſt tender God
Now takes from me his Rod;
Ah, ſhou'd my Dolours higher riſe,
Shou'd he my Anguiſh eterniſe,
Shou'd he my Soul unpity'd leave,
I ſhou'd no more than my juſt Doom receive.

To raiſe my Love, God Pains decreed,
Then me from Anguiſh freed;
And the tranſporting Eaſe I feel,
Enkindles in me ardent Zeal;
That Love, Joy, Praiſe, may all combine,
To ſing Infinity of Love Divine.

My Love, Joy, Praiſe, all Pow'rs within,
Your Heav'nly Task begin;
I'll *David* my Idea make,
O may I of his Grace partake;
Seven Times a Day, with grateful Senſe,
I'll hymn, and I'll rejoice in Love immenſe.

Though

Though on my cheerful Wires I play,
And ſing ſev'n times a Day,
My Love ſhall ever keep on Wing,
Inceſſantly ſhall Heav'n-wards ſpring;
Love, the Belov'd ſtill keeps in Mind,
Loves all Day long, and will not be confin'd.

XLI.

I pray'd for Eaſe with Will reſign'd,
Thy Mercy, Lord, to me inclin'd;
Thou doſt my Tyrant now rechain,
I ſweet Vacation have from Pain;
A Sacrifice to Thee I owe,
For this Deliv'rance from my Foe.

But, O! what Sacrifice can I
Bring to immenſe Benignity;
Some Off'ring yet I muſt procure,
And offer with Intention pure;
My Debt's ſo vaſt, no Off'ring leſs
Than Holocauſt can it expreſs.

Lord, 'tis my Heart Thou doſt require,
Send down from Heav'n ſeraphick Fire;
Soon as thy Love ſhall it inflame,
With th'Incenſe fum'd of *JESUS* Name;
Though 'tis unworthy of thy Eye,
Thou wilt not my poor Gift deny.

My

My God, to Thee I give my All,
My Off'ring never will recal;
Thy Holocauſt ſhall always be,
In Languor off'ring up to Thee;
Love ſhall it fire, but not conſume,
And it to Thee in Hymn ſhall fume.

While I thy Holocauſt remain,
Shou'dſt Thou, Lord, will return of Pain,
Which may or check, or damp the Flame,
Since, Lord, thy Glory is my Aim;
In Holocauſt I gave up Eaſe,
Diſpoſe of it as Thou ſhalt pleaſe.

Pain may the Vigour chill of Hymn,
Make Holocauſt to burn but dim;
Thou, Lord, my Duty wilt abate,
For Lets Thou didſt thy ſelf create;
What Vigour, Love, and Hymn, may loſe,
Pain into Languor ſhall transfuſe.

XLII.

Come hither all who God revere,
What God did for my Soul to hear;
I pray'd, I prais'd God, and my Mind
To no known wilful Sin inclin'd;
To forfeit God's Paternal Care,
And He vouchſaf'd to hear my Pray'r.

Glory

Glory to God, who Mercy ſhew'd,
And freely what I begg'd beſtow'd;
David call'd only Saints to hear,
I all of God who have no fear;
See and adore the Love Immenſe,
My Joys ev'n from my Pains commence.

Though *David*'s Grace I cannot reach,
I all from glad Experience teach;
That God will hear a Sinner's Cries,
And ſend him opportune Supplies;
If mix'd with Frailties he retain
But of Sincerity a Grain.

All-wiſe, All-gracious God withdrew,
From ſublunary Aids my View;
It was his Will to let me ſee
Himſelf would my Phyſician be;
It pleas'd his Goodneſs to ordain,
Annihilation of my Pain.

At *Hezekiah*'s ſad Complaint,
God by a great prophetick Saint,
Preſcrib'd a Plaſter for his Sore,
Which ſhou'd his Eaſe and Health reſtore;
And in God's Houſe, the grateful King,
Made all his Realm God's Praiſes ſing.

I of a Prophet had no need,
No Plaſter was for me decreed,
My God was All in All to me,
From Pain pure Mercy ſet me free;
And while I live I'll ſing his Praiſe,
Reviv'd by his endearing Rays.

O all who Pain endure like mine,
Hymn God, and pray, and Will reſign;
Sweet humble Violence prevails
With Heav'n, when humane Succour fails;
All Love, Joy, Praiſe, to tend'reſt God,
Who at our Cries averts his Rod.

F I N I S.